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MRS. ROYALL'S

SOUTHERN TOUR,

OR

SECOND SERIES OF THE BLACK BOOK.

BY MRS. ANNE ROYALL,
Author of "Sketches of History, Life, and Manners in the United States, by a Traveller," &c. &c.

IN THREE OR MORE VOLUMES: VOL. III.

WASHINGTON:
1831.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, *to wit:*

L.S.

BE IT REMEMBERED, That on the Eigth day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and thirty, and of the Independence of the United States of America, the fifty-fourth, Mrs. ANNE ROYALL, of the said District, has deposited in the office of the Clerk of the District Court for the District of Columbia, the Title of a book, the right whereof she claims as Author, in the words following, to wit:

"Mrs. Royall's Southern Tour, or Second Series of the Black Book. By Mrs. Anne Royall, Author of "Sketches of History, Life and Manners, in the United States, by a T. .'ler, &c." In three volumes, vol. 3."

In conformity to the act of Congress of the United States, entitled "An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned;" and also to the act entitled "An act supplementary to an act entitled, "An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned," and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints."

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand, and affixed the public seal of my office, the day and year aforesaid.

EDMUND I. LEE,

Clerk of the District Court for the District of Columbia.

JOURNEY TO PASCAGOLA.

THE mail, and indeed the great travelling route from the Southern States to New Orleans, passes through Pascagola Bay, (which unites with Mobile Bay at Mobile City,) thence through Lake Borgne, the Rigolets, (a strait that connects Lake Borgne with Lake Ponchartrain,) Ponchartrain, and thence, by a short canal, to New Orleans. This route lies *in*-land, some distance from the main ocean, and is usually passed in about 24 hours. But such was the state of the water now, that the steamboats could not reach Mobile, and the mail and the travellers had to take stages to Pascagola, at the mouth of Pascagola River, in the State of Mississippi. [Think Government ought to *deepen* these shallows to expedite the mail.] My bill being settled by my friends, I therefore took the stage with several passengers, and another stage was filled, besides. Those were travellers in my stage. The citizens, those in the other stage, declined the honor of attending my authorship. It was quite late in the day when we entered the stage—about 9 o'clock—the stage crowded, and excessively hot.

As we lingered before the tavern door, waiting for the baggage to be secured, a vast rabble of blacklegs and pickpockets gathered up to get a view of me. This for no other reason than to be guarded against me hereafter—but they were disappointed: I pulled my bonnet string, and all was safe. N. B. Never put up at a house where the rabble are allowed to drill before the door, unless you wish to be robbed.

While waiting at the Post-office for the mail, Mr. *Sanford*, and not Mr. Rea, (as stated in the 2d volume,) ame forward and introduced me to Mr. Staunton, a passenger with me, and charged him to attend to me. Mr. Sanford is the co-editor of the Commercial Register with Mr. Rea, and there is no doubt but it was through the agency of Mr. S. that the genteelest company was selected (as they were) as my fellow passengers.

I now had a view of the outskirts of Mobile, upon our departure, which is settled by French and Spaniards, and speak a kind of gibberish which no one understands—being neither English, French nor Spanish, but a mixture of all these: the streets were narrow and dirty, and the houses were small wooden buildings, with a low shed running clear round the main building, precisely like the sheds built to shelter cattle round barns in Pennsylvania. The main building runs up high and narrow, like a cupola. These were shrouded with moss and roses, and the people were low, swarthy, silly and dirty. They engage in no kind of business or commerce, but keep small Picune shops. Money is called *picunes* and *bits*, the first $6\frac{1}{4}$, the latter $12\frac{1}{2}$. There are no copper-cents.

Upon leaving Mobile you have a handsome view of the Mobile Bay; though the best view I had of it was on my approach to the city, down the Mobile River.—This State, as well as Georgia, is blessed with navigable rivers.

We passed some very handsome country-seats in the pine flats, near the town. The buildings are low, painted white, set back from the road, and have straight avenues leading to them. These have gardens of exquisite beauty, decorated with walks and bowers, and the whole literally concealed with flowers.

Once more in the pine barrens, the road hard and smooth, we rolled away delightfully—now and then a clear pebble stream, shaded with groves of myrtle, mag-

nolias. and again the pine with the green meadow, and as level as a mirror—some part of this was Savannah, and the eye ranged over an extensive country of thin land, but of surprizing beauty.

We had 7 passengers in our stage, one outside and six in. Besides Mr. Staunton. we had two very genteel men, and two of the exquisites—the other was neither one thing nor the other. In the other stage it was a mixture of red and yellow, and the same of caps and hats and coats. One was a wide-mouthed, awkward, sottish booby, said to be the son of the Cashier of the Mobile Bank—looked as though he had been cashed. He was a grinning, impertinent fop.

Our coach arrived at the dining-house some time before the other. This was the only house we had seen for many miles. It was a delightful cool retreat, with a long piazza, in which we found the tables set. We waited some time for the other stage, when I proposed dining without them, and accordingly the landlord ordered dinner to be set on. His name was Miller, an honest plain South Carolinian, a very obliging, shrewd man, and his wife was kindness itself, though she was nothing but skin and bone, and their daughters (who, with herself, were the only servants we had) were pale and unhealthy. They were poor people for this country, but very sprightly and good natured.

We had stewed chicken for dinner, sweet potatoes, and delicious buttermilk and sweet milk, with butter, corn-bread, and a cup of tea for myself, and all so cool and neat. It wanted nothing but a pebble brook to render it another Eden. Of course, the garden was blooming with roses. They had a small field, but Heaven knows how they procure bread, for the land was very poor, and the flowers ran off with the field.

After a while, the other stage came, but we did not wait for them to dine. In fact, there was but little left, and we congratulated ourselves for taking advantage of

their sloth; though I believe the stage was too heavy for the horses.

We found much novelty in the country, from its evenness—like a calm sea, with here and there a tree like a column, the plain as green as a wheat-field, nor can any one conceive the effect of a first view of such an endless, even plain.

Towards the evening we reached the State of Mississippi, and through the same even plain to Pascagola. Whether there be a town here or not I cannot say, as it was dusk, and the stages pushed on briskly to the steamboat.

Upon getting out of the stage, I was met by Queen, late of Washington City. He was captain of the Mount Vernon, the first steamboat I ever was in. I was sorry I had not happened to meet with Capt. Walker, as Queen has become one of your real sound missionaries, which I soon found. He was glad, however, he pretended, to see me, but I ask no favors of him, nor any other blueskin. I always think of Holy Willy's oath and the leg-breaking in Vermont: our contractors may put this blueskin out, and though the next may take the bribe, as he has done to a certainty, let them go out, and pitch the tracts out after them.

Who should salute me at the landing but the stage-driver who travelled with us through the Creek Nation. A mystery hangs about this man. He is a man of the first information, of fine appearance, though rather dissipated, and seems to be friendless. I felt for him, and left him alone on the shore.

The harbor at this place is so shallow that the steamboat could not come within some hundred yards of the shore, and they have constructed a kind of wooden, narrow wharf, extending into the harbor, to walk on to the boat, and even this did not reach it, and we took a light boat, which conveyed us and our baggage to the steamboat. My friend *Staunton*, therefore, true to his trust,

took my arm; the bridge, being high and narrow, was deemed dangerous. The hands of the boat who met us were all very careful and attentive to *me* in particular, and, at length, I found myself in the ladies' cabin of the Mount Vernon, in which, six years since, I was a friendless, pennyless stranger, on my way to Richmond, Va. without even a handkerchief round my neck and covered with a few thin rags. In the cabin, I did meet with a friend, however, whose sympathy I shall never forget. It was the chambermaid, a black woman, the only friend I could, at that time, claim in the world. Finding I had no money to pay for my supper, she spoke with much feeling, and went off and brought me a part of a cold pie. I would have given worlds to have met with this dear creature in the cabin again; but, to my grief, she was not. I looked round at the objects—the same little stove—but every thing else looked smaller and worn. But my eye rested with more pleasure upon the stove, round which my friend, Emma and I sat, she the only human being, at that time, that seemed to have the least friendship or feeling towards me. I was little better as to worldly matters now, excepting a number of respectable and wealthy friends, such as few people can boast. They are such as will always stand between me and want. What greater treasure need mortal covet? I would not exchange them for mountains of gold!

I was now alone, seated in the same spot where the kind Emma, sitting opposite, bent her tender eye upon me, and made the inquiry mentioned. But no kind Emma was here now, which grieved me to the heart; and to my surprize, the boat in the service of the contractors, all generous men, was filled with tracts! large bound volumes. I threw several of them overboard. Now no one reads these. Why are they lugged here? Merely to return to the Board and say, "We have distributed so many tracts." Better distribute bread at home. These northern hypocrites are making a great *row* about

Indians and slavery. If the Indians and slaves had not more sense and more honesty than to rob the poor and call it gospel, they would have little indeed! And the traitor, Queen, goes halves with them, as not one of the corps, notwithstanding their godliness, will move an inch without money. The people of the Union will be surprised to find these traitors on all their highways. It seems they live without work—of course they cannot live honest; and most of them go free of fare. It ought to rouse the indignation of the contractors, to find Queen a tool in the service of these Sunday mail-men. It is evidently for no good they have seized on this great line only established the other day! Dr. Ely must be at the bottom of this. I hope, when the *great struggle* arrives, he may *struggle* in a halter, and every traitor of them. Here, in this boat are some hundred dollars' worth of these tracts, laying idle; so much money thrown away. This money would have fed the poor in the large towns, from whom it has been filched, and thrown into this boat, where it is so much dead money. No one reads them---who would? Those tracts teach people to swear to falsehoods. Why are they brought here? Thus this boat is seized upon to convey this trash backwards and forwards. If the contractors knew their interest, if they must carry books on board, why do they not carry books that passengers would read, books of amusement or books of instruction? Queen is highly censurable for uniting with this gang of religious pirates.

I, nevertheless, felt transported with pleasure, and though the Mount Vernon showed the wear and tear of time, it was still the boat that encircledonce unparalleled distress, and that distress was mine! My affection for every particle of the cabin was such as we feel for a dear friend. Every hand—the cook and all (but Queen and the tracts) shared my affection.

Mr. Staunton, who has lived some time in this coun-

ery, informed me that the thin pine lands, bordering on the Pascagola bay, were inhabited by Spaniards and French, since the first settlement of the country, and that, from the healthiness of the climate, they lived to a great age, many of them over an hundred years. Hardly such a thing as death or sickness in the place.* One Rose died, at an hundred years of age, and left a vast sum of specie, which had been buried many years.

I was sorry to make the voyage in the night, as I could see nothing of the country.

When day-light appeared we were in the strait which connects Lake Borgne and Lake Ponchartrain. This strait is called the Rigolets. The land on both sides was flat and even with the stream. The land was covered with sedge-grass and bare of trees.

Two of the gentlemen who had travelled with me in the stage had just arrived the night before in Mobile by, the stage *from* Pascagola, and having sent their trunks round to meet them at Mobile in the steamboat, in consequence of the Steamboat not being able to reach Mobile, they turned right back for want of clothes. They were quite genteel men, and I was pleased they had not lost their trunks, which they seemed to fear. We were mouth of which we were to leave the steamboat, I ran down soon in Lake Ponchartrain, and about to enter a bayou, at the to hunt up my things, when, lo! my subscription-book was missing. I soon made the boat ring, and my friend Staunton was at my side in a moment, hunted high and low, and so did Queen; no book could be found! when, at length, one of the servants came into the cabin, and raising up one of the mattresess belonging to the birth, pulled out the book. He said he observed the big-mouthed bank man go into my cabin, (after my money, doubtless,) and put something under the bed. He must be a missionary as no other but a robber would have the impudence to go into the ladies' cabin.

*A fine place for those who wish to live long.

From some old French or Spanish law, over which neither our General or State Government has any control no vessel can enter this bayou without paying sixty dollars, and Queen leaves his boat in the lake and freights the mail and passengers, in small boats, up the bayou to the canal.* The water is very smooth, and not at all dangerous; yet I disliked the see-sawing of the little boat. Queen, whether from love or fear, would suffer none to enter the boat I was in but my friend and our baggage, and took charge of the rudder himself, and, in a few minutes, we passed the old Spanish line of the villainous charge, and were seated in a small but very pleasant fairy barge, with an awning, the only cover; and thus, seated upon two long benches, face to face, the horses were put to, and I was delighted with the passage. The boat being even with the surface of the ground, we seemed to glide along by magic. The State of Louisiana is now engaged in making a rail-road from the Ibbeville river (a small outlet from Mississippi river into these lakes) to Lake Ponchartrain, which will elude this infamous law.

Near this is Fort Pike, now occupied by a part of our army; the buildings are neat and handsome, and the site judicious. But I no longer take pride in our military posts, since they have lost their manliness so far as to make war upon an old woman. Are such men as Gen. Atkinson fit to command an army? I should say, very promptly, he was not fit for a corporal, and if the gentleman resents it, he knows where to find me—the widow of a brave man will never shrink. I would have had him tried by a court martial, (and I am not sure he will not be tried yet,) if he were not beneath my notice. These cowards ought never to cross my path. I also saw a splendid mansion, said to belong to a Mr. Elkins. The house and the fort seemed to stand on firm ground, but we soon entered a swamp, the most formidable of all

*The State is now making a rail-road from the canal to the lake.

the swamps I have seen yet. This is the swamp famous in the history of last war. It is not unhandsome, being nothing but an impenetrable undergrowth of richly woven vine, shrubs, and flowers, this studded with the live oak, and these again over-topped by cypress and the magnolia. But I was cheered by the appearance of the *white clover* on the margin of our bayou, the first I had seen in many years.

We still pursue the *Bayou*, (pronounced BIO,*) or what I should call a natural canal, which, though very narrow and crooked, must have great depth of water, as we met a heavy laden vessel, towed by negroes, on her way to Mobile—I thought of the heavy tax she would have to pay; but, may-be, don't charge for going out.

We passed two little old French villages, the houses mostly old, decayed, hen-coop looking things, but surrounded, or rather smothered to death with flowers. One of these villages was called the *Bridge*—it contained several handsome buildings, with an elegant bridge, which opens for the passage of vessels. I was much amused with the *novelty* of the surface of the water exactly corresponding with the surface of the land, and with that facility with which a negro woman, with her great umbrella straw hat, would step out of her light canoe upon the shore at once, and take hold of the canoe with her hand and pull it on shore till the bow lodged firmly, where it remained in safety, till she returned to it again. Others were sitting on the shore, perfectly at their ease, washing their clothes in the stream.

A length we reached the canal, within two miles of the city, at which distance it is distinctly seen! Our course now was as straight as a line, with the city directly in front. The white clover on the shores with a rosy meadow on each side of us, between two rows of beautiful

*The printer of my "Letters from Alabama" says "pronounced *bias*"—not so. But I was absent when the letters were printed.

young trees, satiated with pleasure, you reach the basin where the canal ends, and you are then in the city of

NEW ORLEANS,

which the people here mostly pronounce *Norlins*, particularly the French—and here I am 1189 miles from Washington City, having travelled rather more than double the distance in all my windings.

My friend Staunton (who clung to me) and I had a mighty fracus on shore. Seeing a number of exquisite oranges on the shore, I was for marching directly up to them, right or wrong, to procure one or two, to eat as I walked through the city. But friend Staunton would by no means consent to it—they were, he said, unhealthy at that time of day. But I would not hear him, and I pulled to them, and he pulled me back, and finally he prevailed—he said in the morning they were deemed wholesome in New Orleans, but it was now too late in the day. But I would have risked my all for one, as I was almost fainting with thirst and heat, and never begged harder in my life, than I did for one orange. As we went on, however, we met with some delightful spruce beer, which perfectly restored me.

It was about 11 o'clock when we reached the city, being little over 24 hours coming from Mobile, and could have made the trip sooner with a better boat.—Not 200 miles, there is something wrong in the mode of conveyance, as the mail is conveyed in stages in many places at much greater speed. Queen seemed to be quite easy about getting in, and Ker, the Post-master, ought to fine him heavily for every minute he is over the time. But Ker is as easy. Not a soul here or elsewhere, seems to take an interest in expediting the mail, the most important and interesting subject in the Union to New-Orleans, and to all our commercial towns.

Having exchanged some letters with Mr. Benjamin

Levy, a book-seller in New-Orleans, whom at the recommendation of Hon. Edward Livingston, I had engaged as an agent, and having shipped some boxes to him, I had ordered my baggage there 'till I could engage rooms. Independently of these considerations, I wished to see Mr. Levy for his own sake, he being a Jew—to which sect it has been seen I was partial, and still more so than ever, since I found all those of the south, noble high-minded men, and the very soul of kindness. Promising myself, therefore, much pleasure with Levy—to his store I bent my course attended by Mr. Staunton, whom I promised to relieve at Levy's. Meantime I found myself quite out in the idea I had formed of New-Orleans. I had from Dunder-headed travellers conceived it to be a low, dirty, jumbled-up, irregular town, swarming with mullatoes and negroes, in short a perfect chaos. Instead of this, it is a regular built town, straight, regular, clean streets, paved side-walks, the buildings compact, and pure water running through every street. This was the water of the Mississippi which was then high, and the police of the city have constructed sluices through the levee, so that when the river attains a certain height, the water flows through every street in the city in fresh rivulets, pursuing the gutters from street to street. This alone gives the city an air of health and coolness of which I had never heard. I should however have been pleased with a carriage as the distance was considerable, and I should not have been able at all to have borne the fatigue, had we not taken the advantage of the shade of the houses. At length we reached Mr. Levy's book-store nearly in the heart of the city, where Mr. Staunton made his bow and departed leaving me overwhelmed with a debt of gratitude. Mr. Staunton is a yankee, though he has been many years a citizen of the Southern States, nor do I know the place of his residence. He is partner in a house in Montgonery and I think Mobile and New-York. Being a diffident man, he spoke

very little of himself, though communicative on every other subject. Mr. Staunton is a stout, portly man, under the middle age, of gentlemanly manners, and a man of extensive knowledge. I was particularly fortunate in meeting with him, as the dignity of his person and deportment, held all the passengers in awe. Mr. Staunton unites in his person all of the yankee and southern gentleman. I should not, however, have discovered he was of New-England. Thus this gentleman acquitted himself with honor to himself and fidelity to his friend! and what was his politics or his religion, or what odds was it to me?—he acted the part of a gentleman, and that was enough, though both he, and his friend of Mobile, were Clay-men; very different from this acted some of the Jackson-men, as subsequent events will prove;* principle is the thing, and not creeds. I hope my friends may remember this act of kindness in Mr. Staunton wherever he may go.

Mr. Levy was not in when I entered his store, but his clerk had the goodness to send off for Mr. Welman a brother of my friend Welman of Savannah, from whom I had a letter of introduction. Meantime a trifling fop, an Editor by the name of Gibson, a Clay Editor come in full of palavor and finally proved to be one of the most insignificant men in New-Orleans.

In a few minutes Messrs. Levy and Welman came, and presenting Mr. Welman's brothers' letter requesting him to do me the favor to procure me a boarding-house. Mr. Welman is much older than his brother of Savannah, and by no means so stout, and a very different man in appearance as well as manners. He set off very readily, however, to procure me a boarding-house, and from his silence and seriousness I asked if he were not a religious man? when some one replied, he had just joined the church, my heart ached at the news as I was then at such a vast distance from home, and was not sure of

*Governor Clark and Benton, for instance, and General Atkinson.

having a friend in the place. To tell the truth I discovered at a glance that Levy was actually a Jew, no Isrealite about him. But fertile in resourses, I did not despair. Mr. Welman soon returned and took me to the best house in the city—that is, the most respectable one, Madam Herries's; this was the only service he rendered me while I staid, and was certainly an *incalculable* act of kindness; and though I am principally indebted to Colo Welman of Savannah for the comfort I enjoyed at Madam Herries's, I am nevertheless, under eternal obligations to Mr. Welman of New-Orleans.

This was the 1st day of May, so that I just saved myself and nothing to spare, for had I been much later in the season I should not have been able to abide the heat so much talked-of, and though it was sufficiently warm to be sure in the streets, but much pleasanter than I could possibly have anticipated, indeed some part of the time, a fire would not have been unwelcome in-doors. But I had been seasoned to the heat in Charleston and Mobile, I felt the heat in those towns much more oppressive than in New-Orleans. I was told that their hotest weather in New-Orleans was in June.

Madam Herries's house is in Chartes-street, near the river, upon which there is always a pleasant breeze. I had a very large parlor in the 2d story facing the river, with large windows or rather doors from the ceiling to the floor with iron balconies in front. They had folding sashes and folding Venetian doors, the most delightful in this or any other city. This parlour also, contained a bed, and being without a carpet or furniture added much to the coolness. Here, as at Charleston, their object is not who shall have the finest, but the coolest house. The price of boarding in New-Orleans in the best houses is $2 per day, but I having a double room, that is, a room for two people had to pay three dollars per day. This seems high to us, of the north. But

when we reflect upon the great flow of money and the high rent paid for houses in New-Orleans, and that they only have company in the winter season, it is not higher nor perhaps so high as a dollar per day, and I am sure it is not, money is plenty in New Orleans, and those who visit it gennerally make it there, and go there for that purpose; it is right they should pay in proportion.—The city is so thronged in winter that it is almost impossible to find entertainment. The throng of business-time they told me was over, it is in March, and yet, I could hardly get through the streets for drays and people. It must be quite a curiosity, in the height at this time it was greatly superior to New York, for business.

Mr. Welman, having seen me safe and comfortably housed, departed, and I made myself easy for that day, quite in raptures with my lofty cool parlor, and amused myself by observing the people in the streets, and the departure and arrival of the vessels down and up the river, towed by steamboats, which must be a very profitable business. Indeed business flows in so fast upon them that I was not able, in the whole time I was there, to find any one at leisure long enough to give me the necessary information, and cannot tell how long they are reaching the ocean with one of those vessels, but I should think, at the rate they go, not more than 12 hours.

All the steamboats on these western waters are made on the high pressure plan, and when they are in motion the steam is continually blowing off at every turn of the wheel, making a great noise, so that I always knew when the vessel started by the noise of the steam, and flying up into the air, and looking toward the river, saw the steamboats, sometimes two or three at once, running away with a vessel. All this and a thousand new objects, till dark shut them out.

It is hardly necessary to mention what every one has heard, viz: the mosquitoes—yet they were not so numerous as I was led to expect. I was introduced to these

at Mobile, and also the bars around the beds. These bars are made of thin and rather coarse linen, (such as the ladies work samplers on, and made precisely to fit the bed. The bedsteads all have high posts, and iron rods run from one post to the other—rings are fastened to the bars, by which they are run up and down from the head of the bed to the foot, and again, from the foot to the head—they are not open at the sides like curtains, but sewed up tight like a bag—the top part, over head, is moved with the rest. This is tucked close, at night, round the bed. In the morning they run the bar up to the head-board, tucking the ends in fast to keep out the mosquitoes, and at night you have nothing to do but run it down to the foot, which makes a perfectly linen house, into which you get to sleep on a mattrass, keeping the whole close tucked in on all sides. Every bed has these bars, which I think, from the appearance, are never taken down except to wash. You are perfectly secure in them from the mosquitoes; but once or twice they bit my hands so as to prevent my writing, and, to match them, I took to the bars.

But in the morning after my arrival, which was Sunday, I had a real feast, viewing the

MARKET,

which exceeds all the markets put together I had seen in the tour. It being Sunday, there was not such a variety of meats as I found on other days—but fruits, and vegetables, and flowers—the market was fairly a garden. But the first thing that drew my attention was the guard. There is not a more orderly city or town, perhaps, in the world than New Orleans. The energy and vigilance of the police to keep the peace seems to be incorporated in the very nature of the citizens, and to have grown up with the city, every part of which is regulated with the exactness of a clock. Guards are dis-

tributed all over the business part of the city—not such rabble as our constables in Washington.*

At the head of the market, upon a long bench, with a back to it, sat two gentlemen neatly dressed, with swords by their sides, their faces to the market, and with their arms folded on their breasts, at their ease; they kept their eyes on the market. I walked up to them and inquired the motive of their presence, when they bowed genteelly, and informed me they were a part of the guard of the market—one was a Spaniard and the other a Frenchman. The latter spoke very good English—the Spaniard did not. On each side sat two more, and at the other end two again, all genteel looking men; they were perfectly silent, while the market proceeded with order and despatch. There were two markets, alike guarded and alike decorous. The market is astonishingly crowded with vegetables and flowers. Instead of two rows, they have four rows of vegetables and a dozen rows of flowers, of which it would be impossible to give an idea. The variety of shades and richness of the colors, the size and texture of the flowers of this climate are as much superior to the flowers so often mentioned in this tour, as *they* are to the flowers of the North—they were mostly made into bouquets. The fruit was endless—very little, however, except oranges; the strawberries and blackberries were very fine. The season for strawberries was nearly over, but the market floor was paved with different sorts of dry peas and beans. Every thing is sold and principally bought by female negroes. One of these will have half a dozen wooden bowls sitting around her with about a handful of dried peas or beans. I saw no game and few fowls.

Besides several rows of benches, the floor and the outsides of the market are strewed so thick with vegetables and bowls of beans, as to render it difficult to walk through them; and not only the markets, but the levee, is

*Nor stalk about with staves, as in New York.

lined with oranges—these are brought from the West Indies, the orange trees in the neighborhood being nearly all killed by a frost some years back. Every thing is brought to market very neat. But it is very amusing to hear them talk. These old negro women will gabble French so fast that it appears to be nonsense. Many of them, however, can speak very good English, but the universal language of New Orleans is French.

On this morning I saw what I had often heard of before, viz: the negro convicts. They have a chain round one ankle, which reaches up to the waist, around which it is fastened. These convicts are kept at work on the streets, levee, and about the prison, and do not seem at all impeded by the weight of the chain. Those I saw this morning were carrying water to the prison. They were attended by a guard, and, carrying the water on their heads, walked very fast.

As I returned from the market, passing by the Cathedral, I stopped in, the people being at mass. The Cathedral was crowded with well-dressed people, amongst whom were many black people. But I never saw devotion before. It was certainly the most solemn scene I ever witnessed. Every soul of them was deeply engaged, with their eyes shut, and seemed to be totally disengaged from earth. They were all upon their knees, and many of them, having no seats to lean on, were upon their knees upon the floor. At the farther end of the Cathedral I saw the priest, in a white robe; but it was so dark in the place where he stood, that I could not distinguish his features. This is the Cathedral where thanks were returned to Heaven for the delivery of New Orleans, and where General Jackson was crowned in honor of the victory. The wreath was placed upon his head by Bishop Duborg, then an abbot.

After seeing every thing about the market and the Cathedral, &c. I walked to the river, but a few steps. The Mississippi and the levee have been so often and

so accurately described, that any thing I can say upon the subject must be nearly a repetition of the same thing. When the Mississippi is at its height, which was about this time, it is from four to five feet higher than the land. It is quite five, (some say six,) feet at the lower end (I would say 6½) of the town. This circumstance alone, had we no other cause of wonder in this leviathan city, fills the mind of the stranger with such amazement, he forgets it is a river. Thus elevated above our heads, it does not appear so wide as it really is. By standing on the levee, however, you have a better view of it. But this is quite too near and too low to embrace an accurate view of this mighty river, which, were it not for the embankment, would flood the whole of the flat land, and, instead of being, as it is, little over a mile wide, would be some eighty or an hundred. Such is the effect of its irresistible current, that we tremble from fear as we stand on the levee, lest it might burst its bounds and swallow us up. While the scene, sublime, indeed, yet beautiful, so fair, so smooth, so swift, yet still, engages every power of the mind. To see vessels borne aloft with all the pomp and pride of independence, gliding swiftly by us, others line the shore for miles, coming up the river, steamboats towing vessels up and again down the stream to the ocean, the levee strewed with goods, bales of cotton and boxes, the street choked up with people, drays, carts, and porters, all in one line, we forget New York and its in and out slips. The throngest time of business is in March—this was the second of May, and yet it seemed as though it were impossible to find room for more people or goods. I find the distinguishing trait in conducting business in all the southern towns is haste and despatch. Nor is it done by cart-men, as in New York: the owners of the freight themselves lay hold and work as though their life were at stake; they fly from one place to another, sometimes to their vessels, and then back into the streets to hurry the cart-men, and

then to the carts, without taking time to eat or drink—nor will they stop to speak to a friend. Their main object appears to be an eagerness to quit the place, and they are in as much haste as though they were chased by the plague, and when their vessel is ready it is fastened to a steamboat, and off they go as though they were escaping for life.

It appears as if the whole world was in New Orleans, yet they seem total strangers to each other; nor do they seem to take either interest, or pleasure, in the place; nor do those mighty pious people (most of them from Dr. Milner's pious town) keep the *holy* sabbath at all; carts are rattling through the streets, as busy on sunday, as any day in the week; and all the stores are open. Dr. Ely ought to come here, and convert the heathens. In short this is the only place in America where freedom dwells.

After amusing myself with these observations, I returned to my room, and was no less amused with the incidents of the evening. My room having large iron balconies in front of my windows, and being three stories from the ground, I had a fair view of passing events.—The busy multitude in the streets; the Great Cathedral was on my left; and immediately in front of it, was a long building, the second story of which was occupied by a billiard table; in front of me was the French Theatre; not far from this was a Methodist (negroes) Preaching-house; not far from this, on my right was another public house. The sun being down, I stepped out on the balcony, to breathe the fresh air from the river, the house was brilliantly lighted up, with lamps, so that from the number of large windows, or rather doors, one might easily see every thing that passed within them.—The novelty of the sight, would confirm the suggestion already mentioned, that the four corners of the world had met in New Orleans. They were chanting vespers in the Cathedral; playing billiards in the Long Room; singing and acting in the Theatre; praying in the Me-

thodist Meeting-house; playing cards in the tavern; all in peaceable harmony; no rioting or discord; no noise in the street or quarreling in the houses—every one left at perfect liberty to work or play, preach or pray, or amuse himself as his inclination leads him, provided he lets other people alone, all on Sunday. If this be not liberty, I do not understand the word. That such a multitude of people from every part of the world combining every language, character and calling, should mingle together in perfect harmony, as one great family; was the last thing I expected to see in New Orleans. This is owing to the best regulated police perhaps, in the world. New Orleans contains about 50,000 inhabitants, and in the business, or healthy season, there are at least, the same number of strangers, and though all these are at perfect liberty to pursue their own inclinations, Sunday or Monday; yet, they are not allowed to interfere with others, and should they attempt to do so, the city guard, without the least noise or hesitation, restores order in a second, by removing the obnoxious persons to a place where they are taught better manners; and every thing is peace and quiet in a minute, though I saw no one arrested during my visit. The city guard consists of regular troops, disposed principally through the most public parts of the city, mostly on the levee, at balls, theatres, and the markets, but especially at the landings of vessels, steam-boats and flat-bottoms, to keep the peace amongst the drays and cartmen, and keep the way open for the free-passage of produce and travellers. They are commanded by regular officers. These guards are armed with sabres (short swords) and are genteel looking men, they go before you, and cause the cart-men and others, to open to the right and left, and are vigilant in their duties when any difficulty or obstruction occurs; night or day, you have only to call out "guard." Besides the guard, the streets are patrolled at night by gentlemen.

Besides these they have a mayor's court—a city court

—a parish court, and criminal court; doubtless, the best organized in the United States. Thus quiet and security is secured to the strangers.

Besides these, there are 12 foreign consuls in New Orleans; of course the city though large, is crowded.

From the reports of travellers, I was much misled in my opinion of New Orleans. I had conceived it to be a small shackling, dirty village, consisting of small wooden huts—filled with French filth, and negroes. But what was my astonishment to find it a handsome city; brilliant shops; lofty brick buildings; clean streets, washed by the water of the Mississippi; teeming with fashionable people, the finest and richest; dry goods and jewelry-shops, crowded with people; French and Negroes abounded; it is true, no other language is spoken by the citizens; and this, I presume, will always be the case. I met with several who had removed from other States, who had become changed into Frenchmen, and whose children could scarcely speak a word of English. It is surprising how quick the language is acquired. Every boat-man and merchant, speak French. The chamber-maid who waited on me, had not been more than 6 or 8 months in New Orleans, and could speak it with ease and fluency, though she was very stupid, slow, and sluttish; she could hardly be said to have common sense; the only excellence she possessed, was her ability to jabber French. Every little child, and negro, the shops, the streets, is one uproar jargon of French, by which, however, they seem to convey their meaning in a much shorter time than we do, and with infinitely more ease.

New Orleans is situated on an even plain, of great fertility and beauty, on the east bank (that is on the same side of the lake Ponchartrain) of the river, and is no longer an island. The small stream which separated it from the main land is now filled up. Its length may be about 6 miles on the bank of the river. Though not with-

in the corporation, it might be called a town several miles below this, from the density of the buildings, and the same above. It is about a mile wide, and perhaps more, at the widest part. It contains several squares and 176 streets, called *rues*, the French of street.. The

PUBLIC BUILDINGS

are 1 Cathedral, Roman Catholic,
1 Unitarian church,
1 Episcopalian,
2 Theatres,
City Hall,
Deposit for arms,
2 Market-houses,
4 Banks,
1 Charity Hospital,
1 Orphan Asylum,
5 Masonic Halls,
1 Public Ball-room,
1 Female Academy,
1 Male Academy,
A Circus, where the negroes dance on Sunday.
Court House,
Caliboso, (Prison,)
2 Large Hotels,
Exchange,
Promenade,
1 Medical Society,
6 Insurance Companies, embracing in the whole a capital of $3,200,000,
1 Rail Road Company,
1 Canal "
1 Navigation "

Amounting in the whole to a capital of 5,000,000 dollars.

The bank stock amounts to some millions more.—There are seve-al other societies and companies in New

Orleans—but no Tract or Bible societies. They learn their dogs to hunt the missionaries, and have enacted severe laws against them. I am glad one city has been found spirited enough to treat these robbers as they deserve. One of them was taken up, while I was there, under the new law. He walked up to the clerk's table, with an air, "I want to know what right you have to interfere with the laws of God." "Oh!" said the Mayor, Mr. Prieur, "our laws have been made since God made his law—take him to the Caliboso." The first offence is only twenty years imprisonment, the second is death. I hope to see the day yet when all these religious swindlers may meet the same fate. They used to skulk (like all thieves) round the outskirts of the town, and peep into every house, and if they found a man in they would pass on, but if they found only a woman they would leave a tract, and tell her they would call again. In a few days he would call again and beg money for God. If God wanted money he certainly could make it. If he cannot spread his Gospel without money he is no God. Who would believe in a God no better than a robber? None but a fool. Here is a city with an immense population and only 3 churches, and yet it has more charity than exists in every city put together in the Atlantic country, and a thousand times more orderly.

The public buildings of New Orleans are neither large nor showy, if we except the Cathedral, which is a vast pile, but this, like most of the buildings which have stood some time, are blackened with mildew, particularly those near the river. But there are many elegant brick houses in the place, and the streets, though narrow, 50 or 60 feet, are regular, and well lighted and guarded. They are improving the city rapidly. The Mayor, one of the finest men in the world, is now engaged in improving the town in every shape. He has purchased stone, brought in vessels, to pave the middle of

the streets—the side-walks are paved with brick. There are three wide streets, or rather avenues, recently laid out, and planted with four rows of trees—these are square with the river, and embrace nearly the whole of the city, and are very handsome—they are as wide as the avenues of Washington City, and form a double street, with a broad walk on each side, of great beauty—the lower one, Canal-street, by far the handsomest in the United States.

On the opposite side from the river is a large *Basin*, for sloops and other vessels which ply through the lakes.

The Charity HOSPITAL, as it is called, is one of the most benevolent institutions in the southern country. All indigent persons are admitted gratis.

Riding out one day in a carriage, alone, my attention was attracted by a most charming flower garden. For that matter the whole city is a garden. But this was the richest display of flowers I had ever seen. Seeing a large building in the midst of the garden I asked the driver what building it was, when he replied "it was the *Hospital*"—but, upon further conversation, he informed me I could not get in without leave from some of the administrators. This was unfortunate, and I resolved to try the effect of my name with the porter. Accordingly, when the carriage stopped, I saluted the porter, told him my name, and expressed a wish to see the Hospital. "Mrs. Royall," said Mr. McClasky, with a smile, "I am glad to see you. To be sure you shall come in, and we will all be pleased to show you the Hospital. We were looking for you." I do not know that I was ever more gratified—and, entering the gate, passed through an avenue of the most brilliant and sweet-scented flowers I ever beheld. The building, the square, the palings, the people, every thing seemed made of flowers. To name or describe them is one of the impossible things. Compared to these, I had never seen flowers before. Mostly on tall stalks and shrubs as well as on the ground, so large, rich and brilliant—some

as tall as apple-trees, others running over bowers and houses, and twining round every thing. I was soon met by the attending physician, veiled in flowers, who very politely led me through the Hospital. The building is in the healthiest and most thinly settled part of the town, and is a large and very handsome building.—There are also apartments for the insane. The whole cool, neat and comfortable, is exceeded by no institution of the kind. A total stranger, no matter what his creed or country, is taken in here gratis! There were 140 patients in all when I called. I talked with several strangers, who bestowed the highest praise on the people of New Orleans. Amongst the insane, I was struck by the beauty of a female, whom any one might envy. She seemed to be the happiest of mortals, and rivalled the flowers in beauty. She was walking about at her ease from bower to bower, as fair as a lilly, with lovely, soft, dark eyes. She came up to me very friendly, and shook hands. Another female was sitting down flat on the ground, leaning on her hands, very disconsolate.—Poor thing!—She had pulled her pocket handkerchief full of grass and flowers, and had it sitting by her, tied up as though she were contemplating a journey. I had nought but a sigh to bestow on these unfortunates, and taking the arm of Dr. Luzenburg, the gentleman mentioned; withdrew to the building, where I met with two young men, who said they saw me once at Middletown, Con. at Patridge's *American, Literary, Scientific, Phisical, Geometrical, and Literary* Academy. They were genteel young men, and reciprocated the pleasure it gave me to meet them again. One of them was named Davidson, the other not recollected.

They have iron bedsteads in the Hospital, which I should recommend generally, both for comfort and economy. These were very light and smooth, the posts not thicker than a walking cane. Dr. L. the surgeon, is a young and very genteel man, and the steward, Wm.

Stewart, is mild and humane in his manners, and well qualified for the trust. Their pride seems to centre in their charge, and doubtless they merit the confidence of the city.

Having rested myself, the gallant McClasky conducted me to my carriage, and passing by the Masonic Hall, a fine building, visited Monsieur PICHON'S Academy in Conde-street. This is one of the best seminaries I have seen in the United States, though it is called a school. Mr. Pichon, influenced by the most praiseworthy zeal for the improvement of the French Creoles, by the aid of the patriotic citizens, and two other gentlemen, has undertaken the hitherto neglected task of enlightening what is called the Quarteroons of New-Orleans; and though the project is of recent date, it has attained a most astonishing degree of improvement; nor did I ever witness such ardour and application in any school throughout the Union. It is said of them, the further they advance the greater is their taste for learning. They are taught French, English and Spanish, and though Mr. Pichon speaks little or no English, he is a man of science, and has associated with him a teacher of the English and Spanish languages. There were 70 boys and 72 girls. They were reading and writing, and many of them were perfect in geography and grammar. Nor did I ever witness such intensity of study. They never raised their eyes from their desks, after saluting me on my entrance, till I took leave. I was amazed at the downcast modesty of the little girls, and the innocence of the boys: They averaged about twelve years of age.

The beauty of the quartroons is celebrated to distant lands. I cannot say this is universally true, as I saw many that could not be called handsome. But who ever wishes to see beauty ought to see the children of this class of the citizens of New Orleans; the prettiest creatures in human form, the loveliest features, and the sweet-

est black sparkling eyes, and black glossy hair: their complexion though dark, blooming as the rose: while their countenance is all life and animation, indicative at once, of mind and genius. I never saw a more interesting sight, and the delight they take in acquiring literature, adds much to their appearance. I found them a long way a-head of any school in my tour, and very different from the Hog Mob university, of Pittsburg. But there are no missionaries, the corruption of our land, here. The improvement of this portion of New Orleans, will render the name of Pichon immortal. Though it was suggested by *Caribino*; Mr. Gusman, S. Guischeney, of the same school, teach the English and Spanish language. These are both very genteel, affable men, and deserve well of their country.

There is a college in New Orleans, which I did not visit, in truth, I did not make many calls, as I did not understand the French well enough to converse. I was told the college was flourishing, and the professors, worthy men; but the glory of New Orleans, is the school I have mentioned, and a female seminary kept by nuns, where a vast number of young ladies receive their education. The latter is two miles below the city, where I made a short call as I went to the battle-ground, but being Sunday, and my friends and myself, exhausted by walking about the battle-ground, I merely saw the buildings which are very extensive; and such is the pressure of business in the city, that it was impossible to get a friend to attend me any other day except on Sunday. I regretted much that I was unable to see the female school: rigidness of their rules, but very few people gain admittance.

We did call, however, and saw several beautiful little girls, and one of the nuns came to the speaking-room, but she could not speak a word of English, and the gentleman who interpreted being fatigued, I did not wish to

impose on them. We found a young gentleman in the speaking room, conversing with his sister, through the grate, but it was all in French.

It is said many of the young ladies do not come out till their education is completed. There are several hundred pupils in the seminary, which consist of able teachers, and consists of two very large buildings.

I asked for water, which was made known in French by one of my friends, and in a minute a glass of water was placed on a circular shelf which turned on a pivot, and brought the glass round to me. The Orphans' Asylum is in the skirts of the town, on a most delightful plain, and from the top of this you have the best view of New Orleans, the river and the subburbs. The land is so even you may see for miles, checkered with fig groves, young orange groves, and squares of smooth softened green, studded with brilliant flowers; the river lined for miles with sloops, steam-boats and square-boats; all this is bounded with the magnificent magnolia and live-oak, exhibiting a prospect of unrivalled splendor.

The asylum is a large, lofty, elegant building, with spacious galleries. Besides kitchens and wash-houses, it is enclosed by a wall, and not without its flowers, the whole establishment is neat and cool. There were sixty pupils, they learn French one week and English the next.

The matron, a most interesting female, was from Lancaster, Pa. the best, the very best choice those benevo- citizens could have made. The asylum, was founded by the Hon. S. Poydras, by whom it was richly endowed. His portrait adorns the school-room. Poydras, is what Dr. Ely would call an idolator, or an infidel, viz: a Roman Catholic. Here is an act worthy of the God he worshipped; where are Dr. Ely's asylums? though he has the wickedness to go or send round to cheat the asylums of the orphan and the widow, he never extended to them a piece of bread. He would hand them a

tract, doubtless, manufactured from their own few cents bestowed upon them by such men as Poydras. The people of the United States, must begin to reflect they have all this time been deceived by those state robbers, all for God.

At this asylum I met with a most extraordinary man. He was, if I recollect, the grand-father of the lady or her husband, and though, of course an aged man, was hale, straight, stout and active, and a perfect gentleman in his manners. Seeing I was particularly engaged in studying his person and manners, he became very communicative, and gave me a brief sketch of his life; and handed me the following card, which was printed in English and French:

"1777. MR. JOSEPH BERTOULIN, served during the Revolution of the United States, at the siege of Savannah, under General Pulaski, and at that of Charleston, (S. C.) under Generals Moultrie and Lincoln—And had the honor of bearing arms, at different times after, under Washington, Rochambeau, and Lafayette. He was also present at the surrender of Little York, which period he has ever considered the happiest of his life."

This gentleman was once a man of great wealth; has spent half a dozen fortunes; (most of his losses were at sea,) is a man of princely appearance; and is now a dependent upon the bounty of New Orleans; and above all men, he is the most gay and pleasant. He came to this country with General Lafayette.* His life contains more incidents, and the most astonishing of any Novel Hero to be found. How gladly would I have listened to his interesting conversation, but my duty tore me from him. The

CUSTOM HOUSE

of New Orleans, is a very conspicuous building on the

*The meeting between him and the General, was pathetic enough, when the General called at New Orleans.

river, and must yield a considerable revenue. Besides the collector, they have (including the boat-men attached to the custom house) 44 clerks, gaugers, inspectors, &c. Most of these were as shabby a set of gawks, as ever disgraced Uncle Sam; and the collector, I would suppose, had just been imported from the antipodes. He was old, ugly, gangling, raw-boned, stoop-shouldered, with a yellow, greenish, long stringy face, and cat eye; his iron countenance, would appal the Pink himself, a great Russian bear, where under heaven could General Jackson find such a monster of clownishness? His hat was doubtless, nailed to his head, to keep it from blowing in the river. After overhauling things below, I walked up to see the head-man. He was moping over a table making his mark, perhaps, when some one told him a lady was present, (they were all glad enough, for they hated him,) he arose and stalked up to me, and though I made my best congee, he never returned the salute, but asked my business with him: I was silent for once, in fact I was studying which end of him, I would begin with first, as I soon found he was a good subject. At length after taking his measure, I told him "I merely called to see how he conducted his business." No wild beast caught in a trap, looked more astonished, and wrinkling his skinny face without speaking a word he stalked back again. I remarked "he must be a missionary." "No Mrs. Royall, he is a Roman Catholic." I am sorry for that, for excepting an Arch-Bishop whom I once saw in Baltimore, he is the meanest looking man I ever found in their ranks. A Mr. Sheldon S. Clark was the only genteel man I found in the corps. Though the store-keeper was very obliging and suffered me to pass through the store without braking my head.

The little foppish Clay editor of the Argus, *Gibson*, I have mentioned, he is a *little* man, but a *great* fool; and a great contrast to Messrs. Thorn and St. Romes. The first a Clay Editor, if I do not mistake, and the latter

goes for the administration. But they are all mad on the subject of politics in New Orleans, excepting G[illegible], who does the cause he advocates, more harm than good. Clay ought to pay him to be silent. J.C. De St. ROMES is a plain sensible man in the prime of life, rather heavy and low of stature. His countenance is serene, and his blue eye, sweet and placid. He is a gentleman of mild manners and very pleasing appearance. I had brought with me several letters of introduction. But some of the gentlemen to whom they were addressed, seemed unwilling to attend to me, and others were absent, and seeing a printing office which happened to be De St. Romes', I never lacked friends in New Orleans afterwards. I owe much to this amiable man, as through him I became acquainted with several of the best men in the southern states. I trust New Orleans may extend to him a liberal patronage, for he is most worthy, and worth much to their city. Retiring and modest, he shrinks from public notice. I conversed but a short time with him and returned to my room from a long ramble through the city alone.

In the dusk of the evening a gentleman came in, and said, I am Prieur, the mayor of the city! I had understood from several gentlemen before I reached New Orleans, and particularly from St. Romes in the course of the day that the mayor of N. Orleans was one of the most friendly and benevolent men in the world, and was universally beloved. This is so often said of men widely differing, that from the poverty of our language, leaves us after all to conjecture. I had been looking for a visit from the mayor some time, as it is an honor I had been accustomed to receive, and began to grow impatient, and had laid up a great many hard things to say when he appeared. The room was so dark when he came in, I could not distinguish his features. But was at once disarmed, from the softness of his voice, which was so low that I had to ask again whom I had the honor to receive. Meantime

a candle was brought in, when I beheld a countenance that would have disarmed Xantippe herself, I gazed at him in astonishment and forgot every thing I would have said. He also was silent, but kept his eyes bent on me with equal surprise. At length he asked how long I had been in the city, I replied two days; "I never heard it till this evening." Thus he continued to sit repeating a word now and then; had I been a young lady I should have thought he was captivated. At length he asked in what way he could serve me, and how I liked my quarters, how I liked the country, &c. and desired me to command him at all times. He mentioned a friend of his, whom he would introduce a Mr. Holland, adding that his duties were so oppressive as scarcely left him a moment, but between him and *Holland*, I should be made comfortable and happy during my visit. He had no day at command but Sunday, when he would be able to attend me wherever I wished to go. When about to retire, I observed, I only wished his protection. He smiled, and said "I assure you, madam, so far as the weak can protect the strong, you may depend on me." This, coming from him, was flattering. His name is Dennis Prieur, Esq. is of good size, and about 30 years of age, with a round face, somewhat sunburnt. His features are manly, though not particularly handsome. But to convey an accurate idea of the countenance or manners of the man is far beyond my reach. The evening shade is not more soft than his unclouded brow—his silken voice and dove-like eye sink upon the heart, never to be forgotten —his language is refined and elegant, and often seasoned with wit and shrewdness—with every endowment of nature and art, he is doubtless the happiest choice this great city could have made. The city council, acting under him, have, in not more than two years, changed New Orleans from a desert into a beautiful city.

He often called of an evening, and always appeared sinking from fatigue.

The negroes of New Orleans are compelled by law to retire within their houses, at an early hour of the night, at the firing of a gun. Taking the advantage of a dark alley before my window, a number of little negro boys crowded in there to learn the manual exercise. They would call the roll regularly and beat the drum, and annoyed me considerably. I had only to apprize the Mayor, and there was no more drumming: a guard paraded there during my visit. This was quite different from the pious people of Washington City.*

Mr. *John H. Holland*, is another idol of New Orleans. Ask for what you will in the city, you are told to go to Mr. Holland. Where shall I get intelligence of this, that, or the other? "Go to Mr, Holland," He is the William Gaston of New Orleans, and the soul of her existence. Mr. Holland is a yankee, I think, from Massachusetts, but has lived in New Orleans many years, and never has left the city, and yet neither he nor his family has ever been sick. He could not be spared. It was laughable to hear a Creolian Frenchman, upon addressing some question to him relative to the town.—He did not know. "You know one Monsieur Ho-land—you ax eem—he tell you all what you want—evra ting." Mr. Holland is a middle aged man, of portly size—his face is round, full, and fair, with a soft blue eye, his countenance is open and manly, and his manners uncommonly pleasing and free. He holds several offices of trust in the city, and is one of the most useful of its citizens. His whole time is devoted to the advancement of New Orleans, and the stranger, the widow, and the orphan are sure to meet in him a courteous and warm friend. Like his counterpart, the Mayor, he is plain in his manners, easy of access, and unwearied in his attention to strangers. He is at the head of the Masonic fraternity

*Mr. Prieur is of French extraction, and has a slight lisp of the French, which adds much to the beauty of his language.

in Louisiana, which is very flourishing—(no anties here.) He is Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of the State. and Grand High Priest of the Royal Arch Chapter. His title is R. A. R. and S. M. K. T. Past Grand Master, Grand Master. Besides the Grand and Royal Arch Lodges, (and Councils,) there are 26 Lodges in New Orleans—all wealthy and flourishing. This is to be ascribed to the vast number of respectable foreigners who visit New Orleans. Thus New Orleans, like her own Mississippi, rolls on in her might, and such are the two men who, laying aside every selfish consideration, devote their time and their talents to the happiness, welfare, and improvement of the city. R. M. WELMAN, Esq. a brother of my friend of that name in Savannah, is quite the opposite of his brother—he is tall and slender, with a sallow thin face, and close countenance. He is distant and cold in his manners, and a man of limited information. He is older than his brother, and was said to be an amiable man, until he, quite recently, had joined the Episcopalian church. Though I brought a letter of introduction from his brother, he paid me no sort of attention after the first day. He deserves much credit, however, for his promptness in placing me in the most respectable boarding house in the city, and as Gen. Ripley, an old acquaintance, was then absent, in justice to Mr. Welman, he could not have done me a greater favor. This I owe to his amiable and accomplished brother, of Savannah; and, by the way, I sent to Gen. Ripley's partner, at the same time. His name is S. JOURON, doubtless the last man in the city but one, and a VIRGINIAN too—blush, Virginia. I sent to him the first evening of my arrival and apprized him, "General Ripley was my friend." He neither came nor wrote. I am astonished at the high-minded Ripley to connect himself with so mean a man. But he was about to dissolve partnership. He subscribed for the Southern Tour—

but do not imagine I would have such a name on my book.

WM. H. KER, Postmaster, is a "pretty tolerable" sort of a man—little good, little harm. I doubt much whether he attends to his business as he ought, though his deputy is a first-rate man for business, doubtless the best qualified of the two, and does all the business. Our Post Office Department will never flourish under its present system: For instance, the Postmaster himself ought to attend to the opening and closing of the mails. Instead of that he is flaunting and gallanting about, and the Deputy does all the business; and if he be an honest man, well, and if not, he has a fine chance to plunder, and the Principal, should his bond be in danger, has an hundred ways to escape. This is the case in all the post offices, and the Principal is a mere sinecure, which engenders corruption throughout the whole department. As the head, or responsible man, is never present, the Deputy may *frank*, or *steal*, *do*, or leave *undone*, just what he pleases, we might just as well and better have no Department of the kind on its present plan. Capt. KER, I think, of the army, is a small, pleasant, good-natured man, and very obliging, rather handsome than otherwise, and easy in his manners.

RODOLPH ROUSSEAU, Esq. Counsellor at Law, is a young man, with a tall, slender figure and elegant manners. His face is thin, dark, and oval, with a keen black eye. He is a silent but very amiable man, and much respected. He is descended from the French.

But, of all the citizens of New Orleans, I was most pleased with Mr. JAMES H. CALDWELL, the manager of the English Theatre, a most gentlemanly man. Mr. C. is rather young looking, and a handsome spare figure, thin, fair, oval face, and cool, steady, blue eye. His countenance is staid, and serene, and his man-

ners chaste and dignified, though highly polished and refined. He seems rather of a melancholy disposition. But when on the stage, where he often appears, he does not appear to be the same man. His eye becomes dazzling, and his countenance radiant. His action has much ease and grace, quite natural and manly. I saw him in the Soldier's Daughter, where he played Heartall, for Miss Placide's benefit.

Mr. Caldwell has added much to the respectability, as well as the amusement of New Orleans, by his unwearied attention, to perfect and raise the character of the drama. His purse, his taste, his time, and his talents, have been devoted to the improvement of the English Theatre, in New Orleans, and such has been his perseverance, that it now holds the first distinction amongst the English Theatres in the United States. I make this distinction as the French Theatre, in the city, is no doubt the first in the United States, though I did not visit it, as it is rare you can find room—and though I am partial to New Orleans, I felt some displeasure at the French manager for decoying away some of my friend Caldwell's stars, whom he had brought over from Europe at great expense. This I was told, but not by him; if this were true, it was an unmanly act, and unworthy of a gentleman, and I trust the citizens will resent it with becoming dignity, and the actors themselves deserve to be hissed, for their ingratitude. It is a poor reward to a man that spent vast sums to embellish and amuse their city; such a man is a treasure to society. I saw an evidence of his emulation to please, in a play got up while I was there called ALONZO the Brave, and the fair IMOGINE, presented for the first time in New Orleans. The scenery and the flowing drapery of the fair Imogine was the most splendid sight I ever beheld. The garden of the Escureal and the skelletons starting from their tombs was inimitably fine. The cellebrated Miss. Placide played the part of Marcella in this play, and widow Cheerly in the

Soldiers' Daughter. She is a fine performer and a lovely woman. Messrs. Gray, Gulbert and Russel, distinguished themselves in this play. *Langton* from New York appeared on this night for the first time in Malfort, Jr.

The pits in the New Orleans' Theatres are the most fashionable places; they are boxed up like the pews of a church.

I trust Mr. Caldwell may be remumerated for his pains and that he may meet with that encouragement, he so richly merits. He is from England—is a high-minded man, and one of the most benevolent men in the world.

JOS. BARABINO, Esq. the patron of the celebrated school mentioned, is at once the gentleman and philanthropist. His name will ever be cherished with gratitude in New Orleans and throughout the world, and will descend with honor to posterity. He is a mild benevolent man of great sweetness of manners, and an humble druggist.

RAPHEAL BELL, Esq. is a Teacher, he goes from house to house, to translate French into English. He is a stout, good looking man, of friendly, frank manners.—This spirit of improvement in New Orleans is quite of recent date, and the time is not far distant, when it will be the first city in the Union, if not in the world.

JOSEPH ADAMS, cabinet maker 21 Royal street, is one of the most amiable and worthy men in New Orleans. He is of common size, quite a young, well looking man, with a mild full eye, which beams charity and love toward mankind, and commands the esteem of all who know him.

Mr. A. SKATES, firm of Skates & Smith, 7 Camp street, is a genteel friendly man of pleasing manners, with a slender person, thin fair, handsome face and sweet countenance.

From my intercourse with mankind and intenseness of

observation, to which hard necessity drove me, I have actually learned the good from the bad, at a glance; and though there are few of those who are called citizens in New Orleans who can be classed in the latter remark, yet the creoles are rather forbidding and unsociable, unless you can speak French, of course I made few acquaintances amongst them; this I deem unfortunate as they constitute the major part of the citizens.

Passing up the levee, on the second morning of my arrival, in search of a trunk, I discovered, by his countenance, a yankee, sitting in his store, reading a newspaper. I will try you, thought I—I can never be mistaken in that face—a good fellow. Sure enough, merely to get acquainted, I stepped in and enquired where I could "purchase a trunk?" made myself known, chatted of the weather and the city, and finally acknowledged I was allured into the acquaintance by his yankee face. He blushed, and perhaps felt flattered, and I was exceedingly so by his courteous reception. His name is N. C. SUMNER, grocer and ship chandler, 56, Levee st. He was the first gentleman in New Orleans who subscribed for the Southern Tour. He is a young and very amiable man.

Agreeably to his instructions I found PETER DIXON, of Philadelphia, and an honor to that city, (all the Philadelphians behaved well; but the New Yorkers behaved mean, and fled for it.) Peter had trunks and a heart at my disposal. I gave him $10, and he gave me a trunk, first rate, from his shop in Philadelphia. He gave me a smile, I gave him another, and Peter and I parted mutually pleased. Do not imagine this is a jest. I shall ever admire Peter Dixon and all his clerks, (this follows of course) for their every day manners and right down, straight forward honesty. I loved every one in the shop, it being the only spot in the city where I found myself at home. Though Peter was seldom in, I never

did nor ever will pass the friendly door without calling. It is 30, Levee st.

One would think, as they walk up the Levee, that Boston capital was at work here too. It is quite a war of works, and barrels, and bags, and carts, and cotton bales—nothing like it. You have often to take refuge in the shops and stores, or be run over by carts.

I had understood from travellers this levee was a resort of the unfortunate fair sex. What a falsehood! I saw not one woman, at all, unless they were sewed up in these great bags, or hid in the counting rooms. My readers must pardon me for digressing. I must put things down as I go on. This was the time I called on the Collector, and though I deem it due to New Orleans to contradict the infamous report of bad women, I am sorry to say I found a great many bad men, (all Uncle Sam's,) which, I presume, have been taken for women.

For all so rigid in New Orleans, a blueskin, or an Episcopalian, one has worked himself into the Post Office, and there will soon be bagfulls of the Gospel packing into New Orleans. These are fine people to inveigh against the Roman Catholics. The principal clerk in the post-office, is an amiable man.

My book-sellers, I shall leave as we do our household friends to the last, and notice the ladies and a few strangers: and first—I had the extreme felicity of meeting with his excellency, or what you may call it, "Count Vitaliano D. al *Verme*," all the way from Italy. Astonishing how he found the way. He said to me, "You meet my broder at President Adams's—you take tea wid him at de President's." And what of that. This is the famous Count whom Governor Clark's lady gallanted, at the expense of the country, to the falls of St. Anthony, and, agreeably to Keemly, of St. Louis, had a very *pleasant* trip.* Mem. Left old Clark behind. It ap-

*I trust friend Wm. B. Lewis will not audit this item of Clark's account..

pears that every French barber and Italian hair-dresser adopts the title of Marquis or Count (doubtless many clever men amongst them,) when they come to this country, and our women take the fidgets to kiss their hands or their feet rather than miss. What good natured husbands our American men are. Every one remembers Lord Mortimer, of Albany: Through the eagerness of the Ladies to appear amiable in Lord Mortimer's eyes, every millener's shop and every husband was broke—a common cheat, advertised in the papers! Let my own sex alone!! Never till they stay at home and leave the men alone. I blush for my own sex—they learn this from tracts. But to go on with Count Verme, I judged of him by the company he kept. Mistrust marked his judgment and his taste, if not his title. He came to New Orleans with a little, trifling, pert, coxcombish, foppish, proud empty-headed, ignorant, *Doctor Dalton*, of the (any one knows by this description) Army. He was the U. S. Surgeon at Fort Pike. If the people of the U. S. wish to throw away their *liberty*, let them support such fellows as this, Gen. Atkinson, and the army. If they wish to retain their liberty, let them throw away the scrubby surgeons, and their scrubby generals, and the scrubby army at Jefferson Barracks. My Darling, of Pike, and his Countship were very gracious with my ladyship, indeed; and they would have secured my pity, at least; but the exquisite Dr. Could not keep his own secrets, and soon discovered that he came to electioneer for Mr. Clay. This was no harm, to be sure. But if this immaculate Government of ours has any use for an army and for Doctors, at all, why do they not employ them, or keep them at their stations. Suppose one of the garrison had broken a limb while this surgeon was many miles absent! With regard to his skill, it was the same thing—but this is not the intention. Do the people of the U. S. pay these men to spend their time in dressing and balls? This man, tricked up in his white pants, I asked him "if he were paid for dressing?"

"Nothing like keeping up appearances, Mrs. R." The Doctor had displeased me in the outset, by speaking disrespectfully of Gen. Jackson and the people of New Orleans. He found great fault with them for "passing such a severe law against the Missionaries." A great pity, indeed, they could not carry on their piracy here, as they have in other towns. I admire the state and the people of New Orleans, for the manly stand they have taken against these religious thieves. But the cream of the story is, that this man, appointed by the Jackson administration, was electioneering for Henry Clay! Good! This is the effect of picking scrubs out of the Ashes and filling up the ranks of the Army and Navy. This is the fault of parents who wish their sons to be gentlemen, without reflecting that it is principle and education that make a gentleman. Now such men as these might have made good plough-men, good ditchers, or good mechanics—as it is, they are good for nothing, and dress and live on the people. Vide Dr. McMahon and many others. And where should this unlucky wight come but to Madame Herris's, at two dollars per day, (her price for boarding,) and I left him there.

I also had the pleasure of being a fellow-boarder in the same house with the celebrated and justly admired Madame PEARMAN and her husband, the most interesting couple I have met with in the United States. As Mrs. Pearman is generally known in our great cities, it would be folly in me to pass any eulogy on her; nor is it in my power to give an accurate idea either of her vocal powers, the beauties of her person, or her accomplished manners. She is a young woman, exquisitely formed, tall and slender, with a fair Grecian face, and an eye and mouth of surprising beauty. Her eye is a lively, clear blue, and her complexion beautifully shaded with the rose and the lily. But her modesty was her greatest charm. I attended one of her concerts, which, for the honor of New Orleans, was crowded; and when she first came out on the stage, she excited much interest,

from her diffidence and modesty. Her face and her neck of ivory whiteness, soon assumed a scarlet redness, and it was some time before she acquired self command. She sung amongst many new pieces, "Robin Adair," with the celebrated variations by H. P. Pixis, also accompanying herself on the Piano Forte "de placer mi calza il cor." Mr. Pearman and her sang several duets all of which were highly applauded. Mr. Pearman, alike handsome and genteel, closed the concert by the comic duet, "When a little farm we keep." Mrs. Pearman's voice was soft and sweet. But Mr. Pearman sung with more ease, he is quite a master in wit and humorous jestures.

He is a man of fine address and gentlemanly appearance, and though not tall, his features and person are very agreeable. They are from England, and seem to have moved in the first society. The are not at all of the common class of singers. I merely give my own impressions as music is a science, of all others, I have the least knowledge of; success to them wherever they go, and maythey meet with that encouragement they so richly deserve. Amongst others who stopped at madam Herries' was rather a suspicious character whom I had seen in bad company at Niagara falls. He neither approached nor spoke to me, (I did not go to the table). But I was much amused one evening, at a long tale he was telling some ladies on the portico beneath, about me. I being seated on the balcony above him, heard every word he said, not of much import one way or the other. He was rather an imposition upon the company at Madam H's, and she was lucky if she received payment from him: I never knew his name and country.

The merchants, as I said, behaved shamefully, knowing me as they did; it is a great slur on N. York that not one of them came near me. I knew them all, great long sleek coated oyster-tongs fellows, as awkward and clown-

ish as diggery, not a gentleman in the whole of them. There is much sparring on the subject of superiority between Philadelphia and New York. I can settle the question for them at once (Baring Walsh) by the best criterian, meeting with them abroad—the Philadelphians came up, and saluted me like men, while these long, sleek coats from New York, sneaked along under my windows with their hats pulled over their faces, always with an umbrella stuck under their arm. Do they suppose this fine broad-cloth can change them into gentlemen? For Gaston's sake my face burned for shame.—These fine coats were rather too thin----and the longest legs I ever saw—they seemed to be all legs.

This was the first insight I had too, of the surprising change in the citizens of Tennessee----one *Dwire* and *Burk*, whom I met with in Mr. M'Kean's book store, behaved as mean as the long-legs, though good looking men; the Kentuckians are noble, fine fellows, they have all the manliness of the old-school Virginians, and by far the most manly, and polished, of the West, they are indeed inferior to no people. Like the yankees they are not to be judged by a few outlaws.

The yankees, the few traders, who were in N.Orleans when I was there, were quite a shabby set too. I met with a tollerable New Yorker, however, in Miss Carrol's Reading-room, and vice versa, a Kentuckian rather in favor of tracts! He said "he did not know what was in those tracts at all, but he thought we ought all to be christians:" what a goose! let him think for himself!—Priest-craft always thinks for us, and we in return maintain them. How long will mankind be bound in this besotted ignorance?

And whom should I meet with in New Orleans but Mr. *Snowden* of Pittsburg, poor fellow he is since dead! also Messrs *Rusy* and *Kenkade*, the first a very genteel

man, lived up Red-river, Paymaster. All the Red river men are polished and generous. The latter said he saw me once in Georgetown, D. C.

I was introduced to but very few people in the city, however, as myfriends could not leave their engagements, I therefore, took it fair and easy, and amused myself in viewing the crowd, the steam boats, &c. from my window; one of the greatest luxuries that ever engaged the mind of an American traveller.

THE LADIES

of New Orleans have been variously represented, as the humour or taste of the traveller felt disposed. From seeing them merely in the public places, and mostly veiled, one cannot give a correct idea on the subject, nor have I met with any town where there is less uniformity. There is every shade as the Poet said, from "snowy white to sooty;" and every grade of manners, and figure, to be found on the Globe. Here you see a little squat, yellow, foreigner from the West Indies—from South America----from no one knows whither; covered with the finest lace; yards of it, and glittering with jewels: and again, a tall elegant figure from France----England ----Netherlands or Poland. Sometimes a face of inexpressible beauty, and again, one of horror; sometimes a face of lily whiteness, and next to her one of safron, and so on, to coal black. No place in the Union, perhaps in the world, is there more diversity in shape or color.---- The quarteroons were not so handsome as I expected to find them, they are, however, mostly well shaped, and many of them have very fine features, and all jet black hair and very expressive black eyes. Some of them are of a sickly yellow. These are all friendly, and sociable, and keep shops, and speak broken English. They dress equal to those who are called white, with this distinction; the white ladies wear bonnets, the quarteroons do not. The latter throw a rich veil over their heads

which is always decorated with a wreath of real, or artificial flowers, turbans. &c. This distinction is strictly adhered to. Many of these quarteroons walk gracefully; others do not; and some of them are immensely rich. They have their slaves, and are usually attended by one in the streets. They have separate balls, and do not mix at all with white ladies. The white ladies are not often seen in the streets, only when they go to church or the theatre.

Madam Herris, the lady with whom I boarded, is a woman of masculine size and mind. She came from the Netherlands, was once in possession of a large fortune, and appertained to the nobility—but, during the troubles of the French Revolution, had to quit her native country. She is of middle age, a tall, majestic figure, and very dignified manners. She is unwearied in her attention, and though her charges are high, her house is much the cheapest in the end, and the best in the city. Her rooms are large, cool, and pleasant, and command the finest view of any situation. I never spent my time more pleasantly than at this house, and was most agreeably disappointed in the heat. They have no carpets here, as they would be too warm—nor are the rooms stuffed up with furniture, as in other places—nor are you tormented with sweeping and scrubbing—all is cool and silent, with great folding windows and blinds, reaching from the ceiling to the floor.

Of all places, I dreaded New Orleans—and of all places, I was most pleased with it. But the servants are abominable—not only at this house, but generally in New Orleans—for this obvious reason: every bad negro is brought to New Orleans. But I did not want for servants—my friends took care of that. In justice to Madam Herris, she did every thing to make me comfortable, and I did not wish to torment her with complaints: and I would not, as it was contrary to the rules of the house, take her servants to bring my meals up stairs. But

whoever wishes fine large rooms, and to be secured from noise or insult, I recommend them to Madam Herris. I was told that the Duke of Saxe Weimer, who put up with her, found fault with her house and mentioned her unfavorably in his book of travels, and that she resented it with much spirit in the newspapers. What the offence was I never heard.

Miss *Heany*, a Boston lady, boarded with Madam Herris. She is a young looking, stout woman, of very pleasing manners, and very accomplished. She kept a female school. I trust the gallant young men of New Orleans will not suffer her to die an old maid. She is a great acquisition to the society of New Orleans. I derived much pleasure from her calls during my visit. Mrs. *Holland*, the wife of my friend Holland, is one of the most charming of her sex. She was reared and educated in Philadelphia, but has been long in New Orleans. She is a young, beautiful female, and one of the most lovely of her sex—tall, straight, and slender, with handsome features, and the sweetest eye and countenance. Her soft, bewitching voice, her benevolent smile, would move the spheres. Mr. H. seems to be aware of his treasure, and doats upon her. They have several children. The dear little saucy rogues were the prettiest creatures on earth, and all talked French—this they learn from the servants. The youngest ones could not speak a word of English, notwithstanding it was the language used by the parents. I could dwell forever on the picture of innocence and beauty displayed by this truly interesting family, and shall retain the impressions to my latest hour. May peace and happiness rest upon them. The dear Madame Holland is not of common mould,

> "But of Angelic nature, and her tongue
> Had other utterance than of human sounds."

Miss *Carroll* is an Irish lady, and one of the most fascinating creatures in human form, though she is rather

low for a beauty. Her face is fair and round, with the sweetest eye and teeth, embellished by unnumbered graces, her soft half smile, her high polished forehead, her modest dimples, and her serene voice are peculiarly her own. I was prepared, from report, to admire Miss Carroll, and the first glimpse of her confirmed all I had heard. More like a celestial than an earthly being—I stood confounded! At length she spoke, and I found her human! So sweet, so innocent, and Irish, too—and worse, an old maid!! This is the famous Miss Carroll whose beauty, benevolence, and rare accomplishments, drew upon her that worst of all curses—not the yellow fever, nor the rack, nor Dr. Slop's curse, nor even the Missionaries. Oh, terrible!—what can be worse? Even green-eyed envy; the malicious tongues of her own sex! I have not room for the story, but it proves what I have always affirmed: that all the D—l or H–ll in this world is women and priests, and no matter what mischief has ever been hatched, a priest or woman has had a hand in it. The little I learned of Miss Carroll's history was quite an accident, and briefly this: She came from Ireland, was very beautiful and accomplished, was a Roman Catholic, and, from the goodness of her heart and natural benevolence, took an orphan child and reared it, I think, to manhood; and she being a bookseller, or kept store of some sort, this young man was of infinite use to her—when lo! it was whispered (as slander always is) the child was her own!! She quit the Roman Catholic church and joined the Unitarians—but whether in consequence of the report or without, I am ignorant. But the Priests, or some of the church members, had a hand in fabricating this report, and her own sex have circulated it through the whole community before the unconscious victim of their malice was aware of it. Thus one portion of the world is scattering blessings, the other is scattering firebrands. Happily, however, Madame Herris and several other respectable people were able,

from a knowledge of the fact, to establish Miss C's innocence amongst the better class of society, by whom she is held in the highest esteem, while the rabble still continue to circulate the report. Miss C. however, was much affected by it. The tints had left her cheek, and an air of melancholy had overspread her countenance. She secludes herself from that society she was so well qualified to adorn. She has still a youthful appearance, and the most heavenly face I ever beheld. She keeps a book and stationary store and reading room, 58 Chartres street.

I made no other acquaintance among the ladies, except my milliner, Mrs. Dixon, and Miss Paxton, a clever little girl, next door, a daughter of John A. Paxton, long a printer in Philadelphia. They had a mocking-bird in a cage, which sung sweetly all night, and used to lull me to sleep. Mr. P. for many years was proprietor and editor of the Philadelphia Directory and Register, and annually compiled a Directory for New Orleans. He had just finished one for 1830, which contains every thing useful relative to the city. He is a decent, friendly, and useful man, and much esteemed. Mrs. *McKean*, my milliner is a little woman, also from Philadelphia. She is making a fortune, and takes much pains to please. But I was charmed with a lady, the wife of a painter, though I have been so unfortunate as to lose her name, I shall never lose the recollection of her kindness. I think, but am not sure, her name is Dixon. I met with her at Mrs. McKean's. She is a lady of great hospitality and kindness, and very pleasing manners.

It was unfortunate it happened so late in the season when I reached New Orleans, as the approaching heat prevented my staying long enough to do justice to the place. The universal cry was "Oh! Mrs. R. you are too late—it is too late in the season for you to visit New Orleans—you will take sick and die there." I was never more healthy.

A few gentlemen called on me from the neighboring towns. Of these very few could obtain an introduction from the peculiar engagements of my friends. Many, however, introduced themselves; amongst them was the amiable Mr. *Dewy*, of *Donaldsonville*, the seat of the State Government. *Charles W. Dewy* is the editor of the *State Gazette*, a very amiable and pleasant man. He gave me a very polite invitation to visit his town, and subsequently I regretted exceedingly it was not in my power to call, as my friends had obtained a free passage for me, which I should have lost had I stopped there. Yet I still live in the hope that I may one day have it in my power to visit Donaldsonville.

At this time, too it appears I must have met with Messrs. *Depayser*, *Wm. Phiquel*, *Seth W. Nye*, and *Handsbrough*, from what place I know not. Mr. Depayser seems to have been of New York, and is represented to be a tall, fine figure, and quite genteel.

BOOKSELLERS.

These I promised to wind up with. There are several bookstores in the city, English (as they are called) and French. I have mentioned Miss Carroll. Besides her, Messrs. McKean and Clark are the principal who retail English books. Benj. Levy, I think, sells French and English. Mr. McKean is of Philadelphia, a liberal, affable, and obliging man, and does a handsome business. It would have been some hundred dollars in my way had I fallen in with him or Mr. Clark, instead of Levy. Mr. Wm. McKean keeps his store in 84, Canal street. is a stout, young handsome looking man. of very engaging manners. Mr. G. W. Clarke also keeps in Canal street, No. 4. He is a small man, of pleasing manners and young appearance—he is likewise an obliging man, and keeps a general assortment. But of all men I was most deceived in Mr. B. Levy. He is

emphatically a Jew—no Israelite about him---a downright Shylock.

I had been recommended to him some time back by the Hon. E. Livingston and found him obliging until my gentleman went to New York where doubtless he received his lesson from the Carvils and Bliss, and the Henglishman Gilly, I am well aware of this. These traitors not satisfied to suppress my books to the utmost in the Atlantic towns, bought up Levy. The blueskins helped too, a little, as the Indians say, and they have the cash, and what is the consequence? these men only defeat their own purpose, they have been of infinite service to me as their spleen only serves to bring my works into notice. But to the subject. Intending to visit the Southern States, I had in the early part of the fall forwarded before me several boxes of books, and to Benjamin Levy two boxes,one of them containing 104 volumes he received it, as appeared from his own confession, in New York. He threw them in the hold of the ship where they got wet with the salt water and when he reached New Orleans, instead of taking them out, and separating those undamaged from those that were spoiled, he put them in an open shed where they were ruined by the rain, and when I arrived I found them completely rotten. "I received no bill of lading," said Shylock, and because he received no bill of lading---must he act the v——n? A hundred bills of lading would never make him an honorable man. The savage he was worse than Bliss. "I opened the box," said Bliss sometime back "and when I found what was in it, I shut it up again!! This was the pious Mr. Bliss of New York! did he learn this in his bible? the vile hypocrite, and does such a man believe in a God? not at all. He believes in no God, but money and tracts! But Bliss did not destroy the books, mean as he was. But Levy (I wish they would convert him----he could not be worse) not contented with suppressing my books, like the infa-

mous Littell of Philadelphia. and the Carvils. &c. of New York ; he resolved that no one else should patronize me. He put an end to them at once and would doubtless have destroyed another, had I not reached them as soon as I did. Now how much more manly would it have been in Levy when he received the books in New York had he sent them back to me with a line "I am not willing to sell your books----take them back." No---- the monster, his mouth watered for the pound of FLESH. It appears the New York book-sellers knew their man. The man who would injure another without benefiting himself. The man who wilfully destroys the goods of another from the pure pleasure it gives him in glutting his lust of wanton cruelty, is worse than the Pirate who deals in blood for the sake of money. But for a man who lives in civil society—a man who is patronized by a generous city—a man who daily receives some active kindness, from his fellow man---who witnesses such deeds of charityand benevolence every day in the year, in New Orleans; thus to destroy the hard earned means of support of an aged female, who never injured him, nay, had never seen, betrays the slyness and venom of a serpent and the heart of a Tiger. This he learned from the pious christians who have disgraced civilized New York. Messrs. Bliss, Goodridge, and the *Henglishmen*, Carvils and Gilly.

The Americans are certainly the most mean-spirited people on earth, I find those English book sellers are still encouraged in New York. If they could not conquer America one way, they have another, and they have nothing to do now but unite with the Presbyterians and promise them a President who will levy prayers and money—not a doubt, I can see it, that American will be armed against American, and that before many years. The British, Presbyterians, and other knaves, who know how to make fanatics, have gone wisely to work. By

laying the axe to the root of American literature, which alone could support a free government. It is impossible for America to stand at this rate, British traitors the very scum of the earth, outlawed by their own country, nourished in the bosom of ours—in our first cities, New York, and Washington. The moment I saw Levy's face I saw the traitor in it, and when he said he received the box in New York I was at no loss to account for the loss of my books. "I received no bill of lading." Had he been any thing but a treacherous tool, his name on the box would have been bill of lading enough. How was he to receive a bill of lading in New York? The bill would be directed to New Orleans. His bill of lading was from the Carvills, Gilly, & Co. Shame on New York. I hope Mr. Grigg (as he is doing) may break up the nest. Poor fools, they might as well attempt to stop the sun, as to stop the sale of my books, and M. Carey too, so sly about American Manufactures. He said not a word in favor of American books or writers, he would lose his pension if he did, and Walsh with his "we think and we think," the traitor what does he think, would lose his. These British agents do not deceive me. But let us see what it would amount to, by supposing a case. Suppose all the men in New Orleans had been like B. Levy, I must have dropped dead in the streets of want! We have many instances of cool sly deliberate villainy, for which some are fitted by nature; but to be the hired tool of renegade pimps, and spies, and tract-men, to do an act so barbarous, makes one's blood run cold to think our country has come to *this!!! Yes come to this!!!* Pause Americans—this is the widow of the man who raised the first company in Virginia, and marched with the immortal Henry to take the powder from Dunmore, and volunteered the whole revolution. Rifled not by common robbers?—No! By common assassins?----No! By beasts of prey?----No!

The yellow fever?----No! Famine and the sword?---No! West India plague?----No! It must have been blood-hounds then?----No such thing! By a man prosperous and wealthy, in the heart of New Orleans, patronized and caressed by fortune, and enriched by the unsuspecting City of N. Orleans; cherished by its smiles, and protected by its laws. The assassin meets you hand to hand, where you have some chance of escape. But the innocent victim of this cruel act so far from being present to protect her property was some hundred miles distant unconscious of the fact; nor do I regard the injury I sustained (100 dollars.) though it was my all; it is the principle I wish to expose, the principle of encouraging men so vile. The secret blow I received is dealt to hundreds by hordes of foreign and domestic traitors and these of fearful numbers. They have effectually crushed the genius of our country, and that on our own ground and with our own money; and yet, the people of the United States are daily giving ground, and emboldened by our pittiful meanness, they are advancing.---Whether this man has been corrupted by the British or the missionaries, is a matter of no consequence, and he is the Editor of a paper! and patronized by the generous citizens of N. Orleans. What impudence money inspires. I trust a mark may be stamped upon him as black as his heart, and that he may be shunned alike by Jews and gentiles, and that the citizens of New Orleans may withdraw their patronage from a man so unworthy, their high-standing demands it, and it could not be more unworthily bestowed. Had he returned the box from New York with a note "I do not wish to sell your books," it would have been a manly act to what he did---no---he must have the pound of flesh. Little did the people of New Orleans dream the man was so base; though I told a few of them. He is not unhandsome, but mark his countenance, if ever you saw its equal, as sly as his actions. - Thus acted Benjamin Levy; one or two more lessons in

New York, and Levy will be a legitimate missionary. This is the way they have underminded the wall of our country by corrupting our booksellers, when they go there to purchase. They had, I could see very plain, been tampering with Col. Williams of Savannah. But they will find him a tough hand to deal with. He has too much honor to be bought or I am much mistaken in the man. I did understand, however, he had recently joined some church, which I should lament, he being the best and most gentlemanly bookseller in the South. I cannot see why a man should join any thing but honor, and honesty, which he need not look for in a church. He can find it much nearer home. Whatever may be said of churches formerly, I find all these church-going people in my time lack sense, or lack honesty or amusement. "Oh, Mrs. R. I only go for amusement;" another, "I go to look at the girls." I admire the people of New Orleans, they go to church in the morning to worship their maker, and in the evening they go to the theatre for amusement. They do not turn the house of God into a place of amusement; nor into a broker shop. Some say they go to church to seek God—I thought he was to be found every where—go to church to see God covered with baubles—I guess they will not find him.Better do his will—feed the hungry, clothe the naked, comfort the sick and the prisoner. Go to church to seek a God who cannot spread his gospel without money, so they say, and the facts prove it ; shows are got up now as regular as the theatre to raise money for God.* What blasphemy! what bare-faced wickedness! It would disgrace Juggernaut himself. This is

*Mrs.Secretary I.went round our goodCity ofWashington with tickets to sell at 50 cents, to attend a puppet show and tumbling, to raise money for God, and sent her servants, and others, who are friendly to the cause, and sold a number of tickets. From the extravagance of her dress and the depth of her lace, one would suppose God and her had little to do at home. Her husband poor fool—a wreck of skin and bones, thinks it an honor for his young,plump handsome wife to run after these fellows. I think God has a hard bargain of

These shows are not half so respectable as a theatre. In the one case ignorance is improved, the poor relieved, and the idle innocently amused: whilst in the other, the few cents earned by the poor and the ignorant, are squeezed from them—all for God; and because I had independence enough to expose their vile robbery, every bookseller, who is known to sell my books, from Maine to New Orleans are assailed, when they go to New York, with such language as this, "She ought not to be encouraged—she is an enemy to religion—she is an enemy to God." Now this is pretty stuff to tell of their God; and confirms every word in the books. What sort of a God can he be, who could be hurt by an old woman? And what religion do they mean? Robbing the poor and ignorant, for this same God.!! I challenge the knaves to point out a single falsehood in my books. I challenge them to point out one sentence in the 12 volumes I have written, that does not expressly enforce virtue, honor, and principle, and expose vice. No they dare not show their infamous faces, much less enter the lists with me: now I am a heathen, so it is evident they are vile impostors, or they would make the attempt at least to convert me. Not they, though they attempted first to bribe and then to murder me—all for God. Well may they bribe booksellers to suppress my books, since they open the eyes of the people to their infamous practice. The British booksellers whether in league with them or not are hostile to me for the same reason, and the bookseller who would be bribed by them ought to be held in abhorrence, and banished society. Men who would subject us to bondage, which is no longer doubted of the British booksellers and Presbyterians, ought to be met boldly, as

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it, to give such a high per cent He had better establish a mint, (if an old woman might venture to advise him) by which means, since money seems to be his object, he would save a great deal. Had Mrs. I. sold tickets for the benefit of the widow and the orphan, it would have immortalized her name.

our worst enemies; what does the man deserve who while he shares our confidence and patronage, and yet, like an insiduous traitor, is selling us to our enemies? If our country be so weak and so lost to their interest as to prefer bondage to freedom they deserve the heaviest curses of posterity. And what? *pay* men to take our liberty into keeping for us. Millions of dollars we have paid those fellows, and are not done paying yet to take our government off our hands!!! Having drained every dollar, nay, every cent, from New York they flocked here, and finding their character had reached this place before them [they had seen my black book], they went to work upon Levy, as booksellers have thrown the whole country into their arms, nothing more easy. Booksellers always go to New York annually from every part of the Union, and here are the head quarters of our mutual good friends.* They *will* conquer by stealing into New Orleans at last, but the present race must become extinct. Dr. Dalton the infamous traitor "thought the law passed against missionaries was too severe," so it appears these Claymen are getting on the side of the missionaries, such as the doctor, for many of the Claymen are dead against them. But it is all vain they will finally succeed, they must succeed, and we deserve they should succeed, for sacrificing our wealth and literature to them. Finally, I hope the day is far distant when New Orleans will be pillaged as bare as New York.

I found one Brissel or something like a Hog, bookseller near my boarding house opposite side of the way. He had served his apprenticeship to Levy, which is saying enough for him. He looked like a large

*New York exhibits a most distressing and gloomy picture indeed. I was there a few days since, and Pearl-street where all the real wealth and talent of the city used to be found, I received 75 cents which I returned, and attempted to get up a subscription for their relief, and was only prevented by the weather.

toad and with a moon face told me "he had his work to do," when I asked him to help me to open a box. New Orleans must be astonished to learn the character of their citizens, and had they a just respect for themselves they would hurl such ruffians out of their city, since it is their salvation to not let them take root. Noble, brave, and generous, as they are, it is by no means their wish that strangers should be treated with the least incivility, no the contrary, there is no city, I will venture to say in the world where more pains are taken to respect and protect the stranger. "Only a little dirking now and then," said a religious hypocrite one day, and who were they? From the land of bibles and tracts; such midnight assassins as General Atkinson and Hickok, and Holy Willy. The people of New Orleans, however, makes short work of these sort of men, and to witness the vast numbers that crowd the streets, we wonder there is not ten murders and robberies for one. Let these people look at home, let them look to the daily trial of criminals in Philadelphia and New York which are blest with holy Dr. Ely, and the pious Dr. Spring. What infamous wretches to talk of spreading such a gospel as that. The thieves only want the money. The impious wretches to talk of spreading gospel here, let them convert their heathen at home.

THE BATTLE GROUND.

The second Sunday of my visit to New Orleans I set out in a carriage, attended by the Mayor and two other gentlemen, to visit the battle ground. The day was fine and still, and with a sprightly match of horses, we pranced along upon the bank of the river, upon a road as level as a die. The battle ground is four miles below the place we set out, two miles below the corporation line of the city; the whole distance, however, may be called a town, and for many miles below. I have tired

my readers and exhausted my powers of description more than once, since I entered upon the Southern States, in my very poor attempts to give an accurate representation of the scenery, or, in other words, to unfold the regular step-by-step changes which mark the distinctions of each region of country as I advanced south.

It is understood I never have, nor am I capable, of dressing out my subject in learned phrazes or bold images or any of the elegances of style. Judging of others by myself, I seek only to give such a description of things as may bring them as near as possible before the eyes of those who have not an opportunity of seeing them, and that in my own homespun way without regard to style or rules of composition, which I know nothing of, and care as little as I know. Scenery I am better pleased with than any thing I meet with in my travels, but indeed the scenery of this part of the United States is the same thing, excepting that it grows more rich and glowing as we proceed south, and though I have endeavored to keep up such a description as would convey an accurate idea of it, I shrink from the task in despair, I confess, of portraying the beauty which meets the eye from New Orleans to the battle ground. All I can say of it is that it is one blaze of flowers, with groves and gardens of incomprehensible beauty, doubtless the most finished picture of rural beauty in the world—not an atom left for improvement. One is astonished at the skill displayed by the magic hand of taste in laying out these gardens, of which we have no parallel. The dark green avenues of orange trees and magnolias, all in bloom—on each side of these run hedges of roses intermingled with flowers of every hue, white, blue, scarlet, purple, and yellow, forming one solid representation of bright gems, as varied as the rainbow. These represent every figure of arch, bower, wreath, and fringe. To these may be added the box-

wood, cut and trimmed into every figure: some into round balls, some into cones and cones inverted, and into fair tables, urns, and, for what I know, plates and dishes. I have, however, but a faint recollection of the scene, being lost in a kind of phrenzied bliss the whole way! Transported out of myself, I heard not the conversation of the gentlemen! The balmy air and the straight walls of flowers angling with the river, hedges, with every flowering shrub of the globe—it was the deepest draft of pleasure I ever quaffed. The gentlemen, accustomed to the sight, were little aware of the thrilling pleasure I felt at this novel sight.

Amongst the novelties I saw the Picon tree planted 80 years since. It is a lofty tree of rich foliage and surpassing beauty. The yellow and weeping willow, and long lines of fig trees, all grow here in great perfection forced by the fertility of the soil.

On our way down we passed Montgomery House, the head quarters of General Jackson in the late war. It is a large, elegant building—but imagination is unable to conceive the beauty of the gardens and pleasure grounds in front of this house. It appears, and really is the rallying point of taste and beauty. The only thing I disliked in these gardens was the artichoke, a favorite vegetable with the people of New Orleans—a most abominable thing, the hogs would not eat them. (N. B. Quarrelled with the Mayor, who was fond of them, for pointing them out.)

Another rallying point is the seat of David Urqhart, Esq. his house was very splendid, and the improvements indicated great wealth. Two large eagles with outstretched wings, sat upon his gate.

All this lay on our left, while the majestic Mississippi rolled on upon our right. Thus surfeited with beauty, we reached the battle-ground; and what was no less an object to me was a sugar plantation and a sugar house,

where the sugar is made, and all on the h-o l-y Sabbath. If these blood-thirsty Presbyterians had the power they would have ground us up in the sugar mill—the dirk would have been too mild. What a set of knaves they are to call Sunday the Sabbath. This proves their ignorance. I thought of them and laughed as we entered the sugar house.

The machinery for grinding the cane, as well as the process of making the sugar, is very simple indeed. The mill consists of 3 cylinders, from which a beam extends horizontally. This beam is pulled round by eight horses, which grinds the cane and presses it at the same time. The cylinders turn perpendicularly, and mash the cane. The juice is conveyed from the press in narrow gutters or troughs to the kettles, and is reduced to sugar in 8 hours. The kettles are fixed in a furnace, and fire put at one end, exactly as in the case of making salt, and in like manner the syrup is conveyed from one kettle to another. The mill and the kettles are under the same cover, though the mill is much higher, so as to receive the pressed cane in a cart underneath, which is conveyed away as it is pressed, or it would soon choke up the whole business—tuns of it lie heaped round the premises. The syrup is skimmed and cleared with lime, and the sugar, when done, is emptied into large hogsheads, and placed over great vats, in another building. The hogsheads rest upon pieces of wood laid across the top of the vat. This is done for the molasses to drain from the sugar, and is received by the vat.

A very few hands are required to each mill. The cane is slightly broken in the first place, and sliders of wood are used to regulate it as it goes into the mill.

Wood is used in boiling the syrup, though Pittsburg coal is said to answer very well. Some of the mills are propelled by steam.

The sugar making season was over, by which means I

missed the pleasure of seeing the process, and my attendants were unfortunately unacquainted with the business. All the information I received was from a young man who attended to the plantation. I saw the hogsheads, however, sitting on the vats, and the molasses draining out, and some thousands of gallons of it in the vats.

From the sugar house we crossed over the fence into the battle ground, which is now a field and planted in sugar cane. Not a vestige is left of those great contending armies but the ditches! The breastworks were all levelled, and the plough passes over them! I saw the spot where Gen. Jackson stood, and the swamp where stood the brave Gen. Coffee with his invincibles, and walked over the bones of the British, over which the plough now runs and cane is growing. The site is a dead level of many acres, all in cultivation. The American line was at the opposite end of the field from the sugar house, extending from the river to the swamp; and the British army marched up the river from the sugar house, in front of the American line. The mayor, who was present, pointed out the spot where Packenham fell, and where the greatest slaughter took place. "Every moment, on this spot," said Mr. Prieur, "hundreds dropped." What a waste of human life! That rational men should think it an honor (as I was told they did) to come so far from home to be shot down, is making a bad use of reason, to say the least. The dumb brute would have had more sense and would refuse to march to certain death, which I remarked to my friends. "Oh!" said they, "they did not come all the way here to be killed; they came here to kill." "Oh! was that the case? then they must have been christians." "To be sure." "No wonder then." "Bible and tract people?" "Certainly —you know the Bible and tract societies began in England—a spawn of the priesthood. Their object in coming here was to subdue us and hang us up as they

did in Ireland. They hung and shot the Roman Catholics in Ireland. You know we are all Roman Catholics in New Orleans."* "Then I do not blame our men for killing them. It was kill or be killed. You ought to raise a monument to Gen. Jackson." "And so I would if it rested with me," said the mayor. It appears these men expected to find Bladensburg men here too.

"Fair Orleans canst thou e'er forget
To whom thou owest the grateful debt,
Who made that sun in glory set,
Which rose so dark and fearfully.

"Time shall roll back his onward course,
Yon stream reflowing seek its source,
Ere manacled by fraud or force,
Shall bend their necks, the brave and free.

"Roll on forever thou broad wave,
The hundred shores thy waters lave,
Still rear the happy, free, and brave,
Still be the home of liberty. M. P. FLINT.

And so it seems to be, as they are determined to improve by this sample of Bible and tract people, the legislature of the States having passed severe laws against them. But let them be guarded against booksellers. In Levy's account, now before me it appears he charged me $9 87, commission on $35 50, and had the use of the money two years. This is not so bad as the bookseller in Portland, Maine. He sold to the amount of two hundred dollars, and made use of the money, but repented afterwards, and cut his throat. I forgave him. If Levy will do the same I will forgive him too.

The sun became so oppressively hot, that we were at length forced to retreat to our carriage, my mind revolting at the idea of walking back over the bones of these deluded men.

The soil is so rich here that you sink into it as you walk along. The cane was about 4 to 6 inches high, with a narrow blade, more like broad grass than corn,

*His honor the Mayor is a Unitarian.

at this height, though it is said to become more like the corn as it grows. The old stalks were precisely like the corn-stalk. It is cut into pieces called plantain, and laid in rows one foot and a half asunder. They often plant corn between the rows of cane, which becomes ripe before the sugar cane, and being removed, leaves room to manage the cane. The soil is not black: it is a kind of grey or sandy color. These people would be too happy were it not for a species of grass which uniformly seizes upon all their sugar plantations—it is the curse of the land. They can run away from the yellow fever, and can kill every species of weed and grass except this, which neither plough, nor hoe, nor fingers can subdue. It has a narrow, spiry blade, of a yellowish green, and reigns sole lord of the sugar cane fields. If I recollect, it is only found in those. It seems to have been imported, but no one could tell from whence.

On our return I enjoyed infinitely more pleasure than in going down, the surprise at so unexpected a display was any thing than rational: and though I had three of the finest beauxs in New Orleans, I believe all single men, I resolved for once to forget the world and indulge my heart in a banquet of pleasure. The dark green bowers were still more dark, and the countless millions of flowers were still more bright: the hand of taste appeared more refined: and the rich carpet of white clover overlooked before it would stir the sleeping dead Every tree, every fence, every house and shrub, was bespangled with flowers. Every one who has passed over the ground at this season, will bear testimony that this is the handsomest spot of land and water, he ever saw, and yet, I never heard it mentioned before.

I also saw for the first time, His Majesty of England's colors flying over the British Consul's quarters. I supposed it contrary to the Laws of Nations for foreign powers to hoist their colors on the land of another, but

was told he had the liberty to do so on Sunday only.—This was the time I called at the nunery.

I could fill a volume yet on New Orleans, without doing it the justice it merits; but time forces me to close the article, I shall, therefore, wind up with a few

GENERAL REMARKS.

From what has been said, and from the very nature of its advantages, the day is not distant when New Orleans will be the first city in the Union, if not in the world. It is now the greatest mart in the United States, and will encrease while business in other towns is either going back or at a stand.*

The great outcry about yellow fever, and dissipation, and a hundred other objections has been greatly exagerted. Very few of the natives, and those accustomed to the climate take the yellew fever- True, numbers of the citizens not yet seasoned to the climate leave the city in the sickly months which are three, August, September, and October, and return again to business. But what of this? there is no business to do in New Orleans worth notice from June to November, and they make as much clear in six business months, as they would probably in six years in any other place; all the capital in the country is drawn to NewOrleans; it is the nerve and sinew of our Atlantic towns.

Every man, woman and child, that has the use of their hands and head, and the will to use them, is at once a mint within themselves. Wewill take one case, a wonan in New Orleans gets five dollars for making a plain calico dress!!! and from eight to twelve, for a full dress. What would she get in New York or Philadelphia? Fifty cents is the most, for the first, and from one dollar and fifty cents to two dollars for the latter, and out of work two thirds of the time while would pay dou-

*I was unable to procure the amount of exports and imports.

ble for provisions, fire-wood and house rent. I actually felt insulted when the mantau-maker came to make me a plain calico dress and asked me five dollars, and sent her off. But I soon found that five dollars was as easy to get there as five cents would be in any part of the atlantic country. All labor is in the same proportion. In Washington city a poor woman gets 12½ cents for making a cotton shirt, and perhaps go a begging for this a mile or two, and not more than two jobs a week, and many poor creatures get no work at all, and have to beg from door to door for bones and mouldy scraps victuals. There are no poor here, nor poor house.

I gave a dollar for a yard of lace, and gave another dollar for quilling it on my cap ! ! ! A woman will not take a needle in her hand for less than a dollar. One half of these women are from the atlantic towns, and all keep shops, and when business is over they turn the key of their shop-doors, step into a boat, or a packet, and make the fashionable tour, or a tour through the Western States. Some cross over Lake Ponchartrain, which they can do in a few hours, to Madisonville, as healthy a place as the Alleghany mountain, being a piny country and well watered. Any where in the pine woods, you are safe. Those who have families generally seek the pine woods, but this depends upon the taste of the person, for it is just as cheap one way as the other.

It is laughable to see scores of old maids, principally from Philadelphia, no ways alarmed at yellow fevers, nor dirkings, tricked up behind their counters, taking in the cash by handfulls, and many of them marry well. Old stringy necked things, whom I saw in Philadelphia, that you would not give one cent for, are now married, rich and flourishing. This I found to be the case subsequently in all the towns on the coast, as the shores of the Mississippi are called. They became tired of being cooped up in the eastern towns, where "no body cared to woo." I admired them for their courage. They at-

tend to business till the very day they are to set out, when they throw a few things into a trunk, leave their shop as it is, turn the key and set off and take their pleasure wherever they choose, till the business season comes round, when they return and find every thing safe in the shop, just as they left it!!! Let them try that in Philadelphia, where Dr. Ely has been spreading his gospel this 20 years for aught I know. "Guess" they would not find much—or in New York either, where Dr. Milner and Dr. Spring, and all the holy doctors together manufacture the gospel by steam! This proves the excellence of the police in New Orleans. But the *dirkings, assassinations*, and *gamblings*. This is the outcry by those, too, who never set foot in New Orleans. This is circulated by those very fellows in New York and Philadelphia, to stir up the people to give money to convert the assassinators, &c. &c. Suppose we were to tell these pious doctors that these same dirking gentry, gamblers, &c. come from their own city. This proves them vile hypocrites at once. Why did they not convert them before they came to New Orleans. But have they no murderers, no gamblers, no robbers in Philadelphia and New York? Look at the newspapers, look in your prisons filled with them, and look in every tavern at night for the gamblers. All the difference is that in those places they gamble secretly and in New Orleans it is done openly.

For the number of people that flock to New Orleans from all parts of the world, and many of them of abandoned principles, there are fewer murders and robberies committed, at least not more than any other town of the same population. They have a good guard and a Callibose* here, and these characters know it well. I wish some of those pious fellows would come here and they would soon find it out too.

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*The Spanish name for prison—pronounced Callepoose.

I saw one missionary passing under my window, one day it is well for him no one else knew him. He looked as though he had been kept for a race. He was a long faced, long nosed scarecrow, with pinched cheeks, and might be taken for the evil one himself. He went in a half run, making one step do for two or three. What ugly looking wretches they all are. I would as soon see a hangman. I wonder how our women can follow them.

The only people who keep Sunday here are the lottery men—all their doors are kept shut on Sunday. I see the Christian Almanack here, (a dangerous sign,) and no other to be had, but saw no tracts. Strange how insidiously these wolves will squeeze themselves in edgeways. Beware, people of New Orleans—don't give them one cent, if you never get an almanack. Let them once get footing in your city, and they will fleece you as bare as they have New York, and cut your throats afterwards as infidels. Much to its credit, Philadelphia is getting the upper hand of them.

Instead of ringing bells for auction sales here, they beat the drum; and at 9 o'clock every night guns are fired, after which no slave is seen in the streets.

But Jonathan is quite "put out" at the "right away smartness" of the colored ladies. They beat him hollow. He conveys his grist mill from house to house by horses. This is nothing!—a colored woman here will make nothing of carrying a *dining room* or *kitchen* on her head!!! She will take a small, light table, say large enough for four persons; she then turns this table upside down, and placing her coffee-pot, steak, (bread, butter, and cream she gets at the market-house,) plates, knives, and forks, cups and saucers, within the frame of the table, a friend aids her in placing it on her head, and away she hies to the market, with her table cloth on her arm; when she reaches the market house she unships her cargo, turns the table over upon its legs, and sets the breakfast on. When she has served her cus-

tomers, she turns the table again, places the things on as before, and re turns with them to her dwelling. This is a hint for Jon athan.

Another will place her furnace, with every utensil for cooking, on a table, in like manner, and adjourn to the market house, levee, or wherever she can find customers. Beat that if you can, yankees.

Others a gain are going through the streets from morning till dark, with a large wooden bowl or basket on their head, continually squalling out "To show culler!" the meaning of which is "nice hot cakes." There is a continual crying of something in the streets, all in French, while the little short-coat, wooden nutmeg fellows are close at their heels, in a run, the New Yorker, in a sleek coat, striding with his long legs; the white ladies, with a bandbox of ribbons on their bonnets, enveloped in lace down to their heels, the quarteroon, with her flowing veil and glossy black silk; the colored lassy, with a wreath of flowers on their heads; the stately, slow walking foreigner; the neatly dressed guard, in uniform; with a long line of carts, make up the sum of the the streets. The general dress of the ladies is white. No children are permitted to be in the streets at all—no ruffian or drunkard. The only children I saw in the streets were small and carried by servants. This rule with respect to children is a pattern for the world. What would the people of New Orleans think of these gospel spreaders, were they to see the children in these gospel towns, particularly the Sunday school boys on Capitol Hill, in Washington City, marching in gangs, like their brother swine, taking the whole square, yelling, swearing, blackguarding women, throwing stones into houses at night, endangering life, breaking windows in all the houses, $400 worth of window glass they broke in one house; they have ruined Capitol Hill; the people had to fly from the place as from an armed force! and these attend to prayers in the engine house every Sunday, and Holy Willy and Simon

Sulpher spread the gospel on them. Their persons exposed in the most indecent manner. The old maids, and young too, here, however, like them the better, as they all attend Sunday school. The people of New Orleans, I fancy, would not like to have such a gospel spread over them.

I never saw a boy at all (except black boys) while I was in New Orleans but those at the school, and on Sunday going with their parents to church or to the theatre. This is one of the most worthy traits in New Orleans. I can not conceive where they kept all the children.

The French, as I said, or most of them, particularly the men, are cold and distant in their manners, and seem shy of strangers. This is said to arise from the frauds practised upon them. The ladies are much more affable, and all can speak English very well, though they never do so unless accosted by persons in that language. Very few of them seem to take pride in the present or future prospects of their city. They do not at all appreciate their greatness. Neither do the numerous speculators, sharpers, nor even the fair dealing merchants who annually visit it, seem interested in its prosperity. Yet New Orleans rolls on by her own resources. She asks no favors of the world, though the world has to seek favors of her. She neither courts its favors nor fears its frowns. Every thing comes to her. She goes abroad for nothing. Already the centre of attraction of the remotest parts of the globe, what will she be in a few years hence.

The citizens pay a State tax, Parish tax, and City tax, and the city derives a considerable revenue from wharfage, or levee tax, and a tax on carts. New Orleans is govered by a Mayor, Recorder, and Councilmen, a Secretary, a Treasurer, Comptroller, and City Surveyor. There is also a City Court, with one Presiding Judge and four Associate Judges, Clerk and Mar-

shal. Every sea vessel that enters port pays from 12 to 60 dollars, agreeably to her tonnage. Every steamboat pays from 6 to 18 dollars, agreeably to tonnage. Every flat bottom boat, barge, keel or raft, pays, agreeably to length, from 3 to 12 dollars. This goes to keep the levee in repair. As for wharves, there are none—large posts are driven into the levee; the vessels are cabled to these, and, by ascending a ladder (such is the height of the river above the ground) the vessel is unladen, reladen, &c. It is astonishing to see how fast one of those vessels, boat, or any thing, will run up stream; should she happen to be uncabled. Such is the force of the water in the middle of the river that it forces that at the shore to run up nearly as fast as the other runs down.

The Mississippi has not that glossy smoothness of the Ohio, which I supposed owing to its all powerful despatch to the ocean. It is continually sending up little circular edies, which die away and are succeeded by others. This is the most pleasant tasted river water said to be in the world, and most healthy.

The streets are not swept, nor the sidewalks washed, but carts go through every street daily, and rake them clean and carry off the trash, which is always (and no little) thrown into the middle of the streets. Whole barrels of rotten apples and oranges are emptied into them. I am surprized they do not have buzzards here as at Charleston, S. C.

The city, I am told, is greatly improved in health and neatness within the last two or three years; and, from the enterprize, patriotism, and talent of the present mayor and councilmen, if they are properly supported by the citizens, New Orleans will have no rival in beauty or wealth in the United States. She has but two things to dread: the U. S. Bank and the missionaries; and though the latter has been stoutly repulsed, they will struggle hard to erect their throne of terror here, as they have throughout the Union. They will go another way to

work, and, if I am not mistaken, that way is already on foot, by bribing the booksellers, and I rather think, too, I saw a few of those wolves, in the clothing of merchants. They will assume every shape and resort to every plan to get hold of the great wealth of New Orleans. But their most successful forte hitherto is the booksellers. Opportunity throws these into their power effectually, from one end of the Union to the other. These booksellers go annually to their head quarters, New York and Philadelphia, and though many of them are doubtless, well disposed men, yet the object of their pursuit is money—no matter how it comes. In this way those ravenous wolves have swallowed up the wealth, labor, and common sense of the deluded people. —Booksellers have more bearing upon our liberty than we are aware of. New Orleans is the only place that has had manliness enough to resist them in reality, and is the last retreat of liberty. The whole state, however, is bitterly opposed to them. If New Orleans wishes to purchase English books in the Atlantic cities, let her apply to JOHN GRIGG, Esq. a wealthy bookseller, in North Fourth street, Philadelphia, the most liberal and gentlemanly bookseller, by far, in the North. He is a wholesale book-merchant, and always has a large assortment. He lays himself out to furnish the distant States, and can do so upon better terms than any other man—and, above all men, he deserves the patronage of a liberal minded people, as he has resisted alike the gold of the missionaries and the British. He deserves immortal honors for this alone. The citizens of Philadelphia ought to perpetuate his virtue by a monument. If the people of New Orleans want French or Spanish books, (and those, too, of the rarest sort,) let them apply to JOHN LEVAL, Esq. Chesnut street, Philadelphia. He is a French gentleman, too, and no less amiable than Mr. Grigg, and ought to be patronized by Frenchmen. He is also proof against the blueskins and

British. This is saying enough for him. But he is a learned, liberal man, and has doubtless the best assortment of French and Spanish books in the United States. Mr. McKean knows both these gentlemen, and will doubtless patronize them. I do not know of what country Mr. Clark is, though he appears to be a liberal bookseller; and though we have no surety they will not corrupt these gentlemen as they have friend Levy, I hope the day may never arrive when this fair city may fall a prey to those iron-handed oppressors. It would be beauty and booty most truly.

I overlooked one of my most gallant beaux, who attended me to the battle ground, D. AUGUSTINE, Esq. an attorney. Mr. A. is a young, tall, interesting figure, with a good face, dark complexion, black eye, coal black hair, and easy manners. Also one *Drain*, of the Army. He, with his wife, child, and maid, were going to Natchitoches, and though he put up at the same house, he never called on me—and one Cope, of the city was a mean man.

Being confined mostly to my room, from its coolness, I had but a limited view, and was bored the whole time by a sign with "Dufilho, Jr. Wholesale and Retail Druggist," in large letters—go when I would to the window, this Dufilho would meet my eye. There must have been a loadstone in the shop, for, resolve as I would, I could never keep my eye off it. At length I went over to see this same D. to break the charm, and found him quite a clever man. He was the only loadstone, he said, in the shop. Another subject was a tall figure, who seemed laboring under some disease. He was thin and bony, and bent nearly double. He always rode a horse lean and bony as himself. The horse looked as though it had the yellow fever, and so did the rider. I always knew it by a white stripe running along its back. The man or the beast, one, was my evil genius. He passed my window four times per day, and, I think,

never once without my seeing him. I forgot to mention the palmetto. The first I saw of it was in North Carolina. It abounds in this region, and grows so luxuriant that it serves for awnings for boats, and some huts are covered with it instead of shingles.

It was here, also, I handled the first flower of the magnolio, which I have mentioned in another place. It is in shape between a bowl and a saucer, and might hold a pint. It has a green bud in the bottom about the size of an English walnut. This is tipped with yellow, and around the tops of the bud are discovered small spots of red; the petals are very large, of a milk color, and very thick and fine.

After spending 14 days at New Orleans, in delightful repose, I prepared to depart, nor did I ever leave a place which felt more like home. It is the most generous of all the hospitable southern cities. It appeared like tearing body and soul asunder. Mr. Caldwell, of the theatre hung to me, like a dear brother, to the last. New Orleans is under eternal obligations to this amiable and thrice worthy man for his polite and gentlemanly attention. I say this particularly of him as he is a candidate for the patronage of the city. Messrs. Prieur and Holland were also active in providing for my comfort and departure. Through these my bill was paid, and a passage engaged on board the "North American" steamboat, Capt. Scott commander, bound up the river. Much to the honor of Capt. Scott, (and no less to the amiable Caldwell,) he agreed to take me gratis to St. Louis—which place I intended to visit—1200 miles.—This matter was negotiated by Mr. Caldwell. But wishing to stop at *St. Francisville*, another boat had to be engaged previous to the departure of the North American. Here my friends proved their friendship again, and a passage was engaged to St. Francisville, in the *Beaver*, Capt. Kimble. This lot fell on Mr. Holland I think, with scarcely time for the necessary refresh-

ments from his public duties. It grieved me to the heart to be the cause of so much fatigue and trouble to him, and the landing of the steamboat was fully half a mile from his office. Every thing, however, was done with the most affectionate alacrity, and the all accomplished Prieur conveyed me on board the Beaver. I never shall forget the day, the trouble we had to get through the crowd of carts, and the patience of the mild Prieur. He is worthy to preside over New Orleans!! Though we were stopped at almost every step, not a murmur nor a harsh word escaped him. At length we were stopped outright; and still he preserved his calmness, and though melting with heat, he sat as composed in the carriage as though he were in a cool arbor. The driver spoke, but all in vain. I was amused with the Pats: "You move." "Sure then I won't—its not me its in the way—move yourself." Another one would move if he "cud." The guard, who were standing by, (whom, as I suspect, knew the Mayor, by their taking off their hats) seemed red with anger at the cartmen, and though they only spoke to them, I saw they resented the indignity offered the Mayor whom they love to idolatry. I scolded, the guard scolded, and the teagues swore, the carts rattled, and the steam boat bells rung.—Nothing, however, ruffled the smooth brow of Prieur: at length after waiting above 20 minutes, he spoke with the most provoking serenety: "Guard move them carts." They immediately laid hold of the bridles of the horses, and one after another led them out of the way. We watched for the Beaver as we drove on, and at length discovered her, and leading me into the boat, we met a tall, ill-dressed, clownish looking man, of whom the Mayor inquired for the captain. The reply was, "He was not on board." Not wishing to detain the Mayor, and supposing this was either the clerk or some of the hands attached to the boat, I asked if he was the clerk of the Beaver." "No—he was not!" And as we

proceeded the Mayor said "Why that is the son of Wade Hampton!" When we reached the gentlemen's cabin, we found another clownish looking man sitting at a table writing. He was an aged man, and seemed to avoid me by holding down his head. I thought I had seen him somewhere, and whom should this be but Col. Pope, late of Huntsville, who had bought out Wade Hampton. Thus we have another proof of the effects of wealth on upstarts. I never saw two greater hogs. Give me a man who has a soul, if he has not a cent. I walked on into the ladies' cabin, and Mr. Prieur, leaving me there, went out and brought in Capt. Kimble, to whom he introduced me, and, after sitting a few minutes, he said, "Can I do any thing more?" "No, sir." "Then I must leave you to the care of the captain," and, taking leave, departed! I had taken leave of Mr. Caldwell the preceding evening, and had seen Mr. Holland that morning, but had not taken leave. He called at Madame Herris's and said he would see me on board. Thinking something had turned up to prevent him, I at length gave him out, and having no company in the cabin, I amused myself by looking at the numerous steamboats that lay along the river, to divert my grief—when, to my infinite joy, Mr. Holland walked into the cabin. He had not forgotten me. More careful of me than I was of myself he had been writing letters of introduction to his friends. Having devoted too much of his time to me, and, in every respect deported himself as a tender brother, this angel man, after giving me some advice, took leave. He is worth his weight in gold to New Orleans, and I must acknowledge no city knows better how to treat strangers.

Though business was nearly over (this was the 14th of May) there was 19 steam-boats along the levee, and a large number of vessels lower down the river. Such being the press of business, of hands and carts, that the landing places of sea-vessels, steam-boats and others,

have to be kept a great ways asunder or they would otherwise find it impossible to move. Herein I cannot say how far N. Orleans differs from other commercial cities on the globe, but it differs greatly from any commercial city in our country, the multitude of hands, carts, drays, produce, merchandise, and particularly lumber is inconceivable. Therefore, the citizens in order to keep those vast contending parties at peace, and allow room to convey the different species of freight to and from the vessels, there are certain limits allotted to each class of vessels on the levee. The sea-vessels are first on the line, these stop opposite the centre of the city with their tow-steam-boats.

The steam-boats which ply the Mississippi river, and its tributary streams stop up the river some distance, in the subburbs, which are called Fauburgs, thus we have the upper and lower fauburg (pronounced "foburg"). The steam-boats stop at the upper fauburg. Next to these, the barges, then keel-boats, and next the flat-bottoms, and last of all the rafts—a space separating each class: guards, port-masters, and port-laws, regulate, and keep the peace of these various classes; they extend from three to five miles in length and in the busy season six miles from end to end. The flat-bottoms alone at this time were two miles in length!

But the number of people taking their passage up the river is the most astonishing sight of the whole. It would seem they were rained from the clouds!!

Whilst we were delayed at the landing, several steam-boats departed; these were very large in this country, say 160 to 200 tons, and those men who came from 1200 to 2000 miles with their flat-bottoms, and rafts, take a deck passage on a steam-boat back. From 200 to 400 of these may be seen on one boat. The Waverly, and Paul Jones, departed whilst I was looking on, the former had about 200 deck passengers. They find their

own bedding and diet; their decks have births, cooking staves, curtains, and are very comfortable.

Over their heads is what they call the *hurricane* deck, and next under them, the ladies' and gentlemen's cabins. These are uncommonly splendid, and often have two tier of windows, with from 4 to 6 panes of glass, and many boats have another deck besides the floor over the hold; the freight is stowed in the hold, and on the first deck or floor. This as well as the next story above have windows, and guards running round them. At length we uncabled and departed leaving eighteen steam-boats in port.

The succession of objects which every turn of the wheel brought into view, till dark was the most welcome to me of all the grandeur and beauty of this overgrown soil, as it helped to beguile the agony of parting with my friends. The unnamed tenderness, the firm step, the composed countenance, they assumed at parting, was still present; I was now launched on the great Mississippi —without a friend! and though my own resources were the same, yet friends so true and kind, can only be appreciated by those whose independence never seeks them.

The river seemed to groan under the weight of the cabled boats, as did the land under the prolific growth. The endless sugar plantations, the groves of young orange trees,* with every flowring shrub, of every shade, and hue, seemed to woo us as we passed along. The best plantations, and equally beautiful gardens, are above New Orleans. The ponderous roses decked the whole plain while the luxuriant box is made to assume every shape. Some are formed into ramparts, some into inverted cones, and some actually into round tables borne by a stem. The houses were large, cool,

*In 1825 every orange tree was killed with frost, they are 7 years coming to perfection.

and comfortable, but not showey, some brick and others faded plank with high square chimneys.

The fields were filled with negroes ploughing and hoeing,—they plough mostly with mules some horses, but no oxen: I saw no oxen in Louisiana. The mules, horses, and negroes, looked well and moved very fast. The ground being light. The clothes of the negroes were white. I counted 24 ploughs in one field. No wonder Dr. Ely and Dr. Beecher want to spread their gospel here. Let them spread their gospel in their prisons, and poor houses at home. Let them compare their slaves, and their criminals with these, a hundred to one, their paupers lack much of the comfort and neatness of those negroes; I have seen both, nor will I ever forget the savage Ely, who ordered me from his door when I was fainting for bread. Remember that, Mr. Gospel-spreader—as you hold your gospel cheaper than a piece of bread it cannot be worth much.

The forrest is nearly cut down for miles above New Orleans, though we see the yellow willow, mirtle, magnolia, and sycamore, and wild orange, along the lanes or avenues, which are between every field—and my aversion to the long moss, like Hamlet's Ghost, appears again, and by the way the cyprus, its twin sister, both in the swamp behind the plantations. I always am sea-sick at the sight of them. The trees near the water, however, were exceedingly beautiful, and so luxuriant, they resembled hay-stacks growing in the water. The limbs of the trees are so loaded with foilage, they bend into the stream, and so dense that it resembles green plush and conceals the trunk of the tree.

Thus we went on: the border of the river overspread with white clover, with now and then a floating battery of rafts, and flat-bottom boats in our van, straining for life to keep out of our way. A low white house peeping through a grove of orange trees, now on our right, and now on our left, till at length we came up with the Paul Jones, Capt. Carruthers.

The usual manner of steering up the Mississippi is from point to point, by which they save the bends. They must always keep not "all-along shore," but "all-along coast," as no machinery in the world could stand the force of the current in the middle of the river. Thus we were from the crookedness of the stream continually shifting sides with the bow of the boat up stream. She crosses to the opposite coast starboard or larboard (as it

it happens) foremost. When we came up with the Paul Jones, we were just steering from the left to the right hand coast. The Paul Jones turned at the same time, and we had a fair race. Our object was to keep our advantage, and the Paul Jones seemed determined we should not, and put on all steam. The Beaver, however, reached the point first, and here a hard contest took place. The Paul Jones came up alongside and endeavored to force the Beaver back by aiming her bow across the bow of the latter, and though she kept her place, she was unable to gain a hair's breadth on the Beaver. Thus we continued for an hour, side and side, often coming in contact, to the great alarm of some ladies on the stern of the Paul Jones, who squeeled out every time the boats struck. For miles we could have stepped off one boat on the other.

I watched the countenances of the captains, who were both good natured men, and discovered by their smiling there was no danger, and, speaking to the ladies, assured them there was no danger; and, seeing me laugh at their groundless fears, they laughed too. Such was the warmth of the conflict, however, that not a man on either boat spoke a word, and though the captains wore a smile, the pilots seemed to hold their breath. At length the Paul Jones gave way, though we kept sight of her several hours. The Beaver was quite a small boat, and was bound for Alexandria, up Red River, to which place Capt. Kemble belonged. Capt. K. is a small young man, of elegant manners, handsome face, and generous, open countenance, and a very amiable man. He had nothing to do with steering the boat. This is left to the Pilot. There was a Mr. Miller on board, also from Alexandria, and likewise an amiable gentlemanly man. I was astonished when this young man informed me he was reared on Red River. I met with no men in my travels, more agreeable in their manners. Upon expressing some surprize at this, the gen-

tlemen observed, the society of Alexandria and the adjoining country was highly polished and respectable.—Capt. Kemble and Mr. M. both gave me a polite invitation to visit Red River. But my anxiety to see an aged mother, and the uncertainty of a conveyance back, (the navigation of the river being very precarious at this season,) deterred me. Capt. K. makes the trip once a week, and offered me a free passage, but I had put a portion of my baggage on board the North American, which was to follow me in two days, or I think I should have been tempted to visit Alexandria.

There were no ladies on board but two black ones: a woman and a girl. The girl belonged to Mr. Miller. He had just purchased her in New Orleans. The grown lady seemed much offended that I took her for the chamber-maid, and grew quite wrath because I dislodged a white gallant of hers from my part of the boat—she was very insolent. I sent for the Captain and desired him to keep a sharper look-out—these were liberties I did not allow. I was troubled no more. Mrs. Blackey went off with her gallant to another part of the boat, as he was not permitted to address her in my presence. The Captain said he was much pleased, and would profit by the hint, viz: not to allow any man whatever to approach the ladies' cabin, though it was only in front of the cabin door.

Red River is navigable to Natchitoches. It was about 12 o'clock when we left New Orleans. In 15 miles we passed Red Church, 20 miles, B. Quarrel Church, 12 miles, another church, all on our left, and about 11 o'clock reached Hampton's, 70 miles above New Orleans, on our right. Here we had to stop to unship their honors Col. Pope, and his friend Hampton, and an overseer, (as I supposed,) much the genteelest man of the three, and no great things either. He was a second hand gentleman, and, for that matter, they were all second-hand gentry. I never travelled with greater

hogs. They had considerable freight in, which delayed us some time.

About day-light we reached the seat of government, Donaldsonville. It would take 6 months to visit the towns on the Mississippi river alone. Here, by right, I ought to have stopped. But the fear of losing my passage prevented me from stopping either here or at Baton Rouge. Donaldsonville is a new looking town, strung along the river, with a church and a very handsome state house, ornamented with a dome—it is on the left. About 10 o'clock, A. M. we reached *Pluckemin*, also on the left. It consists of about 50 houses. I pitied the inhabitants, exposed to the burning sun, without a sheltering tree. It is a handsome little town.

We passed the handsomest sugar plantation this morning I had seen on the river, and was told we passed a number of them in the night.

About Pluckemin the sugar fields disappear with the levee, and the water of the river might be seen running out through the woods, as far as we could see—it floods the country for many miles.

We now have rich fields of Indian corn in spots here and there, as high as my head, 15th May. Long moss and cypress enough, no clover, but the same yellow flower of Alabama river lines the coast. Toward Baton Rouge the levee commences again, and we pass Duncan's Point, sitting in the stream—a most beautiful and extensive plantation.

Baton Rouge is on our right, upon a bluff, the first high ground I have seen since I left the Bluffs of Alabama. Baton Rouge is 150 miles, by water, from New Orleans, and is said to be inhabited by an enlightened and hospitable people. This trait, however, is not due to one part of Louisiana more than another. But I had been particularly recommended to call here, and had pledged my word to a Mr. Wm. A. Janes, a citizen, whom I saw at Washington city, to call there and spend a few days.

I was much grieved to pass it without calling. It was tastefully decorated with trees, and has a very imposing appearance from the river.

At this part of our voyage, the cotton fields begin to appear, and are large and beautiful. I see, too, they are raising horses themselves. I saw some very handsome colts to day; cattle are sleek and large, and are seen in great droves, panting under the shade; sheep are plenty, but I saw no hogs; goats are likewise plenty—I saw hundreds prancing on the shore, and boundiug off through the woods, alternately appearing and disappearing in the dense forest. The kids were the prettiest little creatures of their kind, some as white as a swan, and others of raven blackness.

The forest on this part of the river resembles that on Alabama River. Near New Orleans the foliage was so redundant as entirely to conceal the trunks of the trees. Here the trees are taller, and have more the appearance of a tree—yet such was their denseness, and such the height of the levee, that I lost much of the view. The few houses I did see overlooking the river, with their cool, rose-shaded porticos, were very tempting, indeed.

One side of the river is always shade, and the other sunshine. It is generally from a mile to a mile and a quarter wide, of a pale muddy color, with edies at the shore, very still and smo[illegible] the middle, and adorned with many islands of grea[illegible]uty. This is often interrupted by drift wood wh[illegible]odges against the islands and sand bars, and th[illegible]cumulates for miles in length.

But the White Gull affo[illegible]me as much pleasure as any novelty on the river. [illegible]are about the size of a pigeon, as white as alabast[illegible]l nature never formed anything of more exquisite [illegible]metry, particularly when they are on the wing. These are numerous and gentle.

We do not meet many steam-boats; but flat-bottoms and rafts, without end, they look more like floating villages than any thing else, little roofled huts to shelter, and cook; and all they lack is a steeple, as doubtless they have a grog shop and church (holy tracts) aboard.

I saw neither snag nor sawyer, though I had a great curiosity to see both, for since I can remember these and the Mississippi river were in my mind inseparable. So much for the truth of report. Upon inquiry I was told they were not often seen in high water.

We overtook the Lady of the Lake, which had left New Orleans the day before us. She was deeply laden and was a small pretty boat.

We took in a passenger occasionally, and amongst them a small young looking genteel lawyer, who was going to court at Point Coopee. He was a partner (as I discovered) of my friend Mr. Janes, and told me Janes had left Baton Rouge. This was a very pleasant timid man; and I saw at once he dreaded me. I am truely grieved that my enemies have had the address to impress the amiable portion of Society, in some cases, with an unfavorable opinion of me, whilst mutual interest ought to unite the friends of liberty against the common enemy. I have heard the words *common sense* often repeated; but I am sorry to say, agreeably to the meaning attached to it, I rarely know an evidence of it. What can a man of common sense have to fear from an old woman? Does he fear my strength of mind, or body? I am feeble in both. He cannot fear my learning, it being evident I have none. Does he fear my wit? I never pretended to any. In argument, the same. What then does he fear? That I would scratch or bite him? This seems to be the only thing that comes within the range of common sense, to dread from an old woman. "Oh! we fear your pen," said a gentleman: Alas! then they fear their best friend. Can they not see, and judge for themselves, that

[illegible] the vicious and unprincipled need fear my pen? [illegible] gentleman proved in the end to be a polite, inoffensive man, and I am much indebted to him for his kind attention.

We had a Mr. Finn on board, from Arkansas,—a fine, stout looking, black-eyed man. I never discovered the name of the lawyer, though we were some time together. Also, a Mr. D. Rogers, who I must have seen on the Beaver, at *Bayou Sarah*. He was from Red River, and gave a flattering account of that country, which he said cleared upon an average fifteen dollars per acre.

The Forrest becomes very thick and heavy after leaving Baton Rouge;—no farms till we reach *Point Copee*, two miles below St. Francisville where, I was to land.—Point Copee is the Eden of Louisiana. It is impossible to conceive any thing more rurally beautiful. It is one entire large, green, rich lawn, spotted with cottages and decorated with trees, through which you see till vision is satiated with beauty. It is of a bright green, of which we have nothing resembling, for richness of coloring, or site, in our hemisphere. Whether the trees were wild or domestic I could not tell, as the whole seemed to be a stage scene. A Bayou runs out of the river above, and, cutting [illegible]'s Point off from the main land, unites with the river [illegible] whence it takes its name, which is, in English, "Point Cut off." It appeared to great advantage as I passed it; the sun was just setting, and threw its golden rays over it. It looked celestial!

We reached Bayou Sarah about sun-set. It was on our right, one mile from St. Francisville, where I was to await the North American. Here I was to part with my friends of Alexandria;—not Alexandria, D. C. "I guess" quite another sort of a District.

Capt. Kemble, with that politeness and generosity which always marks the true gentleman, though in haste to reach Alexandria, went ashore, in the first place, to engage a room in the only tavern kept in the place, and

then returned and led me to the house, refused any compensation for my passage, took leave, and departed. This was, indeed, too much for a friend, much less a stranger. And these are the people the vile hypocrites in the east wish to convert from heathenism!! Which of those ever performed such an act? Was it Holy Willy, who took the pious oath?—or Dr. Ely?—or the ruffian, Hickock, of Vermont? The only difference I find between these heathens as they are called, and the blueskins, is that the slaves of the latter work for their masters, find themselves and pay their own taxes, and the slaves of the former work for *their* masters, who find them in victuals and clothes, and pay their taxes.

My friend the lawyer, also landed here, and put up at the same house. We sat down in the dining-room a few minutes, till supper (for which the table was set) was ready, and upon my inquiry for the landlord, my friend, (who was acquainted with the house,) to my surprize, told me the house was kept by a mulatto woman! This was no pleasing news, as it was an ill-looking place, and having some letters to two gentlemen in St. Francisville, I hired a colored man to go and deliver them. These were accompanied with a note, requesting the gentlemen to send a carriage for me that night, or come down and stay with me, as I did not like the place—not a white person about the house. Meantime the mosquitoes were like to devour me. They filled the room, and roared like a waterfall. We could scarcely see or hear each other speak. In short, it appeared to be head quarters for them. At length we had supper, and my messenger not having returned, I asked the protection of the gentleman mentioned, (as he was to spend the night there,) should my friend not arrive, and retired to my chamber, which was quite neat and comfortable, with bars to the bed to keep out the mosquitoes. The gentleman, upon my taking leave assured me I was perfectly safe in the house.

Not long after I returned to my room the two gentlemen came—seemed friendly and genteel—said they did not look for a carriage, as they supposed I would not like to go up to town so late, and assured me I was safe enough there,—and, after chatting some time, they returned, promising to get a room and come for me early in the morning. The morning passed off, breakfast over, and no gentlemen came! Meantime my friend was still there—one of my greatest consolations. There was a few clerks who boarded at the house, of no consequence.

Walking out to look at a Bayou hard by, I saw one of the gentlemen who had called walking towards me, attended by, I think, the Intendant, and some other men, but no carriage! I thought this very odd, but stood still to hear the result, and laughing at the gentleman, told him in jest "I had set out on foot for St. Francisville." "There is no room to be had for you there," said the gentleman, and seemed to make light of it. "No room to be had, you say, sir?" Saying this, my heart filled, and I turned off, unable to utter another word, as these men belonged to a class who had ever treated me with the greatest tenderness and respect. No carriage and no room was as much as to say "Look out for yourself," which I did. But I was never more hurt. The gentleman, I must say, ought to have followed me to the house, and have offered whatever protection he had in his power. But he returned without offering me the least consolation. I heard, afterwards, he was going to propose some arrangements, but I did not wait to hear them. His conduct was very cruel and unkind, thus to leave me at such an infamous house, (which it was,) unprotected, after bringing letters to him of the first respectability. As for the other, (a Dr.) he had not the fairest name—I did not wonder at him.

Still, however, I looked for a carriage, and looked for it with (for the first time in my life) impatience—but no carriage came.

I knew Gen. Ripley was at St. Francisville, and could not be persuaded but he was acquainted or perhaps the adviser of this unaccountable reception, and resolved to wreak my vengeance upon him. It was really provoking to think I had given St. Francisville the preference of all the towns of Louisiana, and to be left with an infamous woman, (as it appeared in the end,) in a sink of stinking mud, to be devoured with boatmen and mosquitoes was enough to justify a declaration of war, and calling a council of rights opposed them to my wrongs. The odds were in favor of war, and loading my pen with a good quantity of gun powder, I called on Gen. Ripley to defend himself from the heinous charges of cowardice and a want of gallantry, in deserting a lady, a brother officer's widow—I painted my grievances in glowing colors, and concluded by saying there was no gentlemen in St. Francisville, and that I asked no favors, nor would I grant any to such paltroons. I ransacked my cabinet for hard names, to enforce my resentment, and sent the letter by a young man, making myself quite easy whether they sent for me or not. This was Sunday, and toward evening my friend left me, he was compelled to go and I was left to my own self of selves. I would have gone to the ware-houses, but these were shut up and the owners in town.

Night came on, and brought no comfort, and I resolved to endure the mosquitoes and the fare till the North American came.

Bayou Sarah is in a low swamp, surrounded with long moss and magnolios, has a few scattering houses, two or three ware houses and stores, (I saw no customers but mosquitoes,) two taverns, one kept by a white man, and one kept by a negro—the negro's the best. This *nigger* or mulatto was rich, owned the tavern and several slaves, to whom she was a great tyrant. She owned some other valuable property, and a great deal of money, as report said, and doubtless it is true. She was very inso-

lent, and I think, drank. It seems one *Tague*, smitten with her charms and her property, made love to her, and it was returned, and they live together as man and wife. She was the ugliest wench I ever saw, and, if possible, he was uglier—so they were well matched. He owned a store, and had a vicious countenance. At this place I saw a missionary, one *Watts*—he was Mrs. Tavern-keeper's lawyer, and perhaps wished to convert her.

Finding that neither black nor grey coats can conceal them, these blueskins have adopted another plan to know each other by. This is the real Cromwell cut of the hair, bobbed all round, by which they have taken the name of roundheads. It was unnecessary for this Watts, however, to bob his hair—the mark of the beast was stamped too deep on his forehead for any one to mistake him. He was the picture of Moloch himself. His face seemed to be made of iron by a clumsy blacksmith. I observed not a mosquito came near him—suppose they smelled the brimstone. I am astonished the people of this State encourage him. He had a long face and a long nose, and the gallows was painted in his face. I never knew a round faced missionary yet.

He charged all the people, at least several of them at Bayou Sarah not to tell me his name. But from the description I gave of him, vide above, I learned his name; and ultimately I found some very clever people at Bayou Sarah.

About 10 o'clock on Monday a servant came up into my room, and said there was a colored man below who wished to see me. I sent for him to come up, and he handed me a letter. It was from Gen. Ripley. It appeared that poor Gen. Ripley was as innocent as a babe of the charges I exhibited against him. Forsooth, he was out electioneering, and never knew a word of the matter. So I lost my gunpowder there, and my declaration of war went for nothing.

The purport of the letter was that the moment he

reached home, my letter was handed to him, and arrangements were making as fast as possible to receive me. Court was sitting at St. Francisville, and every room was taken up—so that the gentlemen told me the truth as to the room. But the moment my case was made known to the Judge, which was done by Gen. Ripley, he gave me up his rooms, both chamber and parlor. This was mentioned in the letter, and that "a carriage would call for me as soon as my rooms were ready." "In the mean time," says the general, in the letter, "I send you my confidential servant, to wait on you till the carriage comes. This was done like a general truly. So I was fairly vanquished. I cannot acknowledge it was any disgrace, as he was an experienced General, and by his excellent tact saved St. Francisville. It was Judge Bushnell, of Baton Rouge, who had given up the rooms. —both *Yankees*. I am always pleased when I have an opportunity to show my gratitude to these people, particularly (and I say it with much pride) as I owe my all to them. When they are gentlemen they are exceeded by none. But, woman like, I was rather disappointed at the prospect of peace, and would just as soon have remained in my pet. I wrote a reply, and, as I had nothing to urge against the treaty of peace proposed, merely admitted there was *one* gentleman, in St. Francisville. He certainly was the most accomplished servant I ever saw. Adding a few maiden scruples, and having no use for the servant, I sent him back with the letter. Court was sitting, and Gen. Ripley, being an attorney, was in Court. It appeared the servant went thither with the letter. The General showed it to the Judge and his other friends, and they had a fair comedy of it, particularly the cut about the servant.

Shortly afterwards an escort appeared in an elegant barouche, and conveyed me to

The escort consisted of Col. Johnson, Major Downs, Dr. McElvery, and Col. G. B. Davis. They came in good time, as appearances at the negro house assumed a very dangerous and suspicious aspect. This is a dangerous house, and ought to be avoided. I am astonished at the people of St. Francisville, that they do not establish a house of respect and security, for the accommodation of people who, like myself, may occasionally stop here. This madam and her Irish gallant have an expression of horror about them, indicative of any thing but security.

I was taken to the house of Major Dunn, (who kept the only tavern in the place) and took possession of my rooms. Major Dunn, though one of the finest looking men, came in at last for his share of the hot shot for suffering me to remain so long at Bayou Sarah. Poor Dunn buried a wife the preceding week, and, absorbed in grief, was ignorant of the whole matter. So the storm blew over, and I was compelled to be friends with St. Francisville. As to the gentlemen to whom I brought the letters, I leave them to be dealt with by those whose duty it is to do so. I suppress their names from respect to the fraternity to which they belong, and for whose sake I grieve, but feel no resentment. I would gladly have given them my hand, but they never came near me at St. Francisville. I saw one of them, the genteelest, (the Dr. stood low) at the Theatre, but he did not come near me. I can account for every thing that ever befel me but the conduct of these men.

I was scarcely seated in my room when I received a message from General Ripley that he would attend me as soon as he could dress. He soon came, and asked leave to bring in Judge Bushnell. General Ripley is

well known to have distinguished himself in the late war, as a brave and gallant officer.

He is a tall, stout man, and has rather increased in weight, since I had the pleasure of seeing him in Washington City. He must be over six feet high, erect, and muscular, with finely turned limbs, and without an equal in accomplished manners (if we except General Gaines), affable, eloquent, dignified and liberal, with a fine blue piercing eye, manly features and gay sensible countenance, he is one of the most captivating men in Louisiana. He had adorned his fine person in one of those exquisite fine white cool costumes, worn in the evening in the southern country, while his high smooth forehead was decked with yellow ringlets. He was irresistable! He would have disarmed Surberes.* I forgot every thing I had laid up to say to him.

He chatted awhile and walked out, and brought in Judge *Bushnell*, who has immortalized the eternal yankee nation by an act of noble generosity which ought to render his name dear to Louisiana. Every man of feeling must admire the Judge,—one of the first men in the State so ready to sacrifice his ease and comfort, to the rites of hospitality. The action bespeaks the man; nor would I tarnish a character which has raised him to the clouds, by any attempt of my feeble pen, to paint the gentleman and scholar, in more glowing colors.

Hon. *Charles Bushnell* is a native of New England, of which State, I am ignorant. He has, however, long resided in the South: his residence is at present in Baton Rouge. He is judge of the 3d district in the State.—The judge is quite a young looking man, of common height or rather under. His face is oval, and well featured, and his eye a mild blue. His countenance displays

*Not long after this he married a lady of great beauty, accomplished and wealthy. Oh! the rogue, he knows how to come round the women! What a fine missionary he would have made. Success to him.—He deserves his good fortune. I would make him President if I could.

a continual sunshine, with a flexible ease, corresponding with the goodness of his heart, and the generosity of his actions. His voice is clear and harmonious. But that which captivates us most is his friendly, gay, and familiar manners. The sternness and gravity, of the judge is lost in the ease of the gentleman.

Dr. *M'Ilvane* turned out to be an old acquaintance of Albany, N. Y., a student of Dr. Marches. He was very friendly, but this did not save him from blame in the share he had in the farce of Bayou Sarah. He "knew I was there, but what could he do?" The goose, could he not have come down and beat off the musquitoes, or give them a dose of aqua vitia or some such thing? What could he do? He could have done as judge Bushnell did. But he was not judge Bushnell, and was scared to death lest he might die with the yellow fever. It swept offone third of the citizens last year, and they were beginning to die then.

I was soon inundated with company. Mr. L. Smith of the Cincinnati Theatre was there with a company.—Learning I was a friend to the drama, he bore down all opposition to see me. Mr. Marks of the company, and several others, they were all standing near, and the big folks having withdrawn, I indulged my feeling with those dear people, whom I always patronized from gratitude, since I received a liberal benefit from Chatham Theatre, New York.

Mr. Smith is a very handsome young man, and one of the most generous of his species. He presented me with a bill and ticket for the play that night. "The Soldiers' Daughter." Whilst talking with him I discovered in the crowd the well known face of Mr. Williams, formerly of Chatham Theatre. He stood back with his eye bent on me with modest humility, but I soon flew to him and had him by the hand. This gentleman is one of those who played free at New York for my benefit.—

Forget him, I never shall! The dear creatures were all glad to see me, and we had a merry time of it. Mr. Smith is an American. But Messrs. Marks and Williams, are Englishmen. Mr. Marks is a small young man, of great personal beauty, and gentleman-like manners, and every way a pleasant man. Mr. Williams was always a gentleman—a fine actor, and excels at a comic song. Besides the, these company consisted of Mr. Anderson of Albany, and Messrs. Champion and Tatem. The ladies were Mrs. Williams, Marks, Greyham, Honey, and Miss Marks. Miss Marks was a child about three years old, but played astonishingly well. She appeared in "Laugh when you can," in the character of Charles Mortimer.

Though they did suffer me to stay so long at the landing, my appearance at the theatre was received with loud and long cheerings. At such a distance from my nominal home this was gratifying.

This was the first time I heard Cole Black Rose, it was sung with much eclat by Mr. Marks. Mrs. Honey gratified the audience by a dance, which was received with great applause by a very full house.

Col. Johnson of the escort, is a young keen, sensible man, of mild easy manners and a handsome exterior.

Col. Davis lives in the parish—is a stout, fine looking man, and I was astonished to see such fine complexions in this country.

Maj. Downs is a Tennesseean and a partner of Gen. Ripley, and quite a gentleman in his appearance. He is a young, stout figure, and has a very independent countenance.

William Were, Esq, a Virginian, quite a pleasant young man.

Judge Dawson also called with my friend Maj. Downs a very decent man, whether of the town or country, I cannot say. He is a tall fine figure.

Messrs. Winbish, Lovedel, Dr. Something, from somewhere a dentist, and Capt. Barrow, are all I recollect. Mr. Lovedel was from Johnstown, N. Y. an Attorney, and a clever man.—Capt. B. is a stout, good looking young man with an oval mean-

ing face and grey eye. The dentist was a Hollander, and no great thing.

But I was most pleased with Major Dunn, my landlord, a very amiable man, a perfect gentleman, and keeps a fine house. He is a man of considerable wealth, and raises every thing for the support of his table within himself, which is plentifully furnished and well cooked. He had, besides a kitchen garden, a most charming variety of flowers. He sighed, poor man, deeply upon walking with me over the flower garden, which reminded him of his recent loss.

The first *brand* I ever saw was at his house. This, also, was a great pet of Mrs. Dunn's. It is a beautiful creature, particularly the eye, head, and neck, and like a goose, but not so large. The neck is very short in proportion to its size. It gabbles something like a goose, but coarser. It was caught wild and domesticated, and is now very gentle. It was playing in the yard with a turkey. It was very fond of Mrs. Dunn—since her death it seems to attach itself to the turkey.

St. Francisville is considerably elevated above the river, in a thick grove of the China tree, so dense as entirely to conceal the town. It is one of the most sickly places on the coast, and I am convinced it is owing to the shade. Scarcely a ray of sun can penetrate through these trees, and they have the yellow fever every year; and it was very fatal the last year, 1829. Were they to cut down two thirds of these trees, there would then be enough, and it would relieve them greatly of this scourge. I do not affirm that the China tree is unhealthy more than any other tree—but it is the shade and the dense quantity of leaves that injure the place.

The town is surrounded on all sides with towering magnolias, all in bloom—they are the tallest of the forest. It is certainly a most delightful spot, were it free from this dreadful disease.

St. Francisville contains a court house, prison, thea-

tre, post office, 1 bank. 1 printing office, 2 churches, and 450 inhabitants. The houses have galleries running all round them. The Postmaster, I think, is about, if not already bought up by the Presbyterians, who have squeezed themselves in here—his office has a very suspicious appearance. There is a den of these blueskins in town, a thousand times more to be dreaded than the yellow fever. How eager they are for money—and this Postmaster has taken the bribe doubtless. He did not like me—no thief does.

But I forgot the *Intendant*. Think he had not the impudence to call on me at St. Francisville? I ordered him to begone! Poor fellow! I was sorry for him afterwards.

I could have spent my time very pleasant but for my fears of being left behind by the steamboat North American, and gave my friends and myself no peace.—They kept two or three watchmen, and my man (Gen. Ripley's servant) was continually going to the river. He waited on me steadily.

I overlooked the ladies of St. Francisville, which I ought not, as they are very handsome women, though I only saw them at the theatre.

At length, the third day, we heard the boat would be at Bayou Sarah about sunset, and, attended by the General and friend Smith, of the theatre, in a carriage, and my waiter on horseback, (I am sure I took his name, but cannot find it—he is worth all the servants I ever saw put together,) to Bayou Sarah we went, and the General took me to a pretty good boarding house on the edge of the river, the door of which overhung 30 feet depth of water. I think it was kept by a bachelor. This is what I like, as I am always mistress of the servants, and ordering a cup of tea, I walked into a long warehouse, where General Ripley introduced me to several civil people. He stayed with me some time, and seeing nothing of the boat, and knowing the pressure of the Gen-

eral's duties, I begged of him to leave me, assuring him I was perfectly satisfied, and leaving me in the care of a friend, and his servant to attend me, he returned. Mr. Smith, having his theatre to attend to, had returned some time. The gentlemen of Bayou Sarah were very sorry they were not apprised of my landing there, and doubtless they were sincere—and nothing but my confidence in the gentlemen for whom I brought letters, prevented me from finding them out.

The evening being fine, I took a walk with my landlord, on the levee, down the river, to look at a garden and to look for the boat, which can be seen five miles distant. The levee being lined with flat bottom boats, I was much amused with the neatness and police of the boats. Tables set out for tea with china, chairs, and beds, and curtains, with several genteel looking women —some are taverns and boarding houses, and it would seem they spent the year there.

After amusing myself with the garden (a most luxuriant one, indeed,) and the spangled magnolias, I returned. But it was fully an hour after dark before the watchman called out, "a boat coming up." She was soon in view, but upon hailing her, she was not the boat, but those on board said there was a boat close behind. Accordingly, the watch made the same proclamation, and, in a few minutes, a boat was in sight; and my heart bounded when, upon being hailed from the shore, "What boat?" she replied the

NORTH AMERICAN.

The gentleman in whose care I was left, with my baggage, and my trusty friend, the General's man, were all ready, waiting on the shore—and bidding adieu to those dear people, I was received by Capt. Scott.

The people of St. Francisville, Gen. Ripley, and, indeed, the whole state, are under particular obligations to those gentlemen of Bayou Sarah who formed a circle round me and guarded me as they would the apple of

their eye. I was astonished at such an instance of politeness, and trust Heaven may reward them. I cannot find their names amongst my papers, which grieves me—but their kindness will always find a place in my heart. The North American is one of the largest boats on the Mississippi, and carries 375 tons. She is a new, elegant boat, and splendidly furnished, and the commander, Capt. Scott, one of the noblest men in the world.

We took in a family of French people at Point Copee and two other good looking women. I was much distressed for one of those ladies. She had recently married a young man, who went on to New Orleans, and left her at Point Copee, with her friends. It appeared that he was expected in the North American, and she being disappointed, her sorrow broke through all bounds. She wept aloud, and walked the deck and cabin alternately, in a state of distraction. She at length lay down in her birth and sobbed the whole night. Her husband must be one of the blest. No danger of missionaries taking her away—she is a pearl of great price. I never saw a wife grieve so much for a husband. She was a stout, young, and handsome black-eyed woman. Neither the young nor the old lady paid the least attention to her. Old lady, I said, though she was married to a youthful looking man, had several children and an infant at the breast—but she was the most horrid, coarse, ugly, ill-natured, great stalking woman that ever wore petticoats. She would tree a wolf, and talked French in a raven voice. Her husband was an amiable, mild man. They were all of St. Louis.

Next morning the afflicted lady seemed quite composed, and lisped broken English very prettily.

Contrary to the custom of these western boats, the ladies' cabin was under deck, and we were nearly suffocated with heat.

There are no plantations worth naming on the river

after leaving St. Francisville, though we might have passed some in the night.

The cotton tree appears here on the shore and bottoms in profusion, tipped with bunches of the long moss. The cotton tree is a white, smooth barked tree, as straight as a column, very tall, and remarkably slender. It has leaves in shape like the Lombardy poplar, but of a blueish green, these begin about half way the tree, which are as thick on the ground as hemp-stalks, while the split wood for the various steamboats forms solid walls on the river bank for miles. They use mostly ash, and stop twice in the day and as often at night to *wood*. The North American burns 24 cords in 24 hours. She goes as fast up stream as our boats go down, while the continual puffing of the steam makes a horrid noise, but we soon get used to it. They hear each other by this noise a great distance, and see the steam for some miles. Their wood makes very little smoke, and the beauty of the curling clouds of steam in the sunshine far surpasses Hogarth's line of beauty.

We had but few passengers on board, freight being the principal object of navigation on the western waters.

An impudent, brazen man, whom I ordered from our end of the boat, and a brother pickpocket, of his, with a blue coat on, were highly displeased and refused to go till I sent for the captain. He ordered them off, and in revenge they prevailed with a rough, impudent boy, to come and insult me. Learning from the chamber-maid the boy was a passenger, under the care of a Roman Catholic priest. She pointed to the gentleman who was standing not far from us, I stepped up to him and lodged a complaint against the boy. He took the boy by the hand and leading him off rebuked him severely, and I was troubled no more. But the poor fellows paid for it at dinner. I rebuked them for their insolence before

the whole company, and the captain sitting by, was highly gratified.

We passed the mouth of Red River in the night. It was on our left 19 miles above St. Francisville, and this day we passed Fort *Adams*, a little below Natches. It contains about 20 indifferent houses and a high bluff in the rear.

At length some time after dark we arrived at

NATCHEZ,

in the State of Mississippi, and here to my grief I had to part with the kind Captain Scott, as I could not pass Natches though it were at free cost. I am nevertheless grateful to the captain, a most worthy man. He keeps fine accommodating servants, and good fare ; is a prince in his manners, and no man deserves a greater share of public patronage. Success to him wherever he goes.

The clerk of the boat Mr. J. Hunt went ashore and took me to the house of a friend, who kept a tavern.— The tavern keeper was in bed, but he soon got up, and the clerk after introducing me, as a friend of Captain Scott's, I was readily and comfortably accommodated.— Upon this my friend took my hand and departed.

This was only the landing, Natches being about a half mile farther on the top of a high Bluff.

I was truly fortunate in falling into this man's hands, one of your whole soul men.

After arranging his business next morning, he went up to deliver some letters to my friends and make arrangements at Natches to receive me. The letters were addressed to such men as insured comfortable arrangements and accordingly a carriage soon came, and my friend of the port attended me on horseback, and I was soon safe amongst my friends, in one of the handsomest towns in the United States.

No situation can be more beautiful. On a bluff which overhangs the river one hundred and fifty-eight feet high, presenting a view of Louisiana and the Mississippi river, to a vast distance above and below, whilst enthroned like a Queen she serves as a land mark for thousands. The view of this noble river from the bluff is one of the most charming displays of our fertile scenery. More sublime scenery I have seen but never anything more beautiful than to see this mighty rolling flood from the high green bank which bounds it for miles and forms a delightful promonade for the citizens. Oh! how delightful when the sun has withdrawn, to sit or to walk on this green lovely plain.

There is a light-house on this elevated spot which is seen many miles off, coming down the river.

Natchez is 320 miles by water from New Orleans, and 156 by land. It was settled in 1779, is the largest town in the state, and carries on considerable commerce, the land in the vicinity of Natchez and across the river yielding heavy crops of cotton. Natchez, like all these southern towns, is shaded with the China tree—not quite so suffocating as at St. Francisville, but quite enough so for the health of the inhabitants, who, as Pat said, "have a touch of the yellow faver now and then." This would go to confirm my opinion of those suffocating shades, as Natchez is a high dry place.

And here are the turkey buzzards, as plenty as in Charleston. No prince has a finer time of it. They sit on the tops of the houses, enveloped in shade, and seem to live on love. I never saw them hunting food, or doing any thing but scratching their heads and adjusting their toilets. They are here, as at Charleston, protected by the laws.

I shall not be credited when I assert that neither distance, (1382 miles from New York,) floods, fowls nor fe-

vers, are able to save this beautiful town from that worst of all fevers, the missionaries!! From what I saw here, I am very sure it must end in a civil war—all the women and many of the men, and even the turkey buzzards have joined the Presbyterians, and those few that are left are afraid to raise their voices against this iron handed oppression. A gentleman by the name of Catlett, an agent for Mr. Jefferson's new work, was at Natchez when I called, and it appeared that many who had subscribed refused the work. One Gilchrist, in the neighborhood, told Mr. C. that "If he [C.] insisted upon his taking the work, he would make a bonfire of it!" This is their religion! and the time is not distant, when they would make a bonfire of Jefferson if he were alive, or me, or any other person who has courage or patriotism enough to expose their infamous impositions and thirst for power and money. The chief Clerk in the post office informed me (nay he showed me) that two thirds, and perhaps more, of the contents of the mail were pamphlets and tracts, franked by Postmasters of this sect, and that he had to stand for hours, when he ought to be in bed, distributing this trash. The way mail was much larger than the other, and packed as round as a roller. The Postmaster General, not long since had to send two or three extra stages northward to carry these tracts.

Women go regularly round to every house, to boys and clerks, to get money for the Lord. Now is there that man or woman in the world who can be fool enough to think this money is for the Lord—making him out a common beggar. And they get such a great per cent that no tax gatherer is more urgent. They say that the money and every thing in the world is God's. Then the mines belong to God. Would it not be a great saving for this money-loving God to erect a mint at once. It would not take the thousandth part of the hands; and what a saving!!! But God can do any thing without money, which is to maintain worthless characters. "But

God uses money as a MEANS," says every Presbyterian.—Then he uses the means of a knave—means for which thousands are hung, and every man engaged in deceiving the people out of their money, ought to be prosecuted as imposters. "But it is their religion Mrs. R." So I grant it is the religion of the robber, the thief, the house-breaker, the pirate, and the pick-pocket too!!! that is to get all the money he can without work!!! He must be an ass indeed (not Balaam's ass),who would believe such doings were for God.

From this it will be inferred that Mississippi is far behind Louisiana in improvement and the wealthy intelligent part of the citizens living on plantations in the former they have left Natchez to be seized on by those missionaries, until it has become a perfect den of these hissing serpents. "A great deal worse Mrs. R." said a gentleman, "for the serpent only stings you but these two-legged serpents after swallowing up your property and liberty, would sting you to death.

Several of the planters both from Mississippi and Louisiana, hearing of my arrival hastened to the city and we had high times of it. Some of them assumed the cant of the missionaries, and prayer cant, and woman cant, merely to try my fidelity. The saucy rouges thought to cheat me, but I had seen too many long faces.

One Calvin Smith, Esq. a very great wag, I thought he would never have done. "Now Mrs. R. don't you think we ought to let our wives go a little, just a little to hear the gospelmen! now I am serious—to be sure we all know they are d——d R——s, but women, you know, think they ought to go and hear them, they got a notion, you know, about hell and think they will be d——d if they don't go to church." The rogue he was quite serious,and would wait for my reply. Generally pointed, I told him "his wife was like other women she had too many notions, and hoped the first priest his wife encouraged, might put a bit in his mouth,and a spur in his side, and gallop him to the church." He laughed till I thought he would drop, and kept the company in a roar. He was so well pleased, however, that I was sure to see him next day, and he always drew his chair close up to my table. He lived in the country, and was a man of great worth, and great wealth. All the country gentlemen were pleased at my visit and were continually with me.

Some gentleman happened to be there from *Woodville*, (Mississippi) which is quite an enlightened town. I was sorry there was no direct conveyance to Woodville, as I was charmed with the character of the place; those gentlemen who called were intelligent, social, high-minded men, so also were those who called from Louisiana.—They "trained their dogs," the latter said, "to hunt the missionaries."

But the saucy wags in their various pranks brought poor Mr. *Claiborne*, son of the former governor, into a sad scrape. Having haerd of my aversion to Presbyterian clergymen, they laid a plan to test my tact in managing this kind of gentry, and introduced him to me, as a Presbyterian clergyman! Not being in the secret he was overwhelmed with astonishment, and though naturally thin and pale, he turned still paler. I asked him to be seated, and observed "his face was not so long as those of his brethren, and that he deserved credit for his courage, though I thought he had a great deal of assurance to venture into my presence. But if your intention is to convert me, I excuse you," and began to pepper him off warmly, until being unable to endure it he disclosed the cheat, and that it was done without his knowledge. He was a tall, spare man, and though pale and placid, was a genuine warm-hearted man, as far superior in manners to the tract gang, as any gentleman in the Southern States.

Judge *A. Quitman*, the Chancellor of the State, however, of right deserves the preference as a friend and a gentleman. He was the first to pay his respects, and see that I was provided for, a mark of respect which does honor alike to himself and the friend to whom I owe my introduction. The judge is from New York, and though a young man has risen to the first honors in the State. He is a tall, graceful figure, rather spare, with small fair full features, lively blue eyes, and quite a

Van Buren in manners. He lives in the country a mile distant, and his duties are very laborious, as he holds Court the year round, that is, wherever he is, it is Court.

William Stamps, Esq. of Woodville, is a host in himself; courteous, independent, plain and generous, the true southern gentleman stamped on his face, and a most captivating figure, I fairly fell in love with him. He is a man of towering height, finely shaped—features of the finest mould, with a keen, sparkling, black eye, and shrewd, sensible countenance.

Preston W. Farrar, also of Woodville. and no less amiable than his friend, young, artless, candid and winning, is one of the whole soul men. He is a young imposing figure, with a round fair face, and bright meaning blue eyes, and very pleasing address. The friendly manners and politeness of those gentlemen impressed me with a favorable opinion of Woodville, and I cherish the hope I may one day avail myself of the pleasure of mixing in a society so refined and generous.

A Mr. *Lilly* of Lafourche, Louisiana, also Mr. *John G. Fleming* from the country, both wealthy planters, and genteel men. Indeed so many called I could scarcely distinguish between the citizens, and those from the country, excepting by the superior manners of the latter, though I found many amiable men amongst the citizens.

Enoch Jones, Esq. and Mr. *Farmesworth,* planters from the country, called also, and many others, very respectable men. Amongst whom I find *J. B. Nevitt,* Esq. and a Mr. *Williams,* the latter a stout man I think a Dr. both, decent industrious men.

Amongst the citizens, and indeed from the country, were several respectable physicians, by far the most so, of any of the profession I have met with in any town in

the United States, and to this place I would recommend the invalid.

Dr. *T. D. Elliot* is from the neighborhood, a stout intelligent man of pleasing, friendly manners, and of high attainments.

Dr. *Samuel Gustine* is also a pleasant, intelligent man, with a fine person, and sensible black eyes.

A Dr. *Provan*, however, is an exception, if I were to judge, I should say he belonged to the temperance society, the greatest drunkards in the south, one of them from Alabama lay drunk at Mobile six weeks.

Nor can I praise Dr. *Braden*, a Virginian, a great ignorant clown, very conceited and vindictive.

Dr. *Coxtill* it strikes me was one who called, quite a gentleman, though not clear as to the name. I was however introduced to several very respectable men of whom I only recollect Dr. S. A. Cartright, a sensible studuous looking young man, and very promising.

Hon. *Henry Cage*, a very young man for a judge, he is tolerable.

Hon. Judge *John M. Maury* is *quite* a young man.—This practice is worthy of imitation, I mean that of appointing young or middle aged men at least for judges. I do not admire these old men for judges, or indeed for any thing, they are not so vigilant when vigilence is necessary, nor so feeling when mercy is requisite. How can a man feel when he has lost his feeling or how can he be prompted when he has lost his energy? give me a man in the prime of life while his blood is warm, for any business or profession, where justice, honor, or humanity is concerned. From long observation I find an old man is no better than an old woman, and perhaps not so good, vide myself.

I lost every thing I owned in the world by the stupidity (if not bribery) of an old judge, some said he was bri-

bed, but that he was purjured I know, and though he was said not to have lost his feeling for the ladies, he had little for me.

Judge Maury is of good size, with a round face, open, generous countenance, and fine full dark eye. His manners are easy and genteel.

Robert H. Buckner, Esq. is an attorney. He is a tall good figure enough, with a thin, well-featured, keen face, fine eye and auburn hair, and a most amiable man.

S. S. Prentiss is a respectable, good-looking young man, and very promising.

Howell Hinds, a son of Hon. Thomas Hinds, the member of Congress, is quite a modest, and very interesting youth, dark complexion, but very handsome, intelligent face. I congratulate the father of such a son. He was only a lad, but had all the politeness and gravity of manhood.

Andrew H. Hunt, Esq. is a tall, fine figure, smooth and pleasing in his manners, with fair, full, intelligent features, and soft blue eye. To which he joins the politeness of a gentleman.

George W. Smyth, an attorney—no less—is a young, keen, shrewd, sensible man, with an elegant figure, sharp eye, and neat Grecian features.

F. Houston, Esq. from Old Kentucky, all the way—and an attorney. Mr. H. is likewise a young man and promising appearance. His person is genteel, and his manners dignified and gentlemanly.

I see a Mr. *Monro Robitaile* and the word "thin," in my notes; can't recollect him, cannot say from whence he is—and again, I find *Thomas* or *Thomaston*, a stout, rough old batchelor, quarter flats. Andrew Marks, an editor, hid. Gazette! All nonsense—some rogue has been fingering my notes, or I must have been asleep or smitten with the old batchelor, or, most likely, some of those young Kentuckians, and forgot what I was about. Mem—must write to Merrick and have all put to rights.

Mr. *Jefferson Hughes* is a small, genteel young man rather promising. His face is very fair and handsome, with an honest countenance and easy manners.

Mr. Rowan (from whence unknown) is one of the most interesting men I met with in Natchez. A good figure, middle size, and a most bewitching black sparkling eye, and his countenance flowing with the milk and honey of human kindness.

F. Bernard, Esq. is a small, lively, good-natured man, round, fair face, and handsome black eye. There seems to be no end to young men in this state.

J. Foot, Esq. is an elegant stout, young-looking man. I saw him on board the steam-boat it appears. He was with the missionaries.

Edward Sparrow, Esq. a teacher in the academy, was a pleasant companion. He boarded with me at Mr. Merrick's. Wishing to display his talents one evening, when I was engaged in conversation with some gentlemen, I was forced to check him. He was, nevertheless, a pleasant, friendly young man, and the following evening a self-conceited blueskin thought he could deceive me by candle-light, and called with one of the tract madams, a Mrs. Dunlap—but I soon discovered him. While he was making his introductory speech, Mr. Sapnow, who generally sat at the back of my chair, turned to his next neighbor, and, speaking in an under tone, said, "I pity that man: If he knew Mrs. Royall as well as I do, he would have been silent." He had learned me to his cost. But the poor missionary met with no mercy, and I thought Mrs. Dunlap might have been better employed than begging money for those religious robbers—a very sensible yankee woman too. They played their game well when they came round her. But they have played a good game with all the women in Natchez, and principally through this Mrs. Lovepriest. She is a widow and was poor, and doubtless sold herself for gold, as she gets a high per cent. If

there is a hell, those women who prostitute honor, virtue, and principle, to glut worthless men with money, will be the first to find it. This is a woman of learning, and had she devoted her talents to instructing these ignorant women, how much more effectually would she have served her maker. Our men have lost all shame. But, to return, besides the gentlemen mentioned, I was introduced to Messrs. D. Lewis, James Roberts, Martin M. Thomas, William B. Melvin, and Grayson, the latter a small, keen-looking man, also, to a Mr. P. J. Walker, an attorney. All these were liberal, genteel men.

A Mr. Campbell, a great Jackson man, I think, a citizen, called often.

I saw a Mr. Adams, said to be an attorney, a great, awkward, gangling man.

But the prince of good fellows was P. F. Merrick, Esq. my landlord, though he merely kept a boarding-house. Mr. M. is a yankee of a respectable family in Maine. He is a merchant, and highly esteemed in Natchez. He is a slender, fair, delicate man, quite young looking, and rather handsome, but has the softest blue eye, with the sweetest countenance in the world. He always drank Port wine at dinner, and used to insist hard upon me to join him. This man's worth will never be known. Modest and retiring, nothing but a mere accident (that of my being taken to his house) brought us acquainted—a most fortunate event. He has a brother living with him, alike amiable. But Mrs. M. of course, belonged to the tracts, though she was kind to me. She had several handsome children, and I was very sorry to see friend Merrick let his daughters go to Sunday school, the greatest den of wickedness and lewdness in the world. Boys guilty of every obscenity, and little girls looking at them, and the bigger ones merely attend to show their fine clothes and ogle each other.

I was pleased, however, amongst the ravages of these

serpents to find one liberal bookseller, a Mr. Henry Millard, a liberal, independent man. But such is the strength of clerical power, such the distressing poverty and ignorance of our country, that we are sure of nothing! Men must have bread, and must sell their honor or starve. This is the true picture of our country. It cannot be saved. My brother states, in a letter just received, that they have gained the day in the West, and they are sure of the victory in Mississippi. So be it. I have done my duty. Of the

LADIES

of Natchez I have little to say. They hold the lowest rank in society of any town in the South, and mostly belong to the alarming set mentioned. This is the fault of the men. I saw but two *Irish* ladies that were worth naming in the place. Mrs. Moore and Mrs. Walsh—beautiful and accomplished women. Mrs. M. is a most charming woman, indeed—tall and comely, with a fair complexion, auburn hair, a brilliant blue eye, and very animated countenance. Mrs. W. is no less handsome—her hair is black, with a full lively eye, and fine features. It strikes me they are sisters, and both young widows. These are affable and dignified in their manners beyond any females I have seen in the South.

Several ladies called from the other side of the river—but surrounded with a crowd, as I generally was, I merely had a glance of them from an opposite room. I was, however introduced to a Mrs. Alexander, from Louisiana, immediately opposite. She was a fair, beautiful, young woman, finely featured, with a mild blue eye, and great sweetness of countenance. She had the prettiest teeth in human head.

It has been seen that the site of Natchez is the climax of beauty, and though it is rather undulating, some houses high and some low, it is adorned with a most charming green in rear and front, the latter on the river bluff

The houses are mostly brick and well built, though you can scarcely see them for the Pride of China which spreads its luxuriant branches over their roofs. The streets are paved —cross at right angles, and are mostly handsome. Natchez has 5 Churches, a Court-house, Prison, Theatre, Orphans Asylum, Market-house, Masonic-hall and 3500 inhabitants. There are no Seminaries worth naming. I visited one but it was not flourishing, nor does any seminary flourish where those blue-skins have the sway.

TheOrphan Asylum stands in a beautiful situation about a mile from the city, high and airy. It was quite a small building—had a neat yard, and the orphans,23 in number,looked as well as most children in these places, but not so cheery as those of New Orleans.

The matron's name was Mrs.M'Lendon, a good looking woman enough. But finding the table covered with tracts, she very innocently told me the asylum was under the direction of the Presbyterians!!! Never did a set of people deserve liberty less than the people of the United States. Thus the Roman Catholics, who were at one time numerous here, must have slept.

In Mr. Sparrow's Academy, I found 128 pupils, not one of whom had the politeness to rise and bow. I blamed Mr. Sparrow. He said "he had just commenced teaching." Mr. F. F. Cornell was the principal, and I am sorry I cannot praise their labors. This academy is greatly inferior to the Quarteroon school in New Orleans.

The people of Natchez use rain-water for drinking and domestic purposes. The rain is caught and retained in enormous cisterns sunk into the ground in all their back yards, these are lined, if I recollect, with tin : whether this be the fact or not, the water keeps sweet and cool. I did not, however like it so well as the Mississippi water, and particularly as it ran from the tops of houses where the buzzards sat.

The first oxen I saw in yoke since I left the middle states was in Natchez. I saw ten yoked together, they drew 3 ton!

Large shipments of cotton is made from Natches by sea-vessels, as well as steam-boats, cotton is the staple, though sugar is raised in small quantities.

I did not find it warmer here than in any part of the northern country at the same time, excepting under the bluff. The houses

their Venetian blinds and shade-trees, shut out every ray of the sun, which I think a bad plan in the end for health.

All these southern towns abound with doors and windows and often visited by the yellow fever, and laterly by a much more dreadful desease—the missionary fever. There were two editors in the place with half the independence of a musquitoe.

At Natchez I was grieved to hear, I missed the pleasure of seeing Bishop England in New Orleans, he arrived the very day I left the city! I had missed the Bishop at Savanah and Mobile, from zig-zag course, and though I waited sometime for him at New Orleans was at last disappointed, I regret the misfortune exceedingly, having often heard he was one of the most splendid men of the age.

My *friend* of the *landing* (which name I wish him to take) and the kind Merrick, having watched the steam-boat register for a suitable boat to convey me to Vixburg, notice was given in due time, and taking leave of my freinds. I was placed on board the steamboat Mohican, bound to Florence, Alabama. Mr. Merrick, after introducing me to the captain and seeing me safe in my cabin, took my hand, leaving me overwhelmed with gratitude for his brotherly kindness.

This was one of the finest boats on the river, and the captain a stout, noble looking man, and in kindness and generosity is surpassed by no captain on the Mississippi, not even captain Rian. But to my great mortification the notes I took of him, his name —the voyage to Vixburg, and the name of my friend at the landing, were destroyed by some vile sheep who broke into my pavilion subsequently to this. I deeply lament the misfortune as I am under eternal obligations to the man whose kindness I shall never forget.

There were several genteel people on board, one a Mr. Ewing Warner and a Dr. Haynes, also a lady of Florence, Alabama, by whom I sent some books to the care of F. Sonono, Esq. for Major Rose of Huntsville. I was much pleased with the lady, she appertained to the first class of society, and hope one day to meet not only with her but the captain. He had fine state rooms in the boat, splendid furniture, and first rate servants. We passed the brand gulf in the night and reached

58 miles from Natchez, about 11 o'clock next day. When Mr. Ewing, who had attached himself to me, being acquainted with a gentleman in the place, went ashore with me and placed me under his care, and departed.

Vixburg is a new town, built at the cellebrated Walnut Hills, on the right in Mississippi State, with Louisiana on the left. The site is one of the richest, as to the soil and scenery, I would suppose on the river. A richer soil or more romantic scenery, nature never formed.—But Conwayboro', S. C. is nothing to it. There they only fight and kill, but they fight and kill fair, and in open daylight. But here they preach all day and murder all night. And to my courage I once more owe my life. It was a great oversight in my friends to suffer me to stop here, I think I was advised to it, by friend Smith of St. Francisville. But perhaps it may be for the best, and may be the means of saving some lives. This place, long before it was thought of for a town, remote from any settlement, was a harbor for outlaws and every vicious character. These have increased since it became a town.

I counted 22 ill-looking men in a long, low shed, playing cards, drinking and swearing. They kept the door shut, but I saw them as they let in some of their companions. I was told there were 100 of this description, ready to kill, rob, fight, drink, or win money. But these were mild compared to anoher gang ofland pirates, near the water, and where should the young man take me to but to the head quarters of these pirates.

Upon entering the house, though it had a suspicious appearance, I was pleased with the mistress of the house, who met me with a friendly smile, and led me to a

cool portico, saying "dinner would soon be ready." I had not seen the landlord.

My trunks were set down near the outward door, and as I sat fanning myself, I saw several of these pirates who had issued from the bar-room, go up to the trunks and examine the name. These robbers know me, as well as the missionaries. He looked at me and turned a deadly white, and walked off whispering very earnestly, pointing first to the trunks and then to me, and quickly disappeared. Now, thought I, I am to be robbed, though there was nothing of value in the trunks but my papers.

Meantime dinner was set in the portico, and several of the party sat down with me, one of them with the gallows pictured in his face, sat opposite to me, and as he left the table, which was pretty quick, I observed to the lady (for she *was* a lady), it was the first time I ever dined with robbers. He heard me, as it appeared afterwards.

There was a genteel family there attending a sick lady, and they had the only furnished room in the house, and I sent for a man who had been named to me at St. Francisville. He was a good looking man, and promised to consult with his friends, and have me removed to some other place. He said it was a new town and room was scarce; I observed, I was willing to put up with any shelter provided I was protected, "I did not like appearances." He sat some time and went off saying he would bring Dr. Cross, seeing I had a letter to the Doctor.

Sometime after this I walked towards my trunks to take something out, and discovered this same man, in earnest conversation with a pale, ill-looking man, in the bar---a General something, and whom should he be but the landlord. But imagine my surprise when the man I had sent for, walked coolly by me, and said, "I want nothing to do with you madam, I dislike your character."

I saw they were both leagued with the robbers, and began to think my carreer was short. Resolving to quit the house at all events, I returned to my seat—await the cool of the evening—it being intensely hot, and a steep hill to climb to get to the other part of the town. I lay down on the bed to rest, not a chair being in the room. The landlord's daughter, a pleasant little girl came and sat by me, and talked mysteriously about a Jew pedlar, such as his being a cheat—that he had left some boxes of Jewelry at the ware-house, which contained nothing but meal, and that a party had gone after him to take him.

Meantime the children burst the door open abruptly, and several rough looking men, came in. I ordered them out and shut the door. Shortly after this the landlord came in, followed by his wife, and several of the same men whom I had just turned out. They were all pale with rage, and I began to think my last hour was come. For though the lady was evidently on my side we could hold no chance. My impression till now was that my friends were to be kept away till they would dispatch me, but it appeared they had suddenly changed their plan, and having better game in view, their object was now to get me out of the way, as appeared in the end. "Go out of my house this instant," said the General, "march, and take your baggage with you, or by G—d I will throw you and it, both out of doors. D——n you what did you come here for? You have abused my children and my boarders." And the ruffian walked up to me as though he were going to lay hands on me—foaming with rage and whiskey. His wife seized him, and tried to hold him, but he shook her off like a wheat straw; he was as big as an ox, and much like one. His wife beckoned to me to fly, and leaving my baggage, I stepped out of the back door and heard a sharp contest with his wife about throwing the baggage out of doors. I never pitied, or

esteemed a woman more. Her husband, it appeared, had once been wealthy and respectable, but from bad habits and bad company, had become dangerous to society. He had opened the house a few days only, without scarcely any furniture, every thing he owned being sold for debt where he had previously lived, as I was told.

Whether he had previously been in alliance with the characters mentioned or not, I am not apprized, but he certainly was now, as his house seemed to be their head quarters, though no one house in town could have held one quarter of them.

That night they robbed a Jew of [illegible] dollars, and left him as they thought dead! The Jew, it appeared, landed from a boat, in which as it seemed from the [illegible] of some of the robbers (who acted as decoys upon him), also landed late that evening. Wishing to take another boat, and whether from fear of the robbers, or that the boat might pass him in the night, the Jew remained on the shore in the open air, and a gang of these fellows gagged him and took him up the river some distance, took his money from him, crossed his hands, and bound him by them with a cord to a tree and beat him till they supposed him dead, and left him tied!

The Jew was a stout, strong man, or doubtless he could not have survived the treatment—they beat him with clubs, and sticks, and whipped him till his back was cut into pieces nearly to the bone, and his head was shockingly bruised.

Sometime after they left him a boat passing near, the hands discovered him by his groans, and conveyed him to the landing, and the next day he was conveyed to Mr. Fretwell's, where I had, also flew for refuge. The robbers were apprehended the next morning, and their trial was going on when I left the place. It strikes me that two only were committed for the criminal court. The General, and several citizens were strongly in their fav-

or, and bitter against the Jew. I now accounted for the hints thrown out by the daughter. Well might they wish to get rid of me, particularly as they expected the man at the same house.

I will now return to my own adventures. Concluding there must be some resting place for a stranger, like Adam and Eve I had the world before me, where to choose the place to have my throat cut—for a place of refuge I expected none. I thought of the fraternity who had never deserted me, and naturally concluded there must be some in the place, not like the traitor who deserted me to be devoured alive.

It was a monstrous hill, but I took it fair and easy, and finding sundry groceries and ware-houses on the way, I stopped occasionally, chatted with the grocers, picked an orange, and admired the scenery.

The first decent shop I came to I inquired for the young man who received me from the steamboat, and whom I thought was a citizen. No young man was to be found. "He did not live there—he was of the country—merely came to transact some business." The shopkeeper and one or two others who happened to be in, (quite decent people,) not only knew the young man had promised to attend to me, but every item which had occurred at the tavern, and though they appeared innocent, seemed afraid to show me any civility. I was not at all disheartened, and enquiring for the master of the lodge, they had politeness enough to tell me it was a Mr. Hawkins, a preacher, and gave me directions how to find him. Having a double claim on Mr. H. I walked to his house, showed him my papers, and asked him the favor to procure me some place to spend the night, and mentioned the rudeness of the people where I had stopped. Hawkins was a bad looking man too, but I could not believe he could refuse to aid me. I told him I had money enough to pay my way and only wished for a room where I could be safe. He paused awhile, and

without making any sort of reply, took his hat and walked down toward the house I had left, and staid till the sun was down, about an hour. At length he came, and with a countenance that would have frightened one of more courage than I possessed, "I want nothing to do with you," said the preacher, "go about your business." "You a Christian, and turn a woman out of doors in a strange place! No, sir!—it is but death any how, and I shall not move one step. You may put me out, but I will not go out. It is your duty as a mason to protect me, for which I will pay you tenfold—here is the money." No, he got more on the other side, it was plain. "Then, sir, if you will not protect me as a mason, I appeal to you as a man, as a Christian. Let me remain in this parlor—I can sit up all night." No—the hardened ruffian said "I must go out—he wanted to fasten his doors." Now this man was a methodist preacher, and hundreds went next day to hear this monster of barbarity preach. I will leave it to his own sect to say whether he was not ten times worse than the robbers.

There was a gay, lively young man, with his wife, on a visit to Hawkins', to whom I think he was related. I had requested Hawkins to go with me or send some person, and I would go to the tavern myself, (there being another tavern,) but would die before I would stir an inch from the door alone. This young man had heard all that passed, and I asked him "if he was a methodist too?" "No! God forbid," said the young man. "Then, sir, may I ask the favor of you to go and get me a room. He went off very cheerfully, and soon returned with the good news that he had procured a room. I then begged him to walk with me. He smiled and hesitated a little, looking at his wife as though he feared she might grow jealous. But she was as amiable as her husband, and we all laughed, and the gentleman walked toward the tavern, which, to my joy, was still further (the last house in town) from head quarters.

I had, of course, been deeply prejudiced against the whole town, and particularly against this tavern keeper, to whose house I supposed I was going, as I was told he was a blueskin, and that there was only that and the General's in town. What was my astonishment to see a fine looking gentleman, in a cool morning-dress, walking forward to meet me. The nearer I approached him, the better I liked him; but my joy knew no bounds when he stepped briskly up to me with a smile, and taking my hand said, "How do you do, Mrs. R.—I am glad to see you. It was Mr. FRETWEL, a Virginian! I could not speak for joy. He led me into the house, the best I was ever in, and one of the loveliest women in the world was sitting in an elegant cool parlor, to receive me. If ever man was blest with an angel wife it is Mr. Fretwell. She was gay, stout, and youthful, with the graces stamped on every feature of her face; and, what was more welcome to me, heaven in her heart. The soft smile, the cheering welcome of her eye would inspire the dead. And the children—they seemed to belong to the regions above! If this was not a leap from purgatory to Heaven I have no idea of either. This proved to be a *third* tavern, and, indeed, the only one worth the name in the place, though I may judge too hastily. The second one had a tolerable appearance, and the man looked very well. I saw both at a distance. But why was this house kept out of sight? Why was it not mentioned? Not a word was said of it, and Fretwell's name never mentioned. It is clear, therefore, that he was not in the secret of the robbers. He did not suit their purpose. For were it known Fretwell kept a house in town he would get the travellers and they would get no business. Not so, the infamous Hawkins, he was worth ten men for their purposes. His godliness went far to acquit the robbers. The General and he, it appears, took one of holy Willy's holy oaths, and were so lost to shame as to attempt to invalidate the

testimony of the Jew. "Did not believe he had any money," though a great part of it was found with them! I did not blame the pirates nor the General half so much as I did Hawkins. This fellow held the Bible in one hand, and a dagger in the other. It is said he was chosen from his height, as he could see a boat so much farther than a common man. The ruffian said to Dr. Cross, who called him to an account for his conduct to me as one of their widows, "He viewed me as unworthy to enter the door of a Christian." If this does not cap the climax, I do not know what does. I give the Methodists joy of their preacher. This was Saturday, and a great meeting and sacrament took place next day, and St. Hawkins being head preacher, I went, from curiosity. But he was well matched, and I think, rather the best looking. A large assembly of the very sweepings of the earth were crowded round him, and he dealing out the sacrament to them. This must make the d—l laugh. He wrinkled his forehead like a camel, and talked about the love of God in their hearts. He looked like a felon, and had not the courage to look me in the face. My heart revolted at such mockery.

From the great height of these hills, they were seized upon as a suitable place for these pirates, as they could see the boats at a great distance either way, and take their measures accordingly. It is one of the most lovely sites for a town on the river. But hitherto the state has been unable to dislodge these characters who have increased with the town, and hold the citizens in awe and the state at defiance. The civil officers made several attempts to dislodge them, but to no purpose. One or the other of the party are always on the boats, and give due notice to their friends on shore, when a prize is in view—so that it is dangerous for people to stop: the only safe place is Fretwell's. They are much more afraid of him than of the State, and well they may.

The town is settling very fast, and a few such men as Fretwell would soon root out these pirates. The society is as bad as it can possibly be. Nothing but preaching and praying, and drinking, gambling, swearing, stealing, and robbery. They preach all day, and rob and gamble all night.

They have just finished an elegant Court House, the handsomest brick-work I ever saw, and the civil officers are determined to be rigid. Vixburg is only about two years old, and contains about one hundred inhabitants and two hundred gamblers and robbers. It has no church, for a wonder—they preach in the Court House.

A brother of Hon. Mr. Benton, or cousin, or something, is Postmaster here. He is an old batchelor. I searched his premises closely for tracts, but found he was opposed to tracts as much as I was. One of the editors was quite a genteel and very friendly man, but neither of them (two to one paper) had independence enough to advertise the robbery. I fear our American press is done. We can no longer say we have a free press; and, I take it, a corrupt press is the *greatest* enemy of the people. A corrupt press is worse than an invasion—it is the true war pestilence and famine. What creates poverty and distress but corruption? How many papers are published at this moment in the United States? Hundreds of thousands!!! Some man in Europe said this was an evidence of our liberty. Is it, indeed? I fancy not. Who owns these papers? Who sets them up? Who supports them? Any thing, I am sure, than truth or patriotism. Patriotism is a beggar in our country! If it exists at all, it is concealed by poverty, while the presses are marshalled out amongst English booksellers, religious sects, office-seekers, and the U. S. Bank. The latter owns the most of them. I do not know a paper that I should say was independent enough to refuse an indirect bribe. A very few southern papers, perhaps, form the only exceptions. I had

some hopes of these working men's papers. They no sooner appeared than they were bought up. All are influenced by money. The fact is, those two great absorbing tyrants, the missionaries and U. S. Bank have drained the whole country of their property, and men must sell their consciences or starve. Corruption has swallowed up virtue or browbeat it out of the land, and the very semblance of education is destroyed. Here is proof as clear as the noon-day sun. This press under the control of a den of pirates; (better than blueskins) can our government stand on terms like these? One independent editor I know, Weightman, of Carlisle, Pa. because he would not sell himself for money, lost his paper. The people do not support honest men. The man without principle is the man for them. The whole state of Pennsylvania has sold itself to the U. S. Bank! For what has she done this? For money, to be sure; the curse and destruction of our liberty. Even the virtuous democrat, Governor Wolf, has sold his liberty for a few canals. This state, once a pattern for republics, is no more!!! She may prate about Jackson and liberty; but she is chained down forever if the bank be rechartered. Pennsylvania has put the fetters on herself. May they gall her to the quick. I hope the noble example of New-York may be followed by every state in the Union.

I met with several old acquaintances at Vixburg.—Mr. *Southworth*, formerly of Florence, Alabama. He is a brother of Mr. Southworth, of the Subaltern. I was much gratified to see him, and more to find he was doing well. He is a very amiable, genteel man, and lives now in Miss. I was pleased to hear of my friends in Florence by him. I also saw a Mr. Coulter, a lawyer, formerly of Florence, also. He is now a resident of Vixburg, and lost his wife since I saw him. She left some very fine children to lament her loss. Mr. Coulter is a cold-hearted, but steady, honest man. He

would be a blueskin if he was not too stingy to give money to the Lord. Shameful, not to give God money. I think he has some appointment in the State. I also saw the *gentleman* who travelled with me in an excursion mentioned in 1st vol. Southern Tour, who jumped out of the stage at the post office in Richmond in the night. He was accompanied by his brother-in-law at Vixburg, a very decent man. But he had not improved much, and my landlord, Fretwell had seen me at Washington, or I had seen him somewhere.

It does really seem that Heaven guards me. When I say Heaven, I mean the Supreme Being so often profaned by *pretended* Christians, by the name of God. Children (Sunday school) speak of this great being as they would of a marble or kite, which they esteem greatly before him. This is the cunning of blueskins, and this want of reverence for the Great Ruler of the Universe alone has made the world so wicked—and, of course, the world must have priests. Is it not shocking to make a common broker and money-shaver of the great Maker of Heaven and Earth? But, to the matter: Of all places Vixburg would be the last place (as it certainly is) I would expect to find such a family as Fretwell's. Not a ruffian dare appear in his presence. Thus I was snatched once more from destruction by this worthy man. He has a son, a paragon of perfection. I never saw his equal in any country—hardly grown, but an instance of such bewitching sweetness united in one person does not exist. The admiration of every eye, and the delight of every heart, gentle, modest, and kind; his manners are the most innocent and alluring of his species. And Mrs. Fretwell possesses the most courtly manners of her sex, and the most charity. She waited upon the unfortunate Jew like a servant, and washed his back with her own hand. Their house is large, cool and roomy, and sits in a most charming spot, one of the most delightful retreats on the river.

Of the rest of the citizens I have little to say. Dr. Cross was no great things.

Dr. Anderson is a most worthy and amiable man. His kindness I shall never forget. May he, also, receive the patronage of the public.

One Dr. E. Swanson, I find from my notes, is a mean man; perhaps the same who came to me at first. I leave him to the robbers. The public will be guarded against him. A man who would desert a woman to lawless pirates deserves to be branded in the forehead as a v—n.

I find a Major Creath and a Mr. Cox, from the country called, quite genteel men. Also, Col. Highland and Messrs. Hooker and McGinley. Eugene Magee, Esq. the partner of my friend Coulter, was quite under par.

Vixburg is still a more beautiful site than Natchez, and the most romantic spot in the Union, as it now stands. It consists of high ridges and table land, deep ravines, and low vallies, streets, houses, and tall magnolias, and other luxuriant trees, all mingled together. The magnolia was in full bloom, and would seem to compensate one for the rudeness of the place. But Vixburg, with a noble river in front, and a fertile country in rear, commands one of the finest prospects in the world, and will not be suffered to remain long as a harbor for robbers. The state ought to organize the town with a mounted guard to protect the commerce of the place. They ought to send for the citizens of Conwayboro', S. C. and determine the right of residence by a pitched battle.

The universal Yankees have gulled the people finely throughout this country with their wooden clocks. No wonder such ignorant people are priest-rid. As high as fifty dollars these cheats get for one of these clocks, and from that down to ten. These thieves and the missionaries not only drain the country of every dollar, but plunge them deeply in debt. If Jefferson was alive, I fancy he would be convinced that one part of mankind

was born booted and spurred, to ride the other part.—One woman told me she "would rather have them than the other clocks!" They have, I was told, supplied every man in the country with them—that is every fool, as no man of sense would buy a wooden clock.

A boat-load of these hopeful clocks were landed at Vixburg, while I was there, by a long-faced Presbyterian Yankee, from Cincinnati; and where should his holiness come but to Fretwell's, and filled every passage and nook with them. They do this upon all the rivers, and then wagon them into the interior; and, to save expense, these fellows pack the clocks up in the gospel, (as they call the tracts,) and so the same man disposes of the wooden clocks at fifty dollars and the gospel (is much cheaper, to be sure) for just what it will fetch. If this is not a distressing prospect of our country, I do not understand the phrase.

After the clocks arrived some time, I was sitting in my parlor, and the man of clocks and gospel, ragged and soiled from his journey as he was, bolted right in, without knocking, and looked about for places to set his clocks. The gospel was not so highly honored; it lay scattered over the floor till the things of more value were disposed of. I took the liberty to order his clockship out of the room. What a look he gave me! He stood still and eyed me with surprize, while I stepped to the door and called to the master of the house, who told him to move out without ceremony. Upon gaining the bar-room he discovered who I was, and, in a short time, his wooden clocks and his paper gospel were packed in wagons, and with himself on their way to the interior.

Near Vixburg is the remains of an old Spanish fort, occupied 50 years since, and not far from this, a wall of brick three feet in thickness, of which no one can give any account.

Having refreshed myself and rested two days, I looked over the steamboat register for a boat to proceed to

St. Louis, and notice being given I took leave of the family and, attended by the two Messrs. Fretwells, we happened in time for the boat. But, upon going on board, the captain said all the births were taken. Anxious to proceed, I said I could do without a birth. No; I could not go. This was a fortunate circumstance, as, upon walking through the ladies' cabin I saw several of those infamous women who are always passing to and from New Orleans. They were outrageously dressed, and slung their heads from one side to the other, the most brazen creatures in existence. The captain's name and that of the boat I do not recollect, nor is it material, except to put a mark upon him. Fretwell knew one of the madams, and, from a certain glance, it appeared she knew him too. She was the ugliest woman in the world. I was told she was a favorite of the Captain's, and always went free. This was a fortunate miss, as the Atlantic, Capt. Rian commander, soon came along, which was the boat I had expected, and I took my departure, resolved never to leave the boat till I reached St. Louis.

I was now in the *best* boat, with the best commander, and the best man, perhaps, on the river. So said report, which, in the end, I found true. The Atlantic is built both for frieght and passage. She is 170 feet in length, carries 400 tons under deck, and 400 above, and accommodates 400 passengers. She has 32 births, 6 state-rooms, a dining-room, bar-room, captain's state-room, clerk's offices, pantry, kitchen, and press, and births for the hands, and cost $30,000! No cost has been spared in the furniture. Every birth is furnished with mosquito bars. Every state room had 4 births. These run across, so that you can sit at the window to read or write, these windows are large and have both sash and Venetian blinds.

The common births, however, are equally convenient by an improvement which I am surprised has not been

adopted in our atlantic country. By means of a half-moon made of a common thin plank fastened at the cealling over the top of the birth it is thrown into a complete chamber at pleasure by large marine curtains which drop from the board to the floor, so that upon retiring you throw down the curtain and undress or dress with as much privacy as you would in any chamber. To this may be added the neatest chairs, and table linen, and the workmanship of the boat, the painting and posting, no house nor palace could rival her. She might be called a floating town.

I saw no plate nor half so much pier glass as we have —which they cannot have from the jarring of the boat against their currents and great length of their voyages.

It really does seem a great piece of folly to be at such expence on those Mississippi boats, as the best of them never last more than 5 years, from the uncommon pressure of water and obstacles they encounter in their long voyages against the stream; many boats on this river are said to be equally splendid and convenient but not so large.

But the magnificence of the boat is completely eclipsed by the regularity and exactness of the government or administration of the boat, which is under regular officers, from the captain, to the scullion. There is the captain, mate, and second mate. There is 1st, 2d, and 3d, steward, and a clerk, fire-men, 4 engineers, 4 pilots, a carpenter, and a blacksmith, are as regular as a clock, simply by the ringing of a bell. No noise or jaring every man at his post.

Captain RIAN the commander, I would suppose has few equals on the Mississippi. He served his time as a pilot, which is the rotine, and a better man never trod the deck of a steamboat, calm as the placid stream, mild and winning in his manners, with the best heart that

ever warmed human breast. The choice reflects much honor upon the proprietors of this noble boat; and though as generous as a prince, he is spirited and prompt. I saw an instance of this the first day: A man came on board, I think, at Natchez. He was a vulgar, coarse-looking man, and took up his quarters in the gentlemen's cabin, ate at the table, and was quite consequential. The Captain suspected him for a cheat, and seeing him so forward, demanded his fare. He had not a cent—so he said. The captain ordered the boat to the shore, and desired him to walk out. He had a stout hair trunk, and I never saw a man look so silly as he did when we left him in the woods, standing over his trunk. The captain observed "if he had taken a deck passage, or had he told him, when he first came on board, he had no money, he would have taken him on with pleasure, as a deck passenger. But to thrust himself with so much impudence into the place reserved for gentlemen was insufferable." It is a rule with these boats to take all persons who may be so unfortunate as to be without means, and we had several of those on board at the time, as deck passengers. But the softness and suddenness of his transit from water to land, equalled a comet; while I was clean lost between amazement at the tranquillity of the Captain and the ludicrous appearance of the man—first looking down at his trunk, and then at our boat.

We soon passed the mouth of Yazoo. Twelve miles on the left, the forest becomes more dense—cotton tree, and nothing but cotton tree.

The river seems to sink, and the land to rise. It was about even with the ladies' cabin on the 2d deck. The scenery on the Mississippi river is said to be flat—it may be so to those who see it every day, but a first view is very interesting. The mighty river itself is an object of deep interest and untiring beauty, and always sublime. Its serpentine figure renders it always beautiful. The points of land caused by this winding, which are seen far

ahead, assume every figure and every shade, rising one above another. Some of these appear like green towers; some like solid green walls. These again are variegated by sudden changes in the growth, from cotton tree to willow, and from willow to cotton tree. The numerous islands, bayous, and fields of dark green corn on the shores; the long and straight rows of cotton, not a weed to be seen; flocks of white gulls; the great pelican; the shores stocked with droves of sleek black and white cattle, the trees enveloped in a green vine, forming every figure out of the twigs, some into goblets, some into wreaths, fringe tufts, and some actually resemble a hand with green gloves on. This vine produces a rich red flower, as large as one's fist. The person must lack taste indeed, who would not be pleased with the scenery.

The islands are without end, and hurt the navigation. The navigation of the Mississippi, in its nature, will forever be precarious; and to acquire a perfect knowledge of it, it ought to be studied as any other regular science. The soil is light and sandy; such a powerful body of water undermines it, and it is continually falling into the river. Look when you will, you see the earth dropping into the stream. This is more apparent where it is cultivated. The trees, where it is not, tend to hold the soil more firm; but the water is too powerful for them, and they are continually tumbling in. This occasions the sawyers and snags, against which there is *no* remedy; for if every tree was removed this year, the next would find as many more.

Another cause of difficulty, the river is continually changing its depth and its course from the falling in of the earth, sometimes gaining and sometimes losing in the same place; and that channel which may be deep and safe this year, may not the next, from the same cause, viz: the quantity of water, the force of which chokes itself with earth and trees. In many places the channel is entirely changed, and it is surprising to see

the old bed even with the other land, and covered with a thrifty, heavy growth, readily distinguished from the forest, being mostly willows. Thus the navigation of the Mississippi will forever remain a complete science, and will require time and study to acquire it.

On the second day, I observed the bank, which was four or five feet above the stream, falling in in great masses, 2 to 20 rods. It was a field of corn, in which a man was ploughing. He had, from the appearance, been losing ground some time, and had scarcely turned round before the ground he had just run the plough through, corn and all, fell into the stream. A widow lady, I was told, lost the whole of her plantation in this way.

The land as I remarked where there are no bluffs, had been gradually rising for some distance back, the river had fallen and left the banks. Thus it falls in this region while it rises at N. Orleans. In the course of the insuing day, however, we met a monstrous flood bringing down great trees which are dangerous indeed. It would never do for an unskilful hand to command on this river, we received several severe shocks from these trees which struck the boat some severe blows, and the captain and pilots had their handsful for about twenty hours, such is the effect of contending with this gigantic current, it soon shakes the strongest boat to pieces.

Above any part of the world the people of the Western States are indebted to Fulton. They never would have been distinguished from the vegetable of their soil, were it not for this invention by which they would become a great and happy people, were it not for that curse of our land, money-religion, which I am told has entirely suppressed the benevolent resolutions of the captains, in the cause of the *Fulton boxes,* and have seized on the boats and hoisted their Bethel flag. Is this not distressing? Those monsters of greedy avarice are de-

termined to suppress every thing that stands between them and money.

We passed Benton this day on the right, in Mississippi, it contained a few houses and a ware-house, and to my surprise Ewing, who came with me from Natches in the Mohiken, and who went ashore with we at Vixburg, hid behind the ware-house when he saw me! . A great crowd, however, stood and gaped at me.

We passed the nine mile reach in the night, and reached the mouth of Arkansas river, which divides the Territory of that name from Louisiana, early in the day; shortly after Helena, it is on our left in Arkansas Territory, a high, dry site, and the land rising back of the town, is very beautiful.

I saw some fine looking, plain men here, and a Messrs. Commings and Clark, very politely came on board to salute me. About 50 gathered upon the shore. One a plain elderly man, wore spectacles, and seemed to be lord of the manor; these were the best looking men I had seen since I left New Orleans, and seemed an entire new race of people. Stout, straight, and majestic, in their manners, and very friendly. It grieved me sorely that it was not in my power to accept their kind invitation to spend a few days with them. They were aware of my correspondence with the editor of the Little Rock Gazette, and speaking of him they said, "he was a fine fellow and would have been delighted to see me." But, alas! this pleasure I also was compelled to sacrifice.—Partial to him as I am, and to the character of the citizens of Arkansas, I hope one day to have the pleasure of visiting them.

Court was sitting at Helena, and the gentlemen were obliged to leave me before our boat had taken in her wood.

But the dear little new log cabins on the shores, were my delight. The still independence and rural simplici-

ty they brought to my mind from having spent my early days in them overpowered my feelings. Could I have my wish it would be a perminent abode in one of those charming little cabins. They are called huts. But the very name of cabin, the name by which I first knew them, filled my heart with pleasure. In one of these remote indeed, from the busy haunts of men, I imbibed the sweets of independence, from the free air I breathed. Never will I know those happy days again! Oh, how I envied the inmates of those delightful retreats, as I saw them pass to and fro. Those cabins, which continued to meet me daily were a source of infinite delight during my voyage.

We had also taken leave of Mississippi state, and we now had the choctaw country on our right.

I had forgot Point Checo on our left. There is a large cotton gin at the point, and some large and very handsome cotton fields. But the sportive vine playing a thousand pranks with the trees, the distant points of land running into the river, one behind another, and islands, the scene is very enlivening. The vine sometimes wraps the body of the tree up like an Egyptian mummy, and leaves the top alone. Again, it seizes the top and leaves the body bare, and twists the limbs into festoons, wreaths and scollops, bespangling the whole with flowers, mocks our city belles. The points of land, clothed with ponderous foliage, some in angles, some rounding, and others square, and again the fairy islands, covered with young willows of yesterday, as thick and straight as hemp stalks, every bend of the river bringing new objects in view, keeps the mind engaged. One, however, soon loaths the eternal cotton tree, and turns from it in disgust.

The air had become sensibly cooler upon leaving Vixburg, and I found it quite pleasant.

We passed White river on the left, shortly after Arkansas river, and next to it St. Francis river, and

have the Chickasaw territory on our right, and the third day reached MEMPHIS, fourth, Chickasaw Bluffs in the night. The bluffs being counted down the river, of course, going up, I came to the last first. Memphis is just over the line in Tennessee state, on our right, in a most delightful situation. After passing through an uncultivated forest some time, Memphis was a novelty. The unfortunate affair of the loss of so many lives by the bursting of the steamboat boiler, happened but a short time previous to this. From every information on the subject of these accidents, it is asserted by all the Captains I have talked with, as well as engineers and pilots, that it is *altogether* owing to carelessness or drunkenness. Severe laws ought to be enacted against the engineers particularly, as the fault seems to rest with them.

It being dark, I had a bad view of the town. It sits back from the river, and is said to be flourishing. It does a handsome commercial business, I was told, and has a fertile tract of country in its rear.

After leaving White river, I found the shores cut up with bayous and creeks, but upon the morning of the fourth day, I found the country rising ahead, resembling blue clouds, and was sorry to learn I had passed the third and second Chickasaw bluffs in the night.

Early in the morning, we passed Plumb Island, where we have an extensive view of the river, and, about one o'clock, reached NEW MADRID, visited by the earthquake some years back. It is just over the Missouri line, the state of Kentucky commencing on the opposite side of the river.

I saw the traces of the earthquake, which, though filled up even with the other parts of the town, were waste land, the people being afraid to build on it. That part which sunk, bordered on the river, and, from the nature of the Mississippi, tearing the soil away from some places, and placing it in others, it soon filled up the chasm

formed by the earthquake. The traces were distinguished by the growth which was precisely like that which covered the former course of the river. The growth on these places is thicker on the ground, of a tender appearance and quite different in color, being of a yellower green, and mostly willows and cotton-tree, which is a quick growth. The site of the town is a high plain, and looks well as you approach it. It has an extensive green common, and an aged appearance, mostly small wooden houses. I saw but one good house in the place. A very fine apple-orchard grows near the town.

Several very good looking people stood viewing us, as we took in wood, and put out some freight. It was laughable to see several fine horses (not only here, but wherever they happened to be) frightened out of their wits at the great noise of blowing off the steam, they pranced about as though they would break their necks.

The banks of the river above Memphis is lined with the green rush called scrubbing-grass—tons of it might be gathered. It adds much to the beauty of the country. Sycamore appears also very large, from 6 to 10 feet in diameter—some cyprus is still seen. But the willow is the handsomest tree on the shore. The foliage intirely different from our yellow willow. It grows tall and straight with clusters of small spiry leaves—all these differing in height, shape, and color, has a very pleasing effect.

Here we have the margin of the water lined with green trees just fallen down with their roots still sticking in the bank. Every rise of the river, by loosening the earth, brings these trees down.

The sandbars, similar to those mentioned on Alabama river, appear above Memphis. These are still more beautiful. Their principal beauty arise from their uninterrupted smoothness, and their soft nankeen color. They stretch up and down the stream in sword points.

The islands too, increase in number and beauty, it is impossible to conceive any thing so handsome. They are of every shape and figure, and when you draw near them they seem to have underwent a thorough metamorphosis, thus the whole resembles the scenery of a stage continually changing. You see a solid circular green fort, as it were before you, sitting in the water,

and, lo! when you reach it, it is changed into an immense oblong island. They are all clothed in solid verdure, and what is singular the growth in some of these magic islands forms exact straight columns of different heights, one above another like steps, each flight as even on the top as though it were shorn. Thus nature indulges her freaks in this lordly region, without control, and mocks the feeble hand of art.

I overlooked the town of Randolph, at the mouth of Hatchee river, it consists of a few houses under a most magnificent bluff and is remarkable for the beauty of a neighboring plantation, the seat of Mr. Benton, brother of Senator Benton. There is a cotton gin and press on the place.

This night we reached the mouth of the Ohio, a little after dark, light enough, however to see the difference in the color, one clear, the other muddy. Some of the servants took me up some of the Ohio water, to taste, but there was as much difference between it and the Mississippi water, as between a fountain and a duck-puddle. The former was warm and flat, compared to the latter. The captains filter the water of the Mississippi through a porous stone and keep it in great stone jars as large as a barrel.

There is no town nor house at the mouth of the Ohio. Only a tavern some distance up the river. We put out some passengers on the shore of the Illinois, and left them to find their way as they could.

We now have Illinois State on our right, and Missiouri, on our left, and find no difference in the width of the river. The Mississippi is distinguished by upper and lower Mississippi,that below the mouth of the Ohio is called the lower and thence above the upper ; the distinction is at the mouth of the Missouri.

The next morning I found a great change in the scenery and soil, the land on the Illinois shore, the richest immaginable, the same on the other shore—the shores grow bolder and rills, hills and vales, mark the adjoining country, these alternate flats and rises throw more of the forest in view and relieves us from the sameness of an eternal plain.

Our fly-wheel broke about breakfast-time, and we put into the Illinois shore till it was mended. One of the deck passengers had a violin with which he amused himself when he thought pro-

per. Accordingly he began to play when the boat stopped, and continued at it some time. There was a family or two living in some old shackling houses upon the brink of the river. Some of the hands, and the chamber-maid walked on shore, and saluting the people, held some conversation with them at the fence, inquiring for milk, or something of the kind. They returned to the boat, and the people remained listening to the music. At length a young woman began to dance, barefooted as she was. She tripped it away gaily for some time before us all, and danced into the cabin, praising the music. When she entered the house, she faced about and danced again for some time. And this is not all. The mother, who was looking on, said, "if they would bring the fiddle in there, she would dance too." So they were no missionaries. They were all barefooted and bare-headed. There were several children, and one or two men. Our boat lay close to the shore, and we had a good view of them. The cabin had a shutter before the door, supported by wooden forks, and an old bridle, a sifter and a sheepskin, decorated the wall outside, and near stood an old table, covered with a soiled cloth, upon which sat a tin quart. They were fine, healthy looking people, and seemed to be happy and contented. I did not fall in love with their cabin—it was too old. I like a fresh looking cabin.

After an hour's time we were under way, our leviathan spouting clouds of steam and noise together, while the merry damsel followed us with her eyes as far as she could see us. We reached Cape GIRARDEAU early in the day. It is on our left, on a bluff, and looks well. The land, from the mouth of the Ohio to this place cannot be exceeded either in beauty or fertility.

Girardeau is a flourishing little village, where I saw a great curiosity, viz: a saw-mill propelled by wooden augers. The augers were 50 feet in length, and 3 feet in circumference. One end of these, three in number,

were fastened to a rag-wheel, by an upright shaft, the height of the mill, by a rope or chain, the whole of the augers lying in the river, pointing down stream, turns round by the force of the current striking the screws. The augers, lying parrallel with the current, turn round rapidly, and forcing the rag-wheel round, put the saw in motion. The augers swim just under water. These mills outsaw any upon the common plan. I could see but fifteen houses, which were beautifully shaded with trees. This place was settled by a Spaniard, Mr. *Lowrimee*. He is now the proprietor. I observed one very fine brick building.

Nature, at this place, assumes a bold dress, every thing is upon a grand scale; the fine scenery of the Mississippi begins here. The Grand Chain and Devil's Island come next to Cape Girardeau. The Grand Chain is a a succession of Islands, with rocks and bluffs on the shore. And here, too, we met with another flood, supposed to be the melting of the snow up Missouri river.

But the *Devil's Oven* and the *Grand Tower* swallow up the surrounding scenery. These are two enormous rocks rising directly up from the bed of the river. The oven is near the right shore, a great rough stone, rising 30 feet above the surface of the water. It is somewhat shaped like an oven, with a great yawning cavity, distinctly enough seen. The cavity is in the side, and pointing down stream. There is another large rock near this, which would be a great curiosity were it not eclipsed by its neighbor, and again, still larger rocks on the shore.

But the celebrated Grand Tower out-rivals the oven and its neighbors. The tower is on the left, at the head of an island, the growth of which forms an amphitheatre around a smooth green meadow. It stands near the left shore. It is a solid rock, large at the base, and tapering toward the top. It is 100 feet in circumference,

and 150 feet high. I should think it an excellent place for a light-house. It is rough, and is said to have been ascended by boatmen in some of their merry-makings, the top of which they decorated with a flag. A few cedars and other stunted evergreens were growing in the cavities. The stream between it and the shore is very strong. But the high rocky shores, now principally on Missouri side, are one unremitting cause of wonder. A solid bluff of rock, from one to three thousand feet high, in many places resembling smooth masonry, which, with the grandeur of the Islands and the increased beauty of the stream, we cease to remember the wonders we have passed. The stone walls differ from the North River. These are white, with regular horizontal flutes. The stone of North River is black and straight. If you can imagine a succession of smoothly wrought stone, bow windows, with single and double archetrives united for miles from the water to the summit, you have at once an idea of those stupendous heights, for which I never heard any name. They are not right white, but of a cream color. It is impossible to describe the awe and admiration inspired by this natural splendor. Every thing corresponds, and alike grand. The river still undiminished in depth or size. Sometimes the rock is supplanted by earth, or rather a mountain, clothed by oak or walnut, and again rock, with all its frightening pride. The leaves of the walnut are deeply scolloped, and indeed all the foliage differs somewhat from trees of the same species.

About this place I saw cane floating in the water, 3 inches, I should say, in diameter. I saw none like it on the shores.

The trees on those rocks and bluffs are covered with a long moss, hanging upon every limb. It is very fine and handsome, and resembles bits of green gauze.

Every thing is novel—the very texture of the rock differs from any other. But I have been told this scene-

ry is quite liliputian to the grandeur of that above St. Louis. Yet this wildness was genial to my nature, and I loved it. I was so much taken with the scenery, I had forgotten BAINBRIDGE, a new town. I suppose we will have *Atkinsonville* and a *Dr. McMahonville* next. We took in a lady and child here, and her nurse. She was a very young and handsome woman, of pleasant manners, and lived in St. Louis.

As we advanced towards St. Louis the high lands rather give way, and little cabins again appear. These are succeeded by rich farms, great droves of cattle, and comfortable houses.

At length we reached St. Genevieve, about fifty miles below St. Louis. This is on our left, an old town settled by the French many years back. It sits in the rear of a field of singular size and beauty, said to contain 7000 acres. This field is the property of the town and the produce is divided amongst the citizens. The town is adorned in rear by handsome swelling hills, has a church, and is a place of considerable trade. The population is said to be about 1500.

Several genteel looking people met us at the landing, and though the captain mentioned I was on board, none of them had politeness enough to come and speak to me. This gave me a poor opinion of Missouri. There were two ladies and some children. A little foppish boy with a white cap on struted about with great importance.—While they were putting out freight, I was no little amused with a wood-boat, which also, drew up to the shore to unlade. It was manned by Frenchmen whose manners and dress, might rank them with the last of human beings. They gabbled and scolded each other, all the time, part French, and part English. "You have not paid the first cent for your passage, you Pecune you." "Vell I help wis de woot." While all this was going on, a noble looking Shawnee Indian came forward and stood on the shore, and looked intently at our boat and

the hands. His eye seemed to follow the hands, as they went and came, with the freight, without winking. He was over 6 feet high, and one of the finest figures I ever beheld. His countenance was sensible, dignified and manly, though he never opened his lips, nor did any one speak to him. But nothing could withdraw his eyes from the boat, which he continued to gaze on with as much solemnity as if it were his last moment, and though his tongue was silent, his countenance, and attitude spoke volumes. It seemed to say, "these people have usurped my country." He was neatly dressed, partly in the Indian style. After standing a long time he sat down on the ground with his hands clasped round his knees, and no one seemed to care for him. We left him there.

The next object of interest was Herculanium, also on Missouri shore. This place is distinguished by a shot tower, which is nothing more than throwing the heated lead from the top of a vast precipice to the base, through a place boxed up of plank even with the summit, a lucky thought. A small hut partly on the summit and partly resting on the wooden tower, seemed to totter in the wind. Several people were passing to and fro at the base of the hill as if employed, amongst whom were some women, I trembled for them, lest the whole might give way, and bury them alive. The summit is 200 feet from the base!! The proprietor has a patent-right for the factory, which I think he richly deserves. The great lead mines are not far from hence which renders the business very profitable. The town was entirely out of sight.

Just above this is a large store and tavern, on the same side; and from this point the great road leading to the lead mines branches off from the river. It was very large, and appeared much travelled. The people at this place had an appearance of much wealth and politeness. Much more so than those of St. Louis.

We now began to draw near our destined port, and wishing to reach St. L. that evening, put on the steam and soon reached

JEFFERSON BARRACKS.

I hope they will no longer disgrace the name of this great patriot by misapplying it as it is here; cowards' quarters would be more in character. This is the head quarters of the brave General Atkinson, though he resides on a farm at his ease, I was told, in the neighborhood. The Barracks seemed to have been built for eternity from their size and strength, and I would suppose might accommodate 2000 men, though from their height and distance, I saw *only* a part of them. Enough to see that a vast sum of money has been spent here to no purpose, unless it be intended, which doubtless it is, for the rendezvous of the Sunday-mail and Sunday-school troops.

They consist of long stone buildings, more like pallaces than Barracks. I should like to know whose doings this was. Could our government think these vast fortifications of so much style and cost, were necessary—for what? What enemy would come here? Not the Indians in the heart of the country. But why such cost? —there are not such buildings in the world, for armies. Why were they not built at New Orleans, where it might be possible, a foreign enemy might one day invade us. What Indian would venture through an enemy's country to get at these barracks? None of course. The barracks are in the wrong place, if they are designed to protect us from Indians; and I am sure they are for our sea-ports. There are no Indians within many hundred miles of this place. But for argument sake we will admit the army at this place is to protect us from the Indians. The army at Jefferson Barracks are now more hostile to the lives and safety of the people, than the Indians. In this very place the Kingdom or Empire of the Presbyterians, *alias* Sunday-mail and tract-men, is already founded, though I do not know that they have been

acknowledged as an independent government yet.—No place was better calculated for their treachery.—Remote from the great mass of the people, their plot could ripen, before the people are aware of it.

As I have remarked elsewhere, the first I saw of the barracks was a number of men swimming in the water near which the boat passed. We had Lieutenant Rosseau on board, with his wife, who belonged to the barracks. His wife and him were standing on the guard of the boat and recognizing their officer, they got out of the water and walked about on the shore naked. I was in the cabin, and the Lieutenant's wife, to get a better view of them, remained standing outside. I was told they did this to render themselves popular with the ladies, who are very partial to them. The Lieutenant and his wife landed, and we pursued our course to St. Louis, 12 miles above. I suspected nothing less than when the officers learned I was on board, they would come to St. Louis (particularly as a daily stage runs between the two places) and give me an invitation to visit the barracks, or at least to pay their respects. We arrived at

ST. LOUIS

about sun-down, the 5th day from Vixburg, which was Saturday, and that I ever got away alive, is amongst the most extraordinary events of my life, taking into view the host of enemies I had to contend with, and I owe my life to nothing but their cowardice, for a greater set of poltroons never disgraced the word army.

Engaged with the objects of the voyage, I overlooked the passengers, and to sum up the whole at once, they were the meanest in St. Louis; excepting Captain Rian and the officers of the boat, there was not a gentleman amongst them, we had but one lady, the Lieutenant's wife. Yet I was safe enough, as my friend Governor Clark was there, and he alone, was a host: thus mankind is deceived. If every and man woman would re-

verse their opinions they would arrive at truth. I wrote a note to Governor Clark apprising him of my arrival, requesting him to provide me rooms, and Captain Rian very politely dressed himself, and took the note to Gov. Clark himself. He was gone some time, and when he returned, he said he saw Governor Clark, and delivered the note into his own hand. Mr. Clark's reply was that he would "attend to it." "But make yourself content to night Mrs. R., and stay where you are, as it will take sometime to prepare you rooms," said Captain Rian.—I had requested Gov. Clark to send one of his brother-in-law's to me, as I knew them when they were children; the Capt said one of them would call that night or early in the morning, and I was perfectly contented. I had seen Gov. Clark—was acquainted with his wife, and had understood he was as generous and hospitable as a prince—lived like a prince, and kept open house for all strangers but I did not intend to intrude upon his hospitality, as I never stop at a private house. Yet, I looked up to Gov. Clark for protection while I remained in St. Louis as a matter of course, as he was paid by our Government.—No one came that night, at which I was astonished, and still more at the delay next morning. About 9 o'clock, one of the Kenelys came, a simpleton from his birth, though the best of the family, and after humming and hawing, he said, "no room could be had, as yet, for me, but he would go and try again." I asked him "why Governor Clark did not interest himself," seeing this man was of no consequence. "Oh, he is in the country." "When did he go?" "Oh, he went there yesterday." I resolved to come to the point at once, and going to the captain, asked him "if he knew Governor Clark personally?" "Certainly, madam, I know him, and gave him your note." I now saw there was nothing to expect from that quarter; but not for a moment did I doubt but some of the citizens would attend to me, after I had travelled so far to see them, and resolved not to

land on their shore if they did not. This was Sunday, and several of the citizens came on board, merely from impertinent curiosity, early in the day. The first that called were Judge Lockwood and Mr. E. Marsh. I would rather be a dog in any other State of the Union than a dog on two legs in St. Louis—the last place in the United States, and the first town of the blueshins and money. The wild beasts—if they had their gospel established every where as firmly as they have in St. Louis, they would destroy themselves—their savageness would prove their own destruction, as all crime is destructive of self existence. Now these men, (though it is an insult to the species to call them men,) this Judge and his friend, and one who accompanied them, were intelligent men enough, and no ways tainted with the missionary disease—yet they never said "Madam, can we serve you? We are glad to see you." No! they merely came to gratify their impertinent curiosity. The atmosphere they breathed was fatal to every good feeling. Even brutes have something like society. These men [had the impudence to send up for me] were succeeded by others. Expecting to find what I never failed to find any where else, something like civility, I still attended; but, tired of going down, I received them in the ladies' cabin, never dreaming the Army, at least the Indian Agency, would dare to set the government at defiance, by violating their duties and oaths of office, particularly towards one never known to conceal such outrages.

Amonst the rest, Mr. Keemly, the Jackson, or, as he is called, the Benton editor, came, and I believe the only one who came with honest motives. But he soon received his orders, and I never saw him afterwards but once, when he hid from me, as all cowards do. I hope every lady, hereafter, who sees him pass her door, if she has no dog, may set her cat at him—great luck to the Hon. Benton and his editor—the master and the man were well matched, as I will show.

Seeing nothing like a disposition to provide quarters, and finding from Keemly that Mr. Bates, whom I had seen at Washington city, while he was a member of Congress, was in St. Louis, I addressed a note to him and sent it by Keemly. Keemly was to have returned with an answer. But instead of returning, he sent a note stating "he had taken a violent attack of the headach. He was extremely ill, indeed." What a loss if he, Gov. Clark, Benton, and the whole posse had died. It might have stopped the spreading of the gospel. In justice to Keemly, he sent a young man to me who was faithful to me at least, and went on several errands with great despatch. I sent him for Mr. Bates' reply, when, lo! I received the following note to Keemly. No answer was returned to my note.

"Mr. C. KEEMLY:

"*Sir:* I have never had any acquaintance personally with Mrs. Royall—not even an introduction—tho' I have frequently seen her passing in public.

"She has been represented to me as a very eccentric lady, and so apt to deal harshly with those who approach her, that I am afraid to make the acquaintance.

"Respectfully sir, y. m. servant,

"13 JUNE, 1830. E. BATES."

So there was no hope from that quarter. Was Mr. B. afraid I would gouge him?

In the mean time one of the fur-trade underlings came in and one of the hopefuls of the army, a Lieutenant, merely as spies. They made great professions of friendship and affected politeness. To put their professions to the test, I told them "I wanted a room of any sort, to remain in till the first boat departed down the river—that Capt. Rian had generously brought me on gratis from Vixburg, and I did not wish to impose on his generosity any longer—that it was painful to have to remain so long as I had on the boat." They said "every

room, they believed was taken up." "Do you live in town, gentlemen?" "Yes." "Then why not give up your own rooms, rather than have it reported that a female was refused a shelter in the neighborhood of the United States' Army. Surely this army, placed here to protect the citizens of the United States, at a vast expense, and nothing in the world to do, can afford a woman protection 24 hours, if they were to guard her in a tent." I also expressed some surprize that none of the officers had been up from the barracks. The two men exchanged a look, and replied, "Yes—we will give Mrs. Royall our rooms. It is warm, and we can shift any way for so short a time." They took their hats, and off they went. They were to fix up the rooms and bring me a carriage. They were gone long enough to have fixed a dozen rooms—came in with a smile: "Well madam, we have done all we can for you." "Have you brought a carriage." "No, madam. The lady of the tavern will not agree that you shall have the rooms!!!" "Then, gentlemen, you have done nothing. They looked guilty, and were so, no doubt—and seeing I was averse to conversation, they departed, and I requested Capt. Rian to engage my passage in the Diana, which was to leave St. Louis in the morning.

I now resolved to admit no more visitors. But they came in such droves that the captain was forced to lock the doors. Several ladies came on board during the day, amongst whom I was pleased to see my friend of the North American, who lamented so much for her husband. He was then with her, a fine looking man, and the lady was quite another thing.

Next morning I prepared to depart, and the Captain went to engage my passage to the mouth of the Ohio. He returned shortly, and said Capt. Swagger, of the Diana, would not take me, but assigned no reason. I did not *take* all this while.

Thinking that money might tempt him, I stepped on

the Boat, which was along side, said "I was Mrs. Royall, and wished to take passage to the mouth of Ohio." "You cant go," said he, and looked vengeance. I now began to *take*. I will give you double price, sir; I must go." "I will not take you for any price," said the ruffian, and turned off short. The assassin was painted on his face. The stage must now be my resort.

While I was in Mobile, Ala. I met with a gentleman by the name of Wheeler, who lived in St. Louis. Upon inquiry for him, the first evening of my arrival in St. Louis, the captain pointed to his name on a sign near the boat. I sent for him about the time I despatched the note to Gov. Clark. He came directly—but the poor man was in great distress about his clerk, who was then dying, of course he could do nothing for me, and telling me his situation, I entreated him to return to his dying friend, who died that night.

As I had resolved to take the stage with what baggage I could carry, I walked to Mr. Wheeler's store, to leave the rest of my baggage with him, to go by steam-boat to Louisville, Ky. putting a private mark on it instead of my name.

As Mr. Wheeler had an extensive acqnaintance with the Captains of the steamboats, he went on board several then at the landing, to engage me a passage. He returned without success, and I was about to take leave and cross over the river into the State of Illinois to take the stage from that side, intending to take a peep at the Indian Agency, which was not far off, before I crossed the river. At this moment a very friendly young man, a yankee, stepped into the store and handed me a note. It was from the immortal SHEPARD. Guess my astonishment upon reading the following:

"Mr. and Mrs. Shepard's respects to Mrs. R. and would be happy to see her at their house, which is at her service so long as she may think proper to remain in St. L. and will endeavor to render her as happy as pos-

sible. The bearer, Mr. West will bring your answer and should you accept our invitation will bring you a carriage. St. Louis, June 14th, 1830."

I was more astonished at this than the infamous conduct of the army, and the Indian agent Clark, and from a total stranger. I accepted the invitation, and the young man went for the carriage, and attended me to the house. Tho' I had been surrounded by spies, this movement was so sudden that the officers of the army who daily strut the streets of St. L. had not time to retreat. But they knew who was in the carriage, and never did a set of poltroons scamper faster. Pretty fellows to command an army!— They were mostly housed close, however, the time I landed, their scouting parties bearing intelligence of my movements. The citizens seeing their coat-tails flying guessed who was in the carriage, and were as much terrified, as if a *Royal Tiger* had been let loose upon them.

I soon found myself in a large new brick building, and was met at the door by Mr. and Mrs. Shepard, the most amiable couple, doubtless of this or any other age.— They kept a very large school in the building, and boarded with a family whom they kept in the house for the purpose in order to devote their whole time to their duties. The lady taught the young ladies'; and Mr. S. taught the boys which occupied two large rooms; the whole being their own property.

Those dear people after telling me I was at home, excused themselves, and returned to their duties which engrossed all their time. Mr. West showed me to my apartment, and I was as happy as a princes.

When we all met at dinner there were several boarders, I had some curiosity to learn how Mr. S. knew I was in the place, as his house was at the further end of the town. When it appeared a gentleman who knew me in Baltimore Md., heard of my difficulty and mentioned

the thing to Mr. S., the first good thing I have to boast of my native State. I forbear to mention the gentleman's name, lest those miscreants might poison him.

We had a fine party at the house; I never spent my time more pleasant.

Upon retiring to my room I resolved to fathom this mysterious business. That they were engaged in some thing criminal was plain, which they wished to conceal from me; but that they should, on the one hand, take every means to prevent my landing, and on the other secure all the steam-boats, as appeared in the end, was unaccountable and argued no plan at all. That the Presbyterians were at the head of it, was clear, as they are the only sect that dread me. But that the army and Indian agency were the prime agents was also clearly evident, of course they must be identified, must be the same thing. But could Benton and Bates, give into this dangerous growth of religious tyranny? Could they see the army and Indian agency seized upon by these people, and keep it a secret? this was equally strange. Finally, I resolved to get all the information I could, as I had landed; but the day being far advanced, I took up some papers that lay on a desk, when the following article caught my eye, and confirmed my opinion:

"The Report of the Missouri and Illinois Tract Socie-
" ty has just put into our hands. We learn from the
" Report that there has been issued from the Deposito-
" ry in St. Louis, 333,293 pages of Tracts, and 2161
" copies of the Christian Almanac, besides 9,810 pages
" of French Tracts the past year. This Society has six
" Auxiliaries in Illinois. A resolution was adopted, re-
" commending their auxilliaries to adopt the plan of dis-
" tributing Tracts monthly. This plan has been atten-
" ded by the best consequences in New-York and other
" cities. It is pursued in Vandalia."—*Western Obser.*

This explained the whole business. From the paper dated June the 9th, printed at Kaskaskia, I found the following extract from the *St. Louis Tract Society :*

" But a few years will elapse, ere the sceptre will have " departed from the the East, and the seat of power and " of empire will have been transferred beyound the Al- " leghanies. In this valley, there is already a popula- " tion of more than 4,000,000 of souls, twenty years " hence it will propably number 12,000,000 of inhabi- " tants. How vastly important then, it is, that they " should be supplied with those means by which alone " our free institutions can be perpetuated."

This needs no comment.

It was plain I was now in the strong hold of the Presbyterians!!! I was not alarmed as the cowards would have put their heads in the fire, as soon as they would have faced me, they dare not trust their God that far.

All my freinds at the house were masons, I learned Mr. Bates was the Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of the State, I sent him my vouchers accompanied with a note that I was there a stranger and having met with much difficulty in procuring a boat to take me to the Ohio; I appealed to him for his aid in procuring me a passage, and that I would be glad to see him. In a short time I received the following answer :

" Mr. Bates has just had the honor of receiving Mrs. " R's note. Mr. B. is prevented by circumstances from call- " ing on Mrs. R. but is gratified in the belief that Mrs. R. " will be relieved from all difficulty in her intended de- " parture from St. L. by the aid of those gentlemen of " this city who have the honor of her acquaint- " ance. Yours, June 15, 1830."

His tone was much changed in twenty-four hours but he never came near me, nor afforded me the least assistance. This proves that tyranny and masonry, cannot exist in the same place.

Mr. Shepard having recently settled in the place, could give me no information. All were strangers at our house. Hon. Barton, lived at St. Charles, but had not arrived from Washington City, or I should have been sure of a friend in him. "But Mrs. R. Hon. Benton has arrived, there he is now walking by, with his wife." I looked out and never was an emperor dressed more costly or stalked more haughty. Benton, however, knew what most of the others could not, that I was a favorite with the principal people at Washington, as he had been there longer than Mr. Bates; he knew too that I had the ear of the people at large even of the blue-skins, when they wished to know the truth; and if he did not know this, he knew I was a woman, and in a strange place, and had met with savage treatment, and I sent him a note; he never replied to the note, nor called, nor offered me the least assistance!

My friends now became seriously alarmed, and concerted a plan for my escape, and in case of failure, I wrote to the Secretary of War.

Meantime I made the tour of the city where I seemed to be Commander-in-Chief of the land forces at least. Every thing fled, not a soul was to be seen except an out-scout now and then flying round the corners in order to give notice. While I took my time, and walked leisurely along paying all attention.

Seeing a printing office I called to see what was going on there! It was so unexpected, the hands were thunderstruck, turned pale, the type dropped from their hands and their knees knocked together; some ran into an adjoining room, the rest stood like statues. I was much hurt to see such perversion of judgment, that men should take their friends for their enemies, and their deadliest foes for their friends, was distressing indeed, this error springs from not thinking for themselves, but letting knaves and fools think for them; the guilt of the missionaries accounts for thier fear, but why should these young men fear me? I was their friend; the astonishment of the young men was no less when I saluted them, and familiarly took a chair and conversed with them. The editor came in, and though evidently under a tremer seemed quite friendly, and laughed at the panic of the town. I do not know the name of the paper, but it was a Clay paper. After readingthe news, I continued my tour till I reached the principal street

I had been so minutely described that every one knew me; and, merely to see how they would behave, under pretence of inquiring for the post-office I stepped into a store. The store keeper was measuring some calico for a woman who was standing by the counter; but the moment I entered the door, he dropped the yard stick and the cloth as though he had been shot, and darted out of the back door, leaving the woman standing there overwhelmed with astonishment. I laughed, and pursued my way to the post-office. Speaking to the clerks thro' the window, they were very insolent, and said the postmaster was not in, and ordered me off. Meantime the postmaster made his appearance at the window, and apologized. I was immediately admitted. Upon overhauling the interior, I found every thing right.

While I was talking with the postmaster, a number of good looking men, who had seen me enter the post-office, had collected before the door to see me as I came out. I saluted them friendly as I came out; most of them raised their hats, and walked on with me toward the Indian agency. Some of these gave me an insight of the infamous frauds of the agency in cheating the innocent Indians, and their overbearing conduct toward the subagents, and all who either had claims against the agency or superintendent, (as Governor Clark is called.) These men, as well as others, stated that Clark could never be [illegible] he was surrounded by a parcel of harpies who de[illegible]nd [illegible]stance, stating "that he was sick, or in bed, or in [illegible]ntry," thus managing the whole concern, and admit[illegible] [illegible]b agents but worthless or ignorant men whom they [illegible]ge, and to whom they allowed a trifle, pocketing [illegible] I gathered from them that many of them were [illegible]nd that the agency was a great injury to the co[illegible] Clark was surrounded by needy relations who h[illegible]ast sums of money

by their tact at managing to keep people from him, and getting hold of the funds.

I pursued my way to the agency, and being doubtful of admittance after obtaining a description of the interior, resolved to enter it at all hazards. The particulars of the visit are already detailed in the 1st volume of this tour, in a note, to which I refer the reader. I found the house very large; part of it was a store filled with trifles to allure the poor Indians out of their annuities—another part of the house, under the appearance of hospitality to the Indians, the more readily to fleece them, is allotted to those unsuspecting victims. This was a large room on the first floor, and was then full of Indians.

Being now in the enemy's head quarters alone, I pushed on briskly through the Indians, and, having a clue, found Clark in a remote room, cooped up like an old rooster. I have noticed elsewhere that Clark was only the shadow of a man, scarcely sane, and reduced to a skeleton—a feeble, superanuated man, fit for no business in the world, and might just as well be sick, in bed, or in the country." He has a set of words by heart, which he repeats to every one, as I understand, and repeated the same to me—"I am sick madam, I cannot see company to-day, I am sick." The cunning of the madam, as I supposed, availed her nothing this time.—I had spoken to one of the corps who said his name was Kenerly, in the Indian store. This man doubtless flew to Mrs. Clark when he found I was determined, and she, or perhaps Kenerly himself, sent a shoal of servants to head me; but I was too quick for them, and they ran up stairs after me—"Master aint at home, master aint at home." In their fright they betrayed each other: another said, "master is in bed, he is sick, master is very sick indeed." But they had the right hand to deal with, and I pushed on, regardless of their insolence. It was

a public office which every one of the people has a right to visit, and none but a fool would be kept out by those insolent miscreants who are monopolizing the people's rights. The assassin looking man who said he was Kenerly, finding I could not be kept out, followed me into Clark's room, and said, "come, madam, pack off, you have been here long enough;" and had it not been for his cowardice, the ruffian would have laid hands on me. I saw the same sneaking sub-agent who had acted as pimp the preceding day, screwed up in one corner like a fawning spaniel. Had Mrs. Clark been a lady, or possessed the hospitality of the Indians, she would have made her appearance, particularly as she was an old acquaintance, and her and her people had been hospitably entertained at my house in former days. Thus these tracts are turning human beings into savage brutes.

On my return I called in at Keemly's, editor of the Beacon. He would have absconded, but I was on him too quick. But no criminal looked more guilty—poor wretch, he is not alone. When these men have subjected the very government itself, of course all is gone.

I had stolen away from my friends who were no little astonished to find I had stormed the castle, and put the citizens to flight, and after dinner I visited the

COLLEGE OF ST. LOUIS

a splendid building in the edge of the town on a large green. This college is conducted by Catholics, and I think Jesuits. It is crowded with students of every sect who have liberty to go to what church they please; nor do the faculty meddle at all with their religious opinions. I have always been partial to the Catholics for that politeness and good breeding which distinguished them from all other sects. But more particularly for their ready charity. Nor do they go through the country begging money or seek to acquire power. I should say they

were the most learned, talented, devout, and charitable sect in the United States.

I have seen Roman Catholics before, but none like these; they were as remarkable for their affability and kindness, as the Indian Agency and the United States' Army, with Bates and Benton, at thier head, were ungentlemanly, mean-spirited, and treacherous.

Upon ringing the bell, a gentleman came to the door, and took us into a drawing-room, where we found every thing plain, and means for our amusement till the president appeared, we had sent in our cards, and in a moment out came a stout, noble, fine man, who ran to us with a smile which came from his heart. Caught us boih by the hand at once, and bending almost to the ground, he exclaimed, "My dear Sir—my dear lady, I am so glad to see you! What refreshment shall I get for you? What will you take? I shall be so pleased to wait on you! Shall I madam, bring you some wine? and you, Sir, tell me what I shall bring for you? some lemons—you must want refreshment after walking!" What missionary ever concerned himself about refreshment? My friend of Baltimore was with me, and though a Roman Catholic himself, and accustomed to their kindness, was as much non-plussed as I was. It was done so quick and in so fascinating a manner that for my part I did not know whether he was of earth or heaven, and finally I was obliged to eat some cake to please him, and my friend also ate and drank some beer. This was a young and very stout man, wore a black gown fastened round the waist, but such a face heaven was painted in his countenance, and modesty, and meekness, fairly spoke in his fine dark grey eye. If he was a Jesuit, I would never want to be any thing else, he was certainly a most enviable man. If our women were to fall in love with these priests, they would be excusable, instead of those savage monsters. This was the Rev. *P. J. Veghaigen*, acting president; I did not see the president, Rev. C. F. VAN-

QUICKENBORNE, but was told he was equally splendid. The other professors were their Reverences *P. Walsh, A. Ellet, T. H. D. Irew,* and *Yates*, I saw but the one mentioned, they were with their classes; they had one-hundred and seventy-four students, to the great grief of the blue-skins.

I observed to Rev. Mr. V. I thought they would gain the upper hand of the State, and finally of our country. He seemed confident they would not—I only wish he may not be mistaken—I should say they had the power now. This enlightened seminary, however, may arrest them for a time. But they have a great advantage over the Roman Catholics, they handle all the money of the Indians, and hold it fast; also the lead, and fur-trade, and the Santa Fee trade, which amounts to an immense sum; all the women, and all the army. It is the great depository for their tracts the greatest curse that ever befel our land, and has sunk it into the grossest ignorance.

This is the most flourishing college at this time, in the United States. All the professors being men not only of the first learning, but of the most polished manners.

St. Louis has 5 churches, a prison, courthouse, market house, and 5000 inhabitants—cowards I ought to have said. It is one of the most splendid and beautiful towns I know, and displays an appearance of great strength and wealth. The churches are the most costly in the union. The buildings are mostly of beautiful limestone, it contains many handsome gardens and greens.

It rises gradually from the river, and terminates upon a most delightful even green, which commands a magnificent prospect of Illinois and the river. It is over a mile in length, and the whole distance consists of ware houses, very large, and of great strength, all built of solid stone, the basements 3 feet thick.

There was part of Mr. Caldwell's Company then in St. Louis, and the manager Mr. Grey, gave me an invi-

tation to attend. I would gladly have obliged him but did not wish to gratify the people.

I must add a word on my voyage up Mississippi, and the incomparable Rian. Had I been introduced to him at New Orleans or any where else, I should have less to admire. But a total stranger to step at once on his boat from such a place as Vixburg, and to receive the most marked respect the whole way, every servant in the boat at my service. Never offered to sit down at meals until I came!

I cherish the hope that he may receive the thanks, the friendship and patronage of the very few that are left in our country who dare countenance virtue. To the generosity of New Orleans, and the generous State of Louisiana, I recommend him and hope they will never forget that Capt. R. was the friend of their friend. Every officer on board the Atlantic deserves the patronage of the just and generous. Wm. M'Bride the clerk was no less worthy than the captain.

I saw but one sawyer the last day: it was close to the shore with the top down stream. The root being fast in the river, the top kept rising slowly above water, and sinking again out of sight. The limbs, but no leaves were on it. I also saw a snag; this likewise pointed down stream, but remained fixed.

A poor fellow who owned a museum in St. Louis, came to me with a sigh to assist him. His name is Dr. De St. Ledger. But escaping from assassination myself, I must leave Monsieur the Dr. to take care of *him*self.

Appearances growing still more unfavorable, my friends, who were growing less every hour, began to think seriously of getting me safe out of St. Louis. A strange gentleman arrived at my boarding-house while I was out, to whom the circumstance was mentioned. Not believing it possible, he went to the landing himself to engage a passage of a captain just arrived, offering any sum to take me to the mouth of the Ohio. The cap-

tain's reply was, he would not take me for $500. This was high bribing! This is the religion of tracts. After some private consultation, they adopted a plan which effectually deceived the people of St. Louis.

To take a seat in the stage would be putting my life in their hands, as I understood there was a party watching the stage-office. One of these, or any number, could have jumped in the stage and despatched me in the dark, which was doubtless their final plan. They had spies out at every avenue. What alarmed me most, was the desertion which took place in my little band of heroes. My Yankee West finding he had drawn down the vengeance of the city upon him, disappeared with the rapidity of lightning; and my Baltimore friend grew cool toward the last. My escape however was so well planned, and put into execution so suddenly, that I was many miles distant before my enemies were aware of my departure from St. Louis. My friends, having some knowledge of the country, knew a cross stage passed through a little town, *Belville*, about 18 miles from St. Louis, on the Illinois side. This stage went to Shawneetown, on the Ohio river, a little above the mouth of the Cumberland, the course I meant to pursue to get to Nashville. Governor Edwards, a friend of mine, lived at Bellville; the main part of the enterprise was to get me safe into the hands of Governor Edwards. For this purpose, a noble Spaniard was engaged, a Roman Catholic too. He was trusty and tried. His fidelity being known to my friends, whose number had now diminished to three besides the Spaniard, I was put in a carriage, and taking leave of the amiable Shepard and his family, I was taken down the back way to the lower ferry. Here I expected to be discovered, as we had to wait for the boat. But Heaven protected me.

We soon reached Illinois, and flew over the ground pretty quick, and reached

BELLVILLE

in about two h ours and a half! Thus the ruffians missed their prey.

I actually did expect to be pursued, and asked the Spaniard if he was afraid, and sounded his courage in that event. "Ah, me! you can trust me same you can your friend; what he would do for you me will do; me will die by you." The postmaster that morning had inquired "what time I would be in, and he would call." I replied, "in the evening." This threw them off their guard, and at *this* time I was ignorant of their waylaying the stage office, and in fact of my actual danger. Who would have believed that an outrage so daring would be [illegible] ny one, even the worst enemy, had I been an [illegible] and unprotected woman. I had [illegible] tions: I had a right to protection fro[illegible] United States; I had a right to protection from the [illegible] ciety, from the laws of honor, from the laws of God, but above all from the laws enacted for the regulation of the army and Indian agency. This is one of the sweets of the *West Point* system: this is the fruit of introducing tracts and traitors at West Point. All the officers at Jefferson Barracks, except Gen. Atkinson, who was educated no where, were educated at West Point. I hope Congress, for shame, if not for the honor of the nation, will break up this nest of vipers. It is time, when they set them and their laws at defiance. I met with some cadets shortly after this, and they said the tracts were as thick as ever at West Point.

This outrage, like that of stopping the mail in New Jersey, was done to sound the government. If govern-

ment lets it pass with impunity, it is false to its trust. No wonder the Presbyterians wish to stop, and *have* stopped, the training of the militia, when they have a standing army at their service, though they *are* a set of poltroon runaways! 500 men and 5000 citizens ran from an old woman. I even beat them on their own plan, stratagem, which ought to disgrace them forever.

But when I was talking with the postmaster, I had no more idea of leaving St. Louis in two hours time than the postmaster himself. Imagine their disappointment when a party accompanied the postmaster to my quarters that evening, about an hour after I reached Bellville, and my escort on his return.

All this happened in the head quarters of the Western Department of the U. S. Army, under Brevet Brig. Gen. Atkinson, stationed at Jefferson barracks, and Col. Leavenworth, second in command. This must have been arranged, previous to my arrival, with the Indian Agency and the people of St. Louis, viz: to keep me from landing, if possible. But when, contrary to their expectation, I had landed, their next scheme was to put it out of my power to publish their infamous swindling and treachery. This was evident enough—but how it was to be done, I am not aware—I merely state the facts. Putting all together it is very plain the Presbyterians are in possession of the Indian Agency and the Army, and Benton and Bates, though opposed in politics, seem either to unite with them or bend to their power. They grasp at the whole valley of the Mississippi, and say truth when they say that the seat of power and empire has departed from the East to the west. I challenge the whole of them, in the face of the world to deny one tittle of the allegation. I leave it to the world to say which is most dangerous, the Army or the Indians. They call this Gospel.

Governor Edwards received me with that propriety and politeness which is always attached to a gentle-

man, and we enjoyed the disappointment of the heroes of St. Louis. The Governor had but recently removed to Belleville, a pretty little town, quite recently built. Gov. E. having served the state of Illinois as governor some years, is no longer eligible, and a sharp contest was then going on for the office between a Priest and Judge Reynolds; the latter obtained it. I have since heard, that though a band of those tract fellows have screwed themselves into several spots of this delightful state, and own several presses, the mass of the people are wide awake, and every nerve was strained to keep the priest out.

Gov. E. has altered very little since I saw him at the seat of Government—rather more lusty. But the same easy manners, and the same pleasant and kind friend. He is very popular in Illinois, and his talents will no doubt still be retained for the benefit of this rich and flourishing state.

Mr. John Hay, the Clerk of the Belleville Court, called with the Governor—a very decent young man; and my landlord, Mr. James Tannehill, treated me with great kindness and respect.

I had proceeded but a very few steps in the state before I congratulated myself upon my disappointment. I was discouraged from visiting Illinois from the length of time it would take, and not dreaming it was of such importance. The first air I breathed on the Illinois shore I forgot St. Louis as though it were a dream.

Our road rather bore down the river, through a mellow, black soil, shaded with thick heavy timber. A few miles from the river I saw the chain of high mounds mentioned in the history of the country which from their great height I took to be mountains. They were of a conical shape, regular in height, and seemed of a different mould from the bottom land. Near to these the road ascends a steep hill, from which we had a splendid view of both States.

It is 212 miles from St. Louis to Shawneetown, and

though thinly settled, the whole distance comprehends one of the richest and most delightful regions on earth. All level and rich with extensive prairies, and watered by beautiful streams. One of these prairies was 20 miles in length, covered with vast droves of cattle and succulent grass, with beautiful views. The grass on these plains is mowed and cured for the cattle in winter, and though unenclosed, such is the abundance of grass that it serves the cattle for winter and summer, and any one may cut as much as he wants. Just round the edges of these natural meadows is found tall beautiful timber for fencing and building. Nature seems to have worked for man in this country. Then again we have the woods and hazle-thickets, where the hazle-nuts in many places lie six inches deep on the ground. This supports vast droves of hogs. But what I was most pleased to see was the prairie HEN. Vast flocks of those breed in the prairies, and are very destructive to grain. When it is ripe, they enter the fields with their chickens, and devour it. They are shot in great numbers by the farmers, and are said to be a great delicacy. They are in size and shape like the common hen, with a tail like a partridge. I saw several in the road before me; they were quite gentle. What a retreat this state is for the poor man! A curse must pursue those speculators who keep up the price, so as to keep our suffering poor a dead weight in our Atlantic country, when nature has done so much for their comfort here. It is truly distressing that man is the worst enemy of man. Congress is blind to the interests of the poor. The whole state is one body of the richest land in the United States, and has some of the richest mines of lead. I saw some in its natural state, pure solid lead—and *salt*—and the finest navigable rivers running through the whole state. That such a fine country should have been so slow in settling, can be ascribed to no other cause than the high price of land, and, as it prohibits slavery, none but the poorer sort go here. It is, however, settling fast, but it ought to have

been settled long ago. It will, ultimately, however, be the wealthiest state in the Union. Its mild climate and fruitful soil, with its rich mines, and every advantage, must make it a great state before many years. It has the Mississippi on one side, the Wabash and the Ohio on the other, and sveral fine rivers in the interior. And these open prairies prevent it from being sickly by the free circulation of air. I had proof enough of this passing through it. I expected to be scorched with sun. But, to my surprize, I found a cool, refreshing breeze, so cool I had to put on my shawl. But the flies almost devoured the horses. And again, when I reached the woods, I was almost suffocated with heat, but not a single fly was to be seen. I was always praying for a prairie. The flies are so bad on the horses that the people cover them all over.

The farmer turns up the sod of the prairie and plants corn the first year on the top of the sod, and never touches it more with plough or hoe, and makes fine crops—not a weed appears. The following year he ploughs it thoroughly, and plants it in cotton or what he sees fit.

Cotton and all kinds of grain and vegetables grow well in this State, to a degree of rankness unequalled.

I saw some fine large farms and an appearance of great wealth in many places—but the most of the settlements were new. The most thickly settled part, and, I was told the best and handsomest land lay considerably to my left. But a handsomer or more desirable country than I passed through no one need covet. It is mostly undulating, every inch of it fit for the plough, and the bottoms on the rivers amazingly fertile. Shame that the poor man must suffer, and many of them for mere want of enterprize to remove to this paradise, where, for a few days work in the month, for his neighbors, he might obtain plenty of bread and meat, and, above all, health and fine water. But this is not half. It literally

flows with milk and honey. There is doubtless more bees in Illinois than in the whole United States. Not a family without bees. I counted an hundred at one house, and from twenty to fifty was the least. Barrels of it is sent to market. It is so plenty that many people wash their clothes with it instead of soap. The cause of this flood of honey is the great number of flowers on the prairies. Even in the woods every stream is hedged, not with rose bushes, but rose trees, from 12 to 20 feet high, as dense as they can stand—and milk, and the sweetest butter and cream, and at little or no cost. May the tongue of the first man who opens his mouth to keep up the price of this land cleave to the roof of his mouth, and may he be dumb forever. Speculations in land and speculations in religion grind the poor in our country to death.

I was anxious to see the prairie dog, but was disappointed. It is surprising that neither the prairie dog nor hen is found on the east of the Ohio river.

I was four days getting through, and found fine accommodations, excepting the first night, where, agreeably to the arrangement of the Sunday mail, Sunday school, and tract people, we had to stop to meet another mail. It was a small cabin, which contained the usual utensils for cooking, a loom, two beds, a dirty child and two or three pigs, a man and his wife, and his wife's sister, and, as if this were not enough, two great dogs, and when the man came in from his plough, he threw the gears of the horses on the floor. The floor was merely a few slabs, at least four inches thick with mud. All this was well enough. They had plenty to eat, and I had tea and coffee with me. The man was only two years on the place, owned a most delightful farm, a great drove of cattle, a fine cool spring, and had the body of a large house up. I found a great platter of cold victuals when I stopped, and one of the women had boiled me some water in a pot. I made me a bowl of tea, and amused my-

self the balance of the declining day with the battles of the child, the pigs, and the dogs, and in looking at the geese and young turkeys.

As night drew on, the man of the house came in, and after sitting, a-while he groped on the shelf, takes down a key, and to my astonishment picked up the mail-bag and opened the MAIL. The letters are agreeably to law, put in a bag separate from the newspapers. He threw the letter bag to one side, and seemed most eager to get hold of the newspapers and tracts, and at length began to spell "W wil will l-l-i ly wily a m am—William; he could go no further; "these are all for here any how." Meantime his wife picked up the letter-bag and tumbled the contents into her lap, and also began to spell, and made as poor a hand of it as her husband; and I guess it was all guess-work. But the best of it was the child, while the father and mother were spelling, took a handful of the letters, looked at them a while, and then threw them to her friend the pig. The pig smelt them, gave a grunt, and walked on; he would have made as good a postmaster as his owner. I said nothing for some time; but at length observed, "I could not see the use of a post-office here, as there were few inhabitants." "Oh," said the man, "it was fixed here to have a Sunday-school, and we want books and tracts to begin with." "That is well thought of friend, what religion are the people of about here?" "Why not much of any thing now; there aint many people yet, but we expect a great many, and we wanted a post-office."—"How did you get your commission friend?" "It was sent by Mr. Ingle to the postmaster, I am only the deputy. The Post-master, Mr. Margeals, lives two miles from here, and I act as his deputy." "You are a Presbyterian too friend?" "Yes." "How long since?" "Only since last fall." "I should think there were not people enough here for a church, you can't have preaching often?" "No, but Mr. Ingle said there would be preach-

ing here, and Sunday schools." "Where is this Ingle from?" "He came from Pittsburg here; he is a minister." Thus these sly traitors are stealing over the land beforehand, to seat themselves in power, taking the advantage of the unsuspecting ignorant. This is spreading the *gospel!*—cheating the government by getting this ignorant man to join them, and then franking the tracts. This is done with the money thus got for God; and teaching people to be perjured knaves they call gospel; all these post-masters are perjured. The post-office is turned into a pretty den of thieves indeed, used for the purpose of overturning our liberty. This fertile state is a temptation for them.

Two traveling men came in to spend the night: one who was on horse-back, a religious man, went further; and the other, a footman who had kept up with the stage, stayed. He, with a part of the family, slept on the floor, and I in one of the beds.

Next morning the religious man came out to us at the first house we passed, and wanted the driver to take him on gratis in the stage. The driver was only a boy, and no one in the stage but myself, and we both objected.—He mounted his horse, and we drove on.

We soon lost sight of him—but in passing through one of the prairies our stage stuck in a miry stream.—One of the horses would not pull at all, and the other was unable to pull the carriage out. We took out the mail and my trunks, and the lad worked at the wheel whilst I whipped the horses—but all to no purpose.—After the poor lad had strained himself nearly to death, we concluded it best for him to get on a horse and go for assistance. The youth therefore jumped on a horse and rode off, leaving me to hold the other horse and watch the mail.

He had not proceeded out of sight before the pious man came in sight, and I called him back. When the stranger came up he made a great many excuses—said

"He was sick, and not able to lift, and was in a hurry." "Your horse is not sick, sir," said I, "for God's sake do help us—put your horse in and pull the stage out, and I will give you this," holding up a silver dollar. He was well in an instant, and jumped off his horse, put him to the stage, and drew it out. I gave him the dollar, which he took for about a minute's work of his horse. These are the Christians! I believe firmly if I had not shown him the dollar he would have gone and left us. The boy said he was a Methodist. If the owner of the stage be an honest man he will return me the dollar at least, if not the stage fare, which was $6. I do not recollect where the owner lived.

We crossed some beautiful rivers in the state, all navigable, and found some delightful views from the high lands, which lay along the rivers.

The last night I spent on the road was at a flourishing town in the midst of the richest scenery I had seen since I left Lynchburg, Va. The town stood on an eminence near to a river, and not far from the salt works. The name of the town is *Equality*—a most enchanting spot. The tavern I put up at was one of the best furnished, and by far the best house I had seen in the state, and the landlady one of the sweetest women in the world. But to find such splendor and obliging servants, I was astonished. When I sat dawn to tea, a Dr. who had been out came and took a seat with me. He was a friendly, gay, familiar man, and was acquainted with me from reputation. There were several genteel woman about the house, all handsome. But the landlord was not at home. I had retired to my room adjoining the dining-room where supper was waiting for the landlord, who was expected that night.

I was still sitting up when one of the young ladies came in and said the landlord had come. But do'nt imagine he ventured so near me. He ate no supper that night unless he ate it in the kitchen. I was told after-

wards he was a Presbyterian. What guilty consciences they *all* have.

The next morning I had a fair treat in the scenery from the top of an eminence, and saw the Ohio river at many miles distant, and passing through some of the richest land in the world, we reached

SHAWNEETOWN

about 10 o'clock, A. M. Shawneetown is in the state of Illinois, on one of the richest banks on the Ohio river, but so low that it is flooded annually—sometimes, though rarely, it rises to the second stories of the houses. It is, however, wealthy and flourishing, and does a great deal of business. Great quantities of salt are shipped here, and all kinds of produce. All the trade of the Wabash river (which empties into the Ohio river, 9 miles above town,) passes by this place.

I put up at a fine roomy, cool house, and the people who kept it were kind to a fault. My room overlooking the Ohio, I spent the day very pleasant in viewing the steamboats passing to and fro. I could also see Kentucky on the other side, and a ferry-boat, much puzzled indeed in its various trips, with great waggons, and a strong current to contend with, the river being high.

I had brought a letter of introduction from Gov. Edwards to the Hon. Judge *Brown*, of Shawneetown. The Judge waited on me shortly after my arrival, and proved to be an enlightened and polished man. He is a choice treasure to this rising state, and I was pleased to find his talents justly appreciated. The Judge's parents, he told me, were from Culpeper, the most favored part of Virginia, and he seems to inherit all the noble independence and hospitality of that part of the State.

Judge Brown is quite a young looking man, stoutly made, with handsome, manly features, and frank, easy manners. After leaving such a den of savages as I

found in St. Louis, it was really a treat to meet with such men as Gov. Edwards and Judge Brown. Had I needed a friend in Shawneetown, Judge B. was at my service. But no one can want friends in this hospitable State, which is exceeded by none in courtesy to strangers. This place is, or *was* the residence of the lamented Hon. *John McLean,* now deceased. He had returned from Washington, but was then on the Kentucky shore, very ill.

I also found out before he found me, *Alex. F. Grant,* Esq. an attorney and editor of the Illinois Gazette. He is a Clayman and a very clever fellow too. He is a young-looking man, fair and handsome, with a fine, open countenance, and gentlemanly, frank manners. He is likewise an intelligent man, and the very milk of kindness. I laughed at him for not calling on me. "Ah! Mrs. R. do not think I was going to forget you. I was just finishing my paper." He was originally from Philadelphia, and had a beautiful family of children, and a handsome, lady-looking wife. He is quite a liberal and witty editor.

Several gentlemen, as well as ladies, called. But of all men, I am indebted to Mr. *Hefford.* The kindness and attention of this amiable man knew no bounds. I am almost afraid to do justice to the worthy part of society, as I have recently discovered that those who behave to me with the common courtesy of gentlemen are sure to be the victims (so far as they dare) of the malice of those gospel spreaders. Hospitality and every other virtue will soon cease to appear, when they get their fangs fairly clenched. They would strangle every man who will not fall down and worship the beast. They are now, I understand, trying to get possession of all the steamboats, by hoisting the Bethel flag, which means "Gospel for sale here," as I was told.

Mr. Hefford is a merchant and general agent for steamboats and merchants generally. He is an enter-

prising, young, active, intelligent man, and enjoys the confidence of the public throughout the Union—may his virtues and industry be crowned with success. But his lady, if possible, exceeds him—kind and affable, she is a stout, young, handsome woman, with a countenance of unsullied sweetness. All the citizens are kind and friendly, and none more so than my landlord and lady, though I am sorry to have lost their names. Of all states in the Union, this enjoys the greatest share of the bounties of Heaven. Near this place they manufacture 130,000 bushels of salt annually.

I arrived at Shawneetown on Sunday, and on Monday evening I departed in the Emerald, Capt. Gilman, to Smithland, mouth of Cumberland, on my way to Nashville. All my friends attended me on board.

The dear Hefford took me in his carriage to the boat, where I met Judge Brown and the amiable Grant. They were strangers, they thought, to the captain. But upon drawing near, found him to be an old acquaintance, and one of the right sort. They conducted me on board, and, after sitting a few minutes, gave me their hands and departed. I felt the separation to my heart, and shall never cease to implore the Divine mercy in favor of Illinois, which, but for the conspiracy at St. Louis, I should probably never have set foot in.

It soon grew dark, and the boat being slow we did not reach

SMITHLAND

till 10 o'clock the next day—60 miles. Capt. Gilman was taking the Emerald to lay her up at Clarksville, where he had a new boat, she being worn out. I meant to go as far as I could, then take the stage, the Cumberland river being too low for steamboats to reach Nashville.

When we reached Smithland, however, we had to stop to repair. I sat still in the boat, and sent for a Mr.

Spence, with whom I had an acquaintance some years back. Mr. Spence soon came, and the people of the place, learning I was alone, came on board; they seemed to be plain, clever people, nothing extraordinary. Mr. Spence introduced me to some, and to some he did not.

Amongst the latter was a noble-looking, robust man, who evidently dropped his head, and putting on his hat, departed, and the rest followed after a while.

Meantime the portly gentleman, seeing the boat still at the landing, and that none of those who had been introduced had invited me to land, came down to the boat again, and taking off his hat said, "My name is McCormick, madam; I came to invite you to my house, which, with such fare as I have, is at your service, as long as you wish to stay in Smithland. I came down before to invite you but as no one introduced me, I could not make so free—but since I find that none of them have had politeness enough to invite you on shore, I hope you will not take it amiss that I have done so; and, as it is probable the boat will not be repaired to-day, and we have a fine new boat, which will be along to-morrow, you can rest yourself till she comes. There is my house—I keep a tavern, and have several spare rooms, and my wife and I will try and make you as comfortable as possible." He ended, while I was thunderstruck! I sat speechless for some time, and, without ceremony gave him my hand.

Captain Gilman, one of the best of men, had brought me on at free cost, and I could not leave the boat without thanking and taking leave of him and his clerk, Mr. Everitt, a most amiable young man, and with no small degree of pleasure attended Mr. M. to his house. If I was astonished before, I was much more so upon my arrival at the tavern. I was met at the door by a charming looking woman who saluted me from the heart in the sweetest accents, bid me be seated, and hoped I would spend some time with them. Alas! the dear people

were not aware that time and me were exact accomptants, and a very few minutes was all I could spare for their pleasant society. After chatting a few minutes I was shown to my room where I resumed my pen. But never before nor since did I feel myself more at home, nor did I ever meet with a man or woman who understood the courtesy due to strangers better. Their kindness was conveyed in that delicate manner which none but the well bred know how to bestow.

Mr. McCormick is an Irish gentlemen—for the honor of Erin!—and a warmer heart never crossed the Atlantic, nor a more princely man. I do not know the country of Mrs. McCormick, but she, if possible, was kinder than her husband. She had been married before, and had a most lovely daughter grown, by her first husband. I find this man extolled by all travellers. Dear people, may they long live an example of those virtues which distinguish the man from the brute, and the honest christian from the hypocrite. Compare this man's conduct with the 5000 citizens of St. Louis (as those who befriended me there were strangers) and the army would outweigh worlds of such inhuman savages. Why are societies formed? What is the object? is it not to assist each other? This is the foundation of all societies.—Even brutes unite for the common safety. Fowls and insects. Were all the world like the people of St. Louis, murder and bloodshed would darken the light of heaven, and this they call spreading the gospel. The great gospel depositary. Take warning my country, if these people spread the same gospel on you which they spread on me, the Lord help you.

Col. Dickenson, an old and respectable acquaintance of mine, lived at this place, but was unfortunately absent. Several gentlemen boarded at Mr. McCormick's, but never came to the table but once by candle light. Those who called were nothing to boast of; Dr. Sanders, Messrs. Andrews, Brown, and two or three others.—Mr. Spence was genteel and friendly, and has a charming

wife, but she was then indisposed. I had the pleasure of becoming acquainted with Mrs. Spence some years back, and was grieved to hear of her illness.

I was pleased with a Mr. James McCally, a friendly kind man. But the postmaster, and he of the other tavern, and the editor, never showed their faces, though I saw their backs, and I suppose they were studying tracts.

Smithland is a romantic and handsome town on a bluff, left hand shore of the Cumberland, a smooth stream, but was then very low and her steamboats laid up. It has an island in front of the town, round which a part of the Ohio river runs and meets the Cumberland. The Island runs down in a sharp point, below which the Ohio is seen, whilst a great road comes up at a right angle to the Cumberland, above the junction of the rivers. The prospect is very fine from the bluff.

About one o'clock the second day, I bade an affectionate adieu to my friends, Messrs. Spencer and McCormick placing me on board of a new and very splendid steamboat, the most superb I had ever seen yet. The wood-work was all frosted and glittered like diamonds. I lost the name of the boat and that of the captain, a princely man—and the clerk, the most of a gentleman ever found in that capacity,—and the servants were the most gentlemanly men I had seen in Kentucky. These are the sort of people to please and to place in steam boats. I found Frances Wright and Shakspeare and other liberal books on board. The boat was just out of the hands of the workmen, and was called after some great man in Nashville where she belonged. I think to the United States' Bank. She was designed for passengers, and was fitted up in the most costly style.

We soon reached *Eddyville*, twenty-two miles from Smithland, where we were compelled to stop for want of water. There was no passenger in the boat but myself, and before I landed I sent for Hon. A. Lyon, the member

of Congress who lives at Eddyville. Mr. Lyon attended very promptly, for the honor of Old Kentucky, and taking leave of my friends of the boat, I was attended to my quarters by Mr. L. and the tavern-keeper himself, who came with him.

After chatting some time, and putting me under the care of his friends, Mr. L. went home. His house being some distance off, I did not visit him, and though he had just returned from Washington city, he was almost constantly with me.

The tavern keeper, Major Donnelly, a very fine fellow, took his bitters, but had some of the finest daughters in all "Kentuck." The dear little angels, and a negro cook were always teazing me with kindness. I was but a short time there, and only saw a Dr. M'Lean, and a Mr. Lyles, very good-looking men.

The first stoneware manufactory I was ever in was at Eddyville, and, until now, I always fancied the ware was actually made of stone. Not at all—it is made of a leadish colored clay, and is formed altogether by the hand, and burned in a kiln, like other ware. It is the glazing that makes the ware look like stone. Eddyville is still more beautiful than Smithland. It is on the opposite side of the river from Smithland upon a more gradual rise, with fine views in all directions. The hills and bluffs on the Cumberland river are every where very handsome.

Here I took the stage to Nashville. But the better way would have been to have taken it at Smithland at once, as there was but one seat in the Eddyville stage, the driver's excepted, and ten or a dozen passengers to go.

Another boat had come up the river, and brought several people going to Nashville. These had to go in waggons or any way they could. An old b—d, as I took her to be from her scarlet face, with a young woman and a child, from New Orleans, and two rough

looking men, her humble servants, were of the party, and though I was first on the bill, these impudent women got into the stage first, and fixed themselves firm on the only seat in the stage, and neither the driver, the landlord, nor myself could dislodge them. My friend Lyon had come to see me start, and I appealed to him —but *brass* was too hard for the *Lion*—so a seat with the driver or stay behind was my only choice. All belonged to Nashville, the first people there. At length Mr. Lion hunted up a little chair, and I was better pleased than to have sat with the first people in Nashville—but my heart ached for Nashville. The men were the most incorrigible clowns, though the first merchants in Nashville. They sat with the driver, and walked alternately, the way being hilly. I could not have supposed there was such poor land in the state.

But you are sure my presence and looks were such that the madams and their gallants would never take a seat again with me in any stage, nor did they offer to speak to me during our ride to

PRINCETON, Ky.

where we arrived a little before sundown—about four hours going 12 miles.

I had brought some letters from Hon. Lyon to Mr. Racherly, of Princeton. He soon attended—but letters were superfluous. They had been looking for me. Mr. Patterson, who lived in the house where I stopped had been riding out with some ladies. They all came in together, and we had a fair jubilee. The house was in one uproar of rejoicing.

Meantime the lady passengers were sitting in another room, and saw and heard the whole, and pointing to them, I informed my friends how I had been treated, in their hearing.

The regular stage passes from Smithland to Nashville every other day. This was the day it passed—of

course it had gone by, and would not pass again till the day after the next, and these madams, with their gallants, rather than stay in the same house with me or ride in the same stage, were off by daylight next morning in a little wagon.

Princeton is rightly named, being settled by a hospitable warm-hearted courteous people. They are able to teach St. Louis how to treat the ladies. Give me a Kentuckian to protect the ladies. When the dear people gathered round me, it actually seemed as though I had just reached home for the first time since I had been a widow. It is an inland town, and is the seat of Cumberland College. This is a distinct college from that of the same name at Nashville, and was founded by the Cumberland Presbyterians from which I presume it took its name. It is quite a novel institution, and very flourishing. It has a very large farm (500 acres) attached to it, well stocked, and the students attend to it in rotation of classes, and every student works on the farm, not less than 2 nor more than 3 hours each day. Agriculture is also taught in the college as a science. The products of the farm go to the victualling of the students. The students all eat together in a room called the Refectory, and are attended by a steward.

Besides the farm, they have a botanical garden of 20 acres of ground, designed for the use of the college. They also intend to have a department for mechanics. Every branch of science, as well as the Latin and Greek languages, are taught.

This plan is entirely new, and reduces the expenses to about one third the usual cost—so that any poor man's son may avail himself of the advantages of this liberal seminary. The college is about a mile from the town, and my friends took me, in a carriage, to see the President and the farm. As I went on, I met several of the students, fine manly-looking young men, very different from the students of the University of Virgin-

ia. Their countenances were marked with a steady independence which proved they felt they were free men. The farms were very neat and the fields rich and level. It was a most interesting sight, and doubtless the only institution of the sort in the United States. This is rather better than spreading paper gospels. I like to see people work. Industry is the parent of virtue, as idleness is of vice.

We found the President in a very small plain furnished house. His name is Rev. *F. R. Cossitt.* He is a tall, slender man, rather old, though the rogue had a most beautiful young wife. Oh, these priests—how they love the women!—never too old for that. I asked him "if he was not afraid to marry such a pretty woman?" She laughed and he hardly knew what to say.

The President is quite a learned man----fluent and liberal in his conversation; but I did not like his long, sanctified face, and told him without ceremony, I would not give a pin for a man who wore his religion in his face or on his back. He was one of my favorite fraternity, and I could say what I pleased, as he knew I loved him dearly. I did not learn the number of students. The buildings are very plain, and, upon the whole, I think it a valuable institution to the country, and should like to see a few more of them. Princeton is quite a small place, but situated in a rich soil, and owns several stores. It contains 350 inhabitants.

Mr. or perhaps Dr. *Racherly* is a young, light made man, with a thin, sensible face and soft blue eye. He is mild and polished in his manners, and a most pleasant man. *R. A. Patterson* is the brother-in-law of the lady (a widow) who kept the tavern. Mr. P. is a young man, one of your real, jolly, thoroughgoing men, a prince in hospitality, and hates tracts—frank, generous and manly, with a fine, stout person, round, full face, and rolling black eye.

Mrs. *Florney,* (dear name,) the lady of the tavern,

and her sister, Miss *Flornoy*, and a Miss Dallan. I have not seen such women scarcely in my life—so affable, free, lively, kind and unaffected, they charmed me out of myself.

Besides these, I was introduced to Messrs. P. B. and David McGooden and a few others—I think a Mr. Lawrence.

The land where Princton now stands was owned by Messrs. Prince and Frazier.

It appeared there was a little fear too, as well as love in the citizens of Princeton, and I was no little amused to see them drawing their heads in suddenly when I appeared at the window. One man nearly knocked off his head in his eagerness to avoid my eye.

On the third day of my visit the stage came on with two empty seats, and I took leave of my friends. There were five passengers in the stage, four men and one woman. This was a fine stage and good horses, but the driver was the greatest s——l in the world, excepting those in the stage.

All the passengers were of Nashville—a very correct foretaste of that pious city. In the first place, the woman was on her return from Orleans, where, it appeared, she made annual visits. I have heard a great deal of infamous women and have seen a few of them in N. Y. and Philada. but they were no comparison for this poor wretch, of whom it is enough to say that the green flies were after her. Such is the piety of Nashville. She was well dressed, and behaved civil enough till they made her drunk. One of the men was very ill, so much so that he was unable to speak or hold up his head. He was taken ill at New Orleans. The second man was a Scotch ruffian, the paramour of the infamous woman. Upon further observation it appeared the other two were old acquaintances of the lady and I had doubtless intruded upon them at a very unwelcome time. This I could see by their looks.

It was not long before the Scotch ruffian took care to let me know this by indirect insults, addressing me in bold, impertinent language. I would just as soon be shot at once as to tolerate the least impudence, and ordered him to be silent. He grew very wroth, turned red, and his eyes glistened, but he said nothing.

At length we reached a dram shop, very well known to the driver, it appeared; the house stood back some distance from the road. The driver turned his horses and drove to the gate; the house being still further, he got out, and so did all the men, and left the horses standing untied. They staid about half an hour, and when they came up seemed to be pretty well dished, and the Scotchman brought a stout tumbler full for his deary, and she turned off the whole of it.

As we were to breakfast at Hopkinsville, where I knew I had friends, I resolved the woman or I one should quit the stage.

When the sling, or whatever it was, began to operate, the Scotchman slipped upon the seat in front of me, and the woman who sat on the back-seat with me, leaning over the strap, he whispered in her ear some time —now and then I could distinguish, "d——n her"— "now mind." He at length made proposals to her (loud enough to be heard) in favor of himself and the party, which would shock obscenity itself. Giving her two or three significant winks and nods, he slipped to the seat he had left, and she opened the sluices of vice and obscenity in words of which I thought the English language incapable! She removed the veil at once which the most abandoned in all ages have strove in some shape to hide lewdness from the eye of day! "D——n you all to h—ll, can I—— ——you all—— — ——There is (pointing to some young females) women enough." I looked at her—I looked at the men! the most abject reptiles would have spurned such monsters.—I appealed to the two best looking of the men for protection, said I could not expect better of the wo-

man, and the Scotchman, but did not expect for their own sakes they would allow an aged woman to be insulted by such brutal language." They were silent, but this proved the signal for an attack. The woman then discharged a volley of oaths at me, "if I said another word she would stamp my daylight out, just as soon as not, d——n you—who are you? if you say another word I'd just as soon break your neck out of the stage as not." You must be one of the missionaries, I thought, or one of the United States' Generals in woman's clothes. I told her very mildly that the moment I arrived in Hopkinsville, I would have her arrested. "Arrest h---ll," said the Scotchman, and you too, Sir, as you are the worst of the two. I have witnesses enough. You will recollect, Sir,all that passed," said I to the sick man; he bowed his head and said it was shameful. They rather cooled off now as we began to draw near the town, and I asked the driver why he suffered such conduct in the stage. But he told me the woman was as good as I was! Who'd a' thought it ?

As we drew near Hopkinsville, I discovered the woman was afraid of not being allowed a seat in the next stage, as she had no money, and talked her case over to the driver,who seemed an old crony of hers. He had observed to me that he had known her many years, and there was not a decenter woman in the country!

For events like these I take care to be provided, and taking out a letter I had for a gentleman in Hopkinsville, held it in my hand ready to send off when the stage stopped. Accordingly, I waited till the passengers got out and a few young men having approached the stage, I beckoned to a genteel young man to draw near and briefly related the foregoing facts and begged of him to get a messenger to carry the letter with all haste,giving him money to pay the boy; requested him "to go for an officer instantly; and request one or two of the masons to come to me as quick as possible, and that I would be pleased to see

The gentleman went off rather alarmed, and I descended the step on the other side, where the tavern-keeper was waiting. As he led me on, I asked if he was the landlord and agent? He replied in the affirmative; and I was just about to disclose the whole affair as we reached the door of his family room, (distinct from the tavern) when I started back with horror!!! The stage madam had been led there, and was seated with the family. I drew back, and asked him "to conduct me to a private room;" "I have no private room," said the man very surly; "then, sir, take me to a chamber—that is a vile woman, you ought not to have taken her into your house;" "why you will have to eat with her, and you might as well go into the dining room;" I shall not, sir, eat with any of the passengers—send my breakfast to a chamber;" "it is too much trouble;" "then I will not breakfast." He led me up stairs at last, and as I walked on, I complained to him (as the agent), of the woman, and said "she must be stopped—she was in no event fit to be with other people, and if he did not stop her, I would," "he would do no such thing, she had as much right to the stage as I had," "she shall not go on with me, sir," said I firmly, "then you may stay—she shall go." He was no missionary, you see, or he would have been glad of the chance. By this time, a blackman came in and said "my friend was at church, and he could not see him." Shortly after this the room was filled with some of the real spirits, and my landlord confounded, never showed his face afterwards, though he took care to turn the madam out of his house, and sent her into the dining room where she breakfasted with her friends—guess of their stomachs. But the woman had cologn water in her basket, which in justice to her she often handed to the sick man, and supported his head, and I am sure she would have behaved well, had it not been for her *dear friend* the Scotchman, who proved a DEAR *friend* to her in the end.

Meantime, my breakfast (a very fine one too) was brought in, and I proposed to arrest the woman and the Scotchman too, as vagrants and dangerous people, and remarked at the same time, the woman was known to the first driver, but did not know the names of either.

They could only arrest—they could not commit on Sunday, so that I would have to stay as a witness, and finding my object was merely to get rid of the woman, they told me "to make myself easy, they would take every thing on themselves. I should be protected, and freed from the company of the Scotchman and infamous woman."

Accordingly they clung to me till I was ready to go, and seeing a vast crowd had been attracted by the report of my arrival, they formed a circle round me, and thus shielded by the pride of Kentucky, I was almost carried to the coach, which had a new set of passengers. The young gentleman who came first to me was the last to raise his hat, and we drove off.

I would go a hundred miles to see these men, may the virtuous and brave sons of Kentucky, reward them. I do not know one of their names.

There was an opposition line of stages here, which I knew before, one going by Russelville to Nashville, and the other by Clarksville. I was put into the former, which to get my fare, they said the other by Clarksville was gone, which proved to be false !!!

The party that came with me from Eddyville to Princeton, had stopped at Hopkinsville, and had secured seats in the other line, and these poeple knew the woman, and confirmed the character I gave her; they all live in Nashville, and they would not let her get in the stage—she offered money, but the landlord enraged at her to think he had taken her into his house—told her she might go back, but she should never go forward in his stage, nor would he let her stay in his house. This is the last I heard of her; but I understood the editor of Hopkinsville. a sweet-heart of the lady's, was quite wroth with me for objecting to travel with her and put a bitter piece in his paper about it ! He must be one of the godly ones. He ought not to have blamed me or the other party, as we did him the favor to leave her with him.

Hopkinsville is a flourishing town the seat of justice for Christian county, one of the wealthiest in the State.

I had amusement enough in the stage, we had two young ladies, a Mr. M'Lean, a brother of Hon. John M'Lean, now deceased member of Congress, and two other men, one Logan, a great gawk, and Mr. Brook.

One of the young ladies was from Virginia, and was worth all of us in the coach, she was very young, very handsome, very sensible, and above all girls; she had the greatest flow of spirits, and the greatest flow of mischief; She tormented the poor M'Lean (whom I believe was paying his addresses to her) almost to death, when she could plague him no other way, she would stick pins in him—no one escaped her; she was an overmatch for the whole of us, and kept us laughing the whole way; I never spent my time more pleasant in a stage.

Our stage broke down, which happening near a blacksmith shop, we got it on the way in an hour, and I parted with my fair friend at a little town where we dined—also her friends. They had been upon a visit to Hopkinsville.

I suffered greatly with the heat, and was delighted to find a cool piazza at the house, a good tavern, and the landlord, a baptist, had the goodness to order me some tea. He took good care, however, to charge me, which none but religious people do. It was lamentable to see his little girls with books in their hands, which they did not read, with all the gloom of savage bigotry painted in their faces.

Several very genteel men called on me the very few minutes I spent there, and, through a most delightful country, we reached

RUSSELVILLE,

through a heavy fall of rain. The stage was old, and the rain poured through it like a riddle. A gentleman in it was kind enough to loan me his cloak, and took the rain himself. He was a friendly man and lived in Russelville.

Russelvile is quite a town, 1343 inhabitants, long, straight, paved streets—I was astonished, and still more so upon seeing the citizens.

I had brought a letter to Mr. *Hughy*, a merchant of Russelville, and was told he was one of the finest men in the state, and one who could not fail to please. I lost no time in sending for him, and found him just what he had been described, and we were soon as thick as pickpockets.

I was to leave Russelville the 2d day, and my time being short, Mr. Hughy went and brought in his friends that evening. These were Col. Breathitt, Lieutenant Governor of the State,* Mr. C. Breathitt, his brother, Gen. Caldwell, and many others, and we spent a pleasant evening.

These and several others called again next day, all true Kentuckians. Though I was sorry to hear that the blueskin plague had extended here, and the editor, for one, was affected. It is distressing that these high-minded Kentuckians encourage those people. I saw the paper, the most sickening thing on earth. I saw several of these long faces, they carry all their religion in their faces. But they were very shy of me.

I was, however, delighted with the society, and with none more than the accomplished Hughy, the very soul of a prince and every

*A brother of this gentlemen, Mr. G. Breathitt, is now in this city, in the General Post Office; an intelligent, high-minded, gentlemanly man.

inch a gentleman. He is quite a small, young man, rather handsome, with a keen dark eye, and sprightly, pleasing manners.

Col. *Breathitt* is a stout, dignified man, with round, handsome features, and much expression of countenance—his deportment is easy and polite, and bespeaks a gentleman of no ordinary merit. His brother, Mr. C. Breathitt, is alike amiable, though not so stout. They are both wealthy and highly distinguished by their country. Mr. C. Breathitt has one of the best if not the best farm I saw on my tour. It is about a mile from Russelville, in the edge of the Banans, and quite a show, and for extent, beauty, and fertility, exceeds any I saw in Kentucky.

Gen. Samuel Caldwell, the hero of the Thames and several other places, in the late war, Col. Sands, Messrs. James Beal, James Slaughter, J. M. Shirley, Harding, and Mills, all called—quite an honorable turn-out for so short a time. These were mostly young men, your real high-blooded Kentuckians. Mr. Slaughter's family I know. It is an extensive family of Virginia, and has spread far and near. Mr. S. is a very promising and very modest young man, I think a lawyer. They were all fine looking men.

Meantime I was teazed to death with a crazed old man, whose family came from Normandy. He had made some new discovery, which he wished to show me. He might just as well have showed the thing to one of the stage horses.

At this house I found, as a boarder, the wife and daughter of the famous O'Bannon, the hero of Tripoli. Mrs. O. is the granddaughter of Gen. Morgan of the revolution; and, notwithstanding her great reverse of fortune, once the wealthiest of the wealthy, and the fairest of the fair, is still a fine, young-looking female, and her daughter all that is amiable in woman. Miss O. is quite a child, however, and from her interesting person and improvements, I would suppose she would be a fair prize for those gallant Kentuckyans. I hope the want of a fortune in a beautiful and interesting young lady, will not prejudice them so far as to let her die an old maid!!

Besides 1343 inhabitants, Russelville contains three academies, three churches, a court house, and jail. Most of the houses are well built of brick. It is the country seat of justice for Logan county, one of the richest land in the state. I do not know the tavern-keeper's name, but he keeps a good house; and his wife (I did not see her) is a fine woman. Several ladies called, very accomplished women, and even children poured in to pay their res-

pects. I was quite charmed with a Miss Liles, who lived at the tavern, a very handsome and accomplished young lady, who devoted all her time to me. But as for the Priests and the Levites they kept away like good christians. Russelville was first settled by a Mr. Redding.

I left Russelville early on the second day, for Nashville, and passing through a most charming level country, reached

BOWLING GREEN,

in the barrens of Kentucky. I had travelled through the barrens all day, and through some of the handsomest farms in the United States. Cotton is cultivated with success all through this part of Kentucky.

I saw that beautiful breed of cream-colored horses, with flowing black manes and tails, this day, in great numbers, feeding in the meadows.

The sun was not down, and I sent to apprize an old acquaintance Mrs. Van Meeter, that I was in town; but she never called. Doubtless she had been converted. Not so Mr. Vance—he came directly, and brought in all his friends. I had passed through Bowling Green some years since, mentioned in "Letters from Alabama," and put up at Mr. Vance's, who then (and does now) kept a tavern, and a very clever fellow he is—a real Kentuckian. He had lost his wife since, and had grown quite lusty, but was the same cheerful, warm-hearted man. He is a large, handsome man, yet in the prime of life.

The gentlemen who called were Dr. *Wethers*, Dr. *Moor*, Dr. *Moorhead*, and Mr. Delancy—fine, noble looking men. They plead hard for me to stay a day and look at the great cave, and had I been sure of a seat in the stage, (as it often came crowded,) I think I should have staid. It grieved me to the heart to sacrifice the pleasure it would have given me to enjoy the society of those refined people longer, whose kindness and hospitality effectually won my heart.

Bowling Green is an enchanting site, on a fertile, even plain, with beautiful streets and handsome houses, many of them of brick. It is on Big Barren river, which is navigated by steamboats, and

brings much trade and commerce to the town, which is becoming wealthy and flourishing.

I put up at Mr. Smith's tavern, a very good house. Mrs. Smith is quite a lady; and I left the place, to my infinite sorrow, before day.

I had no company in the stage, and the last driver proved insolent and dangerous. He ran the horses down hill, and I threatened to inform his employer, when he told me with the most insolent pout, the stage belonged to himself. The contractor is highly culpable to keep such drivers.

When I came in sight of Nashville, I observed several ill looking people who seemed to be waiting for the stage, standing by the road with guns in their hands! evidently robbers. But guess my astonishment when the driver stopped and saluted them as acquaintances and three of them with their guns got into the stage! They looked like felons; one was only a lad, and from his clothes, must have been a chimney-sweep.

If I had been cowardly, or shown the least symptom of fear, no doubt these fellows would have despatched me. Two of them sat on the front seat, and first one and then the other pointed the muzzle of their guns at me, whilst I gave them a look that disconcerted them. I suspected then, and was afterwards confirmed in the belief that these ruffians were sent by some of the godly citizens either to murder or capture me. But their coward hearts could not allow them to look me in the face; peirced by my eye, some proposed getting out of the stage, but another said "we'll cross the bridge first" and the moment we crossed the bridge over Cumberland river they made their escape under the Bluff. This is a dangerous road and a dangerous country for travellers. From the mouth of Cumberland to Nashville, and Nashville itself, robbers and infamous women abound, and seems to have become the permanent residence of Banditti. I had been pretty well schooled in Vixburg, and took a few lessons by way of finishing my "*Edication*" in St. Louis. I had come about four hundred miles out of my way to see Nashville, which of all places I longed to see. The brave Tennesseeans, a name of imperishable fame—I had long admired them—had sounded their praise from one end of the U. States to the other; my greatest friends were Tennesseeans. I had been very popular in Nashville, the Editors there were never tired of sounding my praise—Their favorite Gen. Jackson now Presidemt, was my friend as I was certainly his—I laid up much comfort and happiness for myself in Nashville. I was some years past in N. and found it settled by a brave and courteous people;

I looked for no other than to be devoured with kindness, but alas! Nashville is no more!! the party in the stage is the best specimen I can give of N. I have referred to the gloomy picture of this once flourishing town in first vol. of this tour and have little to add. Who ever wishes to see the horrors of Banks and tyranny of priest-craft, let them who knew Nashville fifteen years since, visit it now; independence crushed, the citizens stripped of their all, not only in N. but the whole State is swallowed up by these monied monsters! It would pierce a heart of stone, to see virtue with pallid cheek and threadbare coat hunted from poverty to prison by insolence, pride and falsehood; vice stalking abroad at noonday; the hypocrite scowling like a ferocious Tiger, upon all who dares dispute his right to pick their pockets to spread the gospel; such was the place I now entered, and told the driver to take me to the tavern owned by auditor Wm.B. Lewis, as he was to apprize the occupant I would be there. The driver said "it was the stage house" and stopped at the door and I jumped out, I had scarcely touched the ground when a great impudent stalking fellow came walking up to me and said "I have no room for you, you cant stay here:" are you the tavern-keeper sir? "yes I am:" it was then after sundown and I a stranger. "Sir, I am a friend of Mr. Lewis's, can you not keep me one night?" "No:" then sir, you will offend Mr. L." "I don't care for Mr. L. I am master of the house, and don't cut up any of your shines here." You may see he was one of your off hand fellows. "I am a stranger here, sir, the stage brought me to your house, if you have no room send out and get me a room." He would not, but would send me in the stage wherever I wished to go." How kind! I asked for pen and ink, which he did condescend to bring me: and writing a hasty note to Mr. Hunt, the editor of the Whig and Banner, paid a negro to carry it, and inquired of a good looking elderly man, "what sort of a brute that was, that Mr. Lewis had put in his house?" I took care, however, to get out of the house first. He heard me and said "I know you, Mrs. R.:" "then sir, my claims on you are so much the greater:" "I have seen you too, I think;" but he would not look me in the face. His name is Barnett, or some such thing. I would suppose friend Lewis must have been pushed for a tenant when he leased to him. I trust no friend of mine will patronize such a savage. His house, doubtless, was full, as the great hotel was just burnt down. But the man was a brute in grain, if he had had a hundred rooms, as his language proved. I trust no friend of mine will ever stop with him, and that the noble Alabamans and Kentuckyans and all the SOUTHERN people may shun him as they

would another reptile. He is welcome to Tennessee, particularly as he has done them such honor. They ought to give him a dinner.

The elderly gentleman very politely directed me to Mr. Robison's, my bookseller, where I had instructed Mr. Hunt to meet me, little dreaming that Hunt, the once gallant editor of the Banner, had sunk, not from man to beast, but from man to a poor creeping reptile: the worm that crawls the earth has more independence.

When I reached Mr. Robison's store whom should I see sitting quietly before the door but the Scotch Ruffian of the stage adventure. I found Mr. Robison in, and immediately informed him of the man's conduct, and inquired for an officer to arrest him, and spoke to a boy to go for a constable. He heard me and decamped.—But guess my astonishment when Mr. R. said he was a very decent man!!! He was a clerk on board a keel boat: his name was Southerland. This picture may, at once, serve as a miniature of Nashville!

Mr. Robison was a Scotchman himself, and appeared quite friendly, and relating to him I wanted a room or some place to spend the night, observed at the same time, "I had sent for Capt. Hunt." Mr. Robison invited me to take a seat, and went out, as I supposed, to get me a room. He had not left the store many moments until the Scotchman came back and took his seat in the same place. I turned from the door to complain to a boy, Mr. Robison's son, when at the moment a gentleman came in and asked "if that was Mrs. R." I was not well pleased, and determined to allow no liberties whatever, and replied rather short to the gentleman, and think I told him I wished no intrusion, when the gentleman apologized in very modest gentlemanly language, and observed "he waited on me from the purest motives of respect."

It had grown dark by this time, so that I could not see the gentleman's face. But when he spoke with so much modesty I was forcibly struck by his voice and appealed to him for protection—led him to the door and shewed him the Ruffian, and that I wished to have him apprehended as quick as possible. The man ran away and was never seen there afterwards. I saw him once after this hid in a blachsmith-shop. The public may form some idea of the society of Nashville when it is understood this man is respected there, particularly amongst the ladies. They ought to give him a coat, for he wanted one badly. But whom think ye was the gentleman? the amiable *B. F. Currey*, one of the very few surviving monuments of virtue.

Meantime Mr. Robison returned and said as it was late and he had been unsuccessful; he would try to accommodate me for one

night; I could have his son's chamber; his son could shift for once. Mr. Curry took leave, and Mr. R. invited me in to tea. After tea I looked over some papers and was about to retire when I was told Capt. Hunt had called. I do not know that my feelings ever underwent a more thorough shock than upon seeing Capt. H., and I shall doubtless be blamed for this step by all that knew the man. Little do they know of me who suppose I would not be the first to spurn a wretch so abandoned. His countenance was a mixture of every shade of meanness. He kept in the further part of the room, and hung his head like a criminal. I sickened at the sight!!! Is this possible, I thought! Can this be the polite, the refined, the witty, the eloquent Hunt, so long the Editor of the Masonic and Ladies' Periodical, published at Lexington, Ky. Can this be the man who used to amuse and instruct mankind by his chaste pen? Is this the man who used to speak of me in the Banner in terms of the warmest friendship and applause? I was thunder-struck. Thinking as he was a Mason he might still have a spark of goodness in his heart.— I asked him to unite with my friends, if I had any in the place, and procure me a room. He made some reply and departed, but I never saw him afterwards. It would be a libel on the species to call him a man. Such alas! is the effects of this mock religion and the tyranny of monied aristocracy.

Next morning I took a cup of coffee in the kitchen before the family was up, and walked to a milliner's shop and bought a bonnet. The woman who owned the shop was very poor, had few things in the shop and lay sick in bed: she was in raptures at receiving the $2 which I gave her for the bonnet. Poor thing, I dare say it came in good time. After sitting some time I returned to Mr. Robison's, and walking up to my chamber for a few things I had left there, I was met by the servant who said "her mistress was going from home," another way of inviting me out of doors. As she was a Presbyterian I thought nothing of this, and was going to quit the place before.— Though I am under eternal obligations to Mr. Robison's hospitality, for had it not been for him, I must have spent the night in the street, as nine tenths of the town were double died Blue Skins.

As Messrs. Robison and Elliot had dissoved partnership I stoped a while with the boy to inquire about my books; laid a few things I had in my hand upon a box in the store, and was just putting on my bonnet to walk to Mr. Elliot's book store when a tall, slender, genteel young man entered the store, and the boy said "this is Mr. Elliot himself Mrs. R." He advanced to me with a smile which I shall never forget, and saluted me with an ardent cordiality which bespoke

a warm and an honest heart. The countenance, the language and air of the man set me at rest on all accounts, and the result proved I was not mistaken.

As he had retained my books I walked up to his store with him.

As we walked along I apprised Mr. E. of the reception I met with in N., for which I could not account. He was astonished. While we were talking our matters over several people came into the store; some were genteel and others pressing on me rather rudely. Mr. Elliot invited me into the back-room, which, having a door in rear, proved very pleasant. Several of his friends were invited in and severally introduced, and, being furnished with chairs, we enjoyed ourselves very pleasantly, until our peace was interrupted by one Goodridge, who had been introduced with the other gentlemen. It appears this man was always an intruder, and as he had thrust himself in, the gentlemen could do no less than introduce him. To those who have the felicity of the gentleman's acquaintance he needs no comment; for those who have not, it is enough to say he is in shape like a stuffed Paddy, with a face like a brass warming pan, and a head as empty of sense; with all the impudence and effrontary of a conceited coxcomb he broke in upon the harmony of the party by addressing some impertinent question to me. He was a much greater fool than the Rat-tail Lawyer. I endeavored to silence him but to no purpose. I apologized to the gentlemen and left the room.

The party consisted of the Secretary of State, Mr. Graham, Messrs. Scruggs, Stewart, and one or two others, all respectable men. I walked into the other room where I was attended by Mr. Elliot and General Graham to know how they could serve me; I told them I wanted a comfortable room, and as quick as possible. They took their hats and went off; the party having broke up; I spent my time very pleasant till the gentlmen returned and took me directly to my rooms at Dr. Lanning's, a batchelor, and one of the most pleasant men in the world. The Dr. rather hinted, however, that I was too old for him.

Here I was blest again; a great cool parlour to myself on the north side; a fine cool piazza to sit in, or dine in; a handsome flower garden to walk in, arbours, pavillions, with tables and benches, all in venician style, and roofed with plank and shaded, thick with flowers.—No one but myself; not a chick nor child, only the Doctor sitting in his cool pavillion, with his soda, mead, wine and ice creams, all so cool and refreshing; not a ray of sun. I ranged the whole premises without control, shifting from one place to another, whilst a soft smile always marked the face of the Doctor whenever I passed him.

It will be remembered this summer, 1830, was one of uncommon heat, and Nashville being one sollid bed of stone, is doubtless the hotest town in the United States, I therefore was peculiarly blest. There was not another spot in the town where I could have met with the same comfort during the eight days I spent there, one of which was the 4th of July.

The Doctor's family consisted of two boarders, a house-keeper, a cook and a boy to wait on the table and keep off the flies and a lad in the grocery and about twenty *cats*. These cats were his wives, children and friends." He sends regularly to market every day and buys meat for them, and has them so well drilled that they are as regular as an army—when the food is put down not one moves till he gives the word, when they all advance to the charge at once. He saves all the kittens and intends to send them to Sunday-school.—These cats were much attached to the Doctor, and I give him credit for prefering the friendship of cats to the human species. They were the prettiest creatures in nature, and he had names for them all.

Meantime all these who had not bowed the knee to baal called and gave me their hands and their hearts, all they had to give! A vast number, however called, and had I been announced in the papers doubtless a much greater number, from the country particularly, would have called.

Was it not that the fact can be asserted by thousands, I should despair of credit when I assert that neither Dr. Nye, who edited Hall's paper, nor Mr. Hunt announced my arrival. Hunt was a poor reptile, just bought up by the U. S. Bank and the blue-skins; that accounts for his meanness. But Dr. Nye was a Jackson man, who bought up the sycophant with the same money. Nor will it be believed that Goodridge had the impudence to call on me with the other gentlemen. I got up from my chair and ordered him out, and had he had the spirit of a dog he would not have come in. He refused to go out; I appealed to the gentlemen; they spoke to him to no purpose, and I quit the room; they then took courage and put him out, and the very next day he returned again with his brass noddle: I ordered him out again, when he said "I come to make friends." I was never a foe to the man, but am determined to exact respect, and appealed to the gentlemen (very respectable men from the country, with whom he thought to slip in) to put him out, which they did. He was raving, and used some very indecent language as he went off.

But the best of it is, he is a lawyer; and, though the butt of every company, he was preparing a Fourth of July Oration to grace the arrival of the President, who was expected.

I was no little amused to see them subscribing a great sum ($250) to give the President a dinner, as I knew he would not be there. The old pump-borer's house was thrown open to receive him. What honor! I understood that this Goodridge was a great favorite with the ladies, and promised a ball.

I was truly distressed for Gen. Graham, who lost his wife's parents: one died the second day of my arrival; and, leaving me in the care of Mr. Elliot, he left town from which they had lived some miles, to pay the last respect to their remains—and returned to me as soon as possible—which, with his duties, was a severe trial.

Gen. Graham is rather a young looking man, a tall, spare figure, dark thin face, mild and steady countenance, and very engaging man-

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[This man is now a clerk in the Post Office Department!—sent here, as I have been told, by Senator Grundy. After this I think the Jackson party may be silent: it is plain he has been sent here to be maintained at the public expense, as he is well known in Nashville to be an idle profligate. This is distressing! Our Government, a complete poor-house! You may find twenty old men, ready to drop into the grave, tricked up in high-crown hats and dandy coats, to give them a young appearance, while they can scarcely hobble along, at high salaries, though they do not earn their bread. "We keep them in because they are old and not able to get their living"—said a friend one day. Very kind, indeed! Our Government is to maintain paupers on the people's money, under the pretence of doing work which they do not, as they acknowledge.—There is old Coyle, that took the holy oath, in yet; old McCormick, and old Baker, and twenty others—the vilest sycophants too in the world. "What do you think? and what do you think?—said the Claymen when the cabinet was changed.—You would see them in all directions, running over the city asking every one they met, "what do you think?" This is *their* politics—running about to get some one to *think* for them. One of these ninnies ran butt against me one day. "Well, Mrs. Royall, what do you think?" I advised him, as I do every one, to think for himself. This is the stumbling block of our country, both in religion and politics—letting every fool and knave think *for us.* Of course they will think for their own advantage. But, if *my* thoughts are of any value to the public, then *I think* the Clay and Jackson parties are well matched, and are near equally divided between fools and knaves. It is true, the Jackson men turned out a great many rogues, but who have they put in their places?

ners. He is said to be an upright, sensible man; but his affiictions were such while I was there that he could hardly be called himself.

Mr. James Stewart, Esq. is a stout fine looking man, of mild and friendly manners and young looking, with a fine lively black eye, and quite a pleasant man. I was much pleased with him, as no lady could helf it.

Ogdlesby Scrugg, Esq., whether a citizen or not I am not aware, is one of the finest men I met with in the place. He is a merchant, of very pleasing candid manners, with a good face and expressive black eye—he is young looking and a slender figure.

Barton Richmond, Esq. is a noble Yankee, from R. I., and one of the best men, beyond doubt, in the world. He is an intelligent, gay, lively, generous and upright man, a small figure, young and active, with a thin and fair face, and has the heart of a Prince—much to his honor he has escaped the wreck of all that is estimable in Nashville.

R. E. W. Earl, a noble, fine fellow, of good height, handsome, manly, oval features and full dark eyes. His countenance is steady and honest, and his manners polite and winning.

Next to him I find Captain John Caufield, a fine looking young man with a black soft eye.

Benjamin F. Curry, Esq. was the first gentleman who called on me, which was noticed. I was much interested for this young man, a monument of suffering virtue. Mr. C. is quite a young man, with a handsome person and steady independent countenance, mild and modest, though lofty manners. This amiable man, though a steady friend of General Jackson, and travelled hundreds of miles to see him at the Presidential election, and is still a friend of the administration, was turned out of the Post-office to make room for a Mr. Armstrong, because he had six or seven children. This makes good my words, that the government is turned into a poor-house. Now I have no objections, nor would any one, to reward a man in proportion to the number of sons and daughters he may beget; but let it be general; not make fish of some and flesh of others. This Armstrong it appears has spent two or three fortunes and was likely to be a weight upon his relations, and too lazy to work he is claped upon the government. So we go on! Every pauper clapped in office, instead of an eye to the people's interest, now the old Pump-borer is president of the bank, is worth millions, and a *brother-in-law* of Armstrong's; but the old blueskin shuffled him off upon the people. I understood Gen. Jackson was under great obligations to him—then let him reward him out of his own pocket. Another says, "he

fought well last war;" so did many others. I think it would not be amiss to overhaul his office. Curry was not the postmaster, but acted as deputy from a boy, and acted nobly, nor did he ever drop a hint of it to me, he was too high-minded for that, his spirit is stil unbroken. But I heard it, and when I beheld his thread bare coat, and the den of miscreants he was left to struggle with, it pierced me to the heart to see so noble a youth thrown upon the world unfit for any other business. (Why was he not sent here instead of Goodridge. But a man of honor does not suit any, and least of all, our government—so it would seem.)

My gentleman Armstrong, (he has some title, but as he did not leave his card he will excuse) like all upstarts when they have the people's money to start upon, never offered to pay his respects to me. His grace was near akin to the Pump-borer, I therefore walked to the post office to see him. It was the day after Goodridge was turned out of my parlor, and it appears he lay in wait to insult me whenever I came out, I saw him sneaking after me. The Doctor's housekeeper was walking behind me, and I saw him give money to an old fiddler and a rabble of Sunday school boys, to follow and insult me; and about twenty of them assembled at the post office door and yelled and even entered the Post office. What had become of Mr. Armstrong's bravery then? I told him I would not stir out of the office unless the rabble were dispersed, and asked him to send for a carriage. He did go out and drove them off after I told him, and went off himself, and I never saw him afterwards. Thinking he was gone for a carriage, I sat still, and the rabble, with Goodridge at their head, returned, the only company he ever commanded; but my friend, the house-keeper, went out and fit like a heroine, and drove them and their captain off the field. Thus vice is rewarded and virtue crushed—how can America stand.

As I returned I passed the door of the *Whig and Banner*, and stepped in to see what had become of Capt. Hunt—when lo! instead of Hunt, I found a pale blueskin in, who said he was the proprietor of the paper. I inquired for Hunt, taking up a paper at the same time, and asked "if I might take it to my room?" He answered me very roughly, and said "I might take it by paying six cents for it." The people of Tennessee who hear this, must blush for their degraded country. I ask them if I deserved this? This blueskin had just been hired by the United States Bank to take the Banner and Whig.

Wilkins Tannehill, Esq. is a relation of Judge Wilkins of Pittsburg. He is a literary man and a splendid writer, but alas! he lives in the last place, and in the last age, to be apppreciated. Very few

in N. knew he was a writer—I should wonder if they did, where nothing is read but tracts. I saw but one volume of Mr. T's works, a large octavo, entitled "Sketches of the history of literature from the earliest period to the revival of letters;" it is ably written and the selections well made. The work is very neatly printed and bound, and besides the literature of the Greeks and Romans, contains some remarks on the learning of the Arabians. It is written in a strong manly style, and proves Mr. T. to be a man of taste and talents. This volume would make an excellent school book, and those who have the charge of colleges would do well to adopt it. I advised Mr. T. to send a few to Boston, where the people know how to prize talents and genius. It is a work which contains a great deal in a small compass, and I was no little astonished to find it the production of a west countryman. But such a man as Hunt and Goodridge would receive ten times more support in N. than the enlightened Tannehill. Mr. T. is a middle-aged man, though quite grey; he is tall and slender, with a mild sensible countenance, and dignified manners. He has a son only a boy, who also writes well, and edits a paper, and is very promising. Why such men as Mr. T. did not exert their talents to save Nashville is unaccountable. Whoever wishes to see the effects of despotic governments, they need only go to Nashville.

Messrs. Alderman Enoch Welbourn, and H. R. Cartmell, were all of the city authorities I saw; as for the Mayor he dare not do any thing without the permission of Mrs. Sausage, which with a few other madams give laws to the town; these are Mrs. Flat-Iron, Mrs. Beefstake, and Mrs. Gill-measure. Alas! poor Yorick.

The alderman behaved with gentleman like independence, and called several times. Mr. Cartmell's family I knew in Virginia, they, were both friendly polite men. I really did feel honored as much as if his majesty the Pump-borer had called.

William Allen, Esq. is a fine portly man, of very engaging appearance, good features, and a fine, large, expressive eye. I saw Robertson, a blueskin, an ideot, and four naughts at the end of him; mem—belongs to the four ladies.

Dr. D. C. Waters, my countryman, is a princely man on all accounts. He is a tall good figure, oval face, and open manly countenance.

Maj. Philip Campbell is a thin spare man, of mild easy manners, round fair face, and very engaging countenance.

One Mr Langs, a taylor, a merry wag, claimed a previous acquaintance at Huntsville, Alabama, and though I had no recollection o[f]

the honor, I was always glad to see Langs for the sake of his jests. He was as poor as Lazarus, and as merry as a miller.

I saw one Hulet, a very importunate ignoramus—and Richard M. Jones talks a great deal when sober and more when tipsy—what could bring them to my room?

Col. J. Earthman is a man of very interesting appearance, with a round visage, dark complexion, likely black eyes, and a very pleasant man.

Wm. A. Old, Esq., is another aimable man, though small, a handsome young man, mild and winning in his manners and conversation, with a noble fine countenance.

James P. Grundy, Esq., son of Senator Grundy: "Oh dear!" as Crockery said in the play when he came back from "Hingy," what "halterations." It will not do to see the Messrs. Grundys in N. The son and father is under peticoat government, and Mrs. G. under the Priests, and poor young Grundy has to get 3 or 4 tracts by heart, and a chapter in the Bible, which, with tears in his eyes, he has to say to his ma every Sunday morning, and then go to Sunday school. He is 22 or 4 years of age, and a Lawyer, but his ma being a pious woman, it is said is going to send him to distribute the Gospel. Senator Grundy passed me without speaking, hung his head and never called —this was unkind—afraid of his wife.

Whom should I see but a Mr. Baylas, from Warrenton, Va.—I liked him for the sake of his town. All the young or married men in N., who do not bow the knee to Baal and the U. S. Bank are doged out of countenance by those she Dragons aforesaid, who sprang from the ashes.

Mr. James M. Elliston was very kind and attentive; never missed a day but he called like a true christian and a genuine gentleman, always inquiring into my wants with efforts to serve me—I never can forget his kindness, but he was going to leave N. I do not blame him—may he prosper wherever he may go.

John G. Anderson, Esq. was another gentleman who called often. Mr. A. is a genteel friendly man, a tall slender figure and every way agreeable.

H. B. Shaw, Esq. was likewise a very aimable man, and no less worthy of esteem. Col. Johnson, I can not tell where he is from, he is a very independent manly looking man, perhaps from the country.

HUGH ELLIOT, Esq., my book seller; I confess I am nonplussed; in some thousands I have met with in my various tours—I have always found words that would strike some part of the likeness, however unfair, that would bear a print resembling the original; but I

find none in the present instance. Mr. E's. Virtues have removed him so far from the common catalogue that there is no link to quiet us, nor am I afraid of exciting jealousy, as Mr. E. is adored by all who know him. It is impossible to see and not admire him. He is a tall, spare, elastic figure, quite a youthful looking man, with fair regular features, but no pen can paint the smile that lights up his benign countenance, nor the heavenly glow that beams in his full azure eye. But all this is nothing to the qualities of his heart which "feels another's wo!" What ever we may have read or fancied in the most extravagant tales of the courtecy of knights, or the benevolence of Howard, is realised by the living Elliot. But America has not the honor of his birth—he is a native of Scotland, and a Presbyterian!!!! But he is a Scotch Presbyterian; as opposite to the Presbyterians of this country as vice to virtue. No one would know that Mr. E. was a Scotchman*. I have often met with men of that nation who seemed to be of a different species from another class of the same country, and in fact different from the rest of mankind.—These are distinguished for a super boldness in doing good—such is Mr. E., and his voice would "ravish savage ears," while the mild charities revel in his eyes. How he managed to escape the general cornage of every thing virtuous in this den of wickedness and tyranny, is wonderful—but he is done now as to business; there is but one business goes on here. I was grieved to find him in delicate health, and no less to hear he was going to return to Scotland, though our country is unworthy of such men, and most of all this Sodom, where no honest man can make his bread—women running to church day and night! and lost to all shame; treating their husbands like slaves—one of them, however, holds the reins; one Leneir; he gets drunk and preaches and prays till 10 o'clock at night, and then comes home and beats the gospel into his wife and daughters.

But to return I was no little pleased with a Mr. J. L. Smith, a very geuteel man of German extract. It strikes me he too was an alderman—he is an amiable man.

P. H. Mitchel, Esq. is a stout man, of fine appearance with a fine lively eye and open countenance.

Besides these, many others called, belonging to the place, quite pleasant men, and a great many who were not and were turned out as fast as they came in; of the former were Col. Baker, Dr. Taylor, and Messrs. G. Childers, Musgrave, Shelby, R. P. Smith, T. Washington, Purnis, and John Irvine, former Post-master, a very clever man. Messrs. Steven L. Basal and Wm. Nelson Wood, both of

* No such thing as selling the Gospel in Scotland.

N. J., the latter of Morristown, were fine noble fellows.

Dr. Hogg and one Brown and Bosworth are mean men, and they with one Quigly, Moor & Burnes, a student, called from impertinence; also, Cook and Henen, of the College. I can not praise the students much, though I broke a few of them to decency.—One Shaw, son of my friend; young Morrison and Duncey will remember me and I trust with profit while they live. They learned more from me in a few minutes than they learned from the four missionary madams, or the college for years. They called often and we became mutually attached in the end. Mr. T. Washington is one of the handsomest men in Tennessee.

I was much gratified to find my friend Maj. Lockheart still living and still the same polite gentlemanly man—whoever sees the ease and eloquence of Maj. Lockheart's manners, must deeply regret the destruction of every thing amiable in our system of education by the religion of tracts.

But I was gratified with a number of gentlemen who called from the neighboring towns of Tennessee and Alabama. From Murfreesboro I had the pleasure to see Dr. Becton and Gen. Brady. The Doctor is a keen sensible man, with a handsome figure, lively black eyes and affable manners. General B. is a stout noble fellow, with a round full face, a most piercing black eye and lofty independent manners. Also, John G. Keebb, Esq., from Jefferson, Ruthford county, a stout, young, noble looking man. These were something like what the Tennesseeans were once, and lamented bitterly the ravages of the United States Bank and the Tract Religion of their once noble State. It was from these gentlemen I learned the seat of the State Government was moved from Murfreesboro to Nashville by the sole power of the Bank. If this does not awaken the people to their danger they must sleep sound indeed!

I saw the giant Col. McKeever from Tipton. He is six feet six inches high, and proportionately stout. He is also a noble, liberal man; very affable and friendly, and I would suppose if he had courage he might drive all those Religious robbers and the U. S. Bank to Beelzebub where they belong. But Tennessee has lost all its spirit and independence; it will never rise again.

I forgot John Eakins, Esq., from Shelbeville; he was equally worthy. It is in the towns those miscreants have destroyed our country by seizing upon the women. What is to be the catastrophe heaven only knows.

But I must confess the Alabamians excell all our States in the Union, whether northern, middle, southern or western, in the ele-

gance and dignity of their manner—I mean take them by States—true the towns of Georgia and Louisiana contain fine society; but the planters of Alabama are the first gentlemen in our country.—There is an ease and polish in their every movement peculiar to them. Several of these, I presume, came on to see General Jackson, and heard of me by mere accident.

Those citizens of the United States not lost to shame must feel indignant that an old Bottroter, armed with the U. S. Bank, has overturned the press in one of our most flourishing towns. I was told the old pump-borer forbid them to announce my arrival. I trust the people may bore his head, or the head of any tyrant who dares stop the press. It will not, I am sure, be believed that the brave men who defeated the flower of the British army tremble at the voice of this old Bogtroter, and the pitiful Hume hid his face with the curtain of the carriage as he drove by his door. This is a glorious picture of Banks.

These gentlemen hearing I was in the place called to pay their respects and regreted my want of time to visit North Alabama. There were several, of whom I only recollect Col. Jones, Messrs. A. H. Metcalf, Brando, and Rhea, the two latter of Tuscumbia. It was as unexpected as delightful to meet with these gentlemen, the first in the State. There was no tract men among them.

Messrs. Moor and McAallister, the first of North and the latter of South Carolina, called amongst the rest; very respectable men; they are both now of Tennessee. I also saw one Hutchins, a nephew of Mrs. Jackson's, and no great things.

But how mortified I was that my old acquaintance, Andrew Hayze, did not call on me—they used to call him the *Tow-head* Lawyer when I knew him. He practises still as States' Attorney, and it is said lets all the moneyed blacklegs escape, and catches only the poor. I heard he was about to take Goodridge into partnership with him.

Nashville contains a Univessity, (formerly Cumberland College) five Churches, a Penitentiary, a rope walk, (quite in need of both) a Spinning Jinny, from thirty to forty Lawyers, twenty-five Doctors, number of Banks unknown, a Market-house and 56090 inhabitants, the poorest people in the United States, the Bank and Blue-skins excepted. That is the beauty of slavery. It is governed by President Nichols and 84 women, though there is a Mayor and 12 Aldermen under them.

From 50 to 60 thousand bales of cotton and 1000 hogsheads of tobacco are annually shipped from Nashville.

They spent $18000 to procure good water and failed; the Yan-

kees got the money—good—better them than the Blue-skins. The first settler of the spot where Nashville now stands was a man named *Demumrey*.

I had understood the University, like all our seminaries, was under the government of the Presbyterians and declined seeing it. While I was making arrangements to resume my tour one fore-noon, a fine gentlemanly looking man, with a smiling aspect, came in alone and said "my name is Lindsley, the President of the University." A clap of thunder would not have surprised me more; of all men he was the most captivating, and the more so as I had been strongly prejudiced against him—you a Presbyterian, I thought, never!

With the highest accomplishments of mind and person, I was in raptures with President Lindsley. He certainly is the most finished gentleman at the head of any of our seminaries. Dr. Philip Lindsley is about thirty years of age, a tall, elegant figure, with an oval handsome face, dark complexion and fine full black eyes, while genius shines in every feature of his face. His manners are manly and liberal, with all the ease and grace found in our first circles. But this is only the exterior of the man; a better heart never warmed a human breast, with a clear head and strong mind—no man is better qualified to preside over the education of our youth—mild, suasive and steady—he is a treasure to his country.

I saw his inaugural address, which, so far as my poor judgment serves, displays deep learning, sound judgment and apt illustrations, while Philanthrophy breathes through every line. Dr. L. feelingly laments, as well he may, the want of good preparatory schools. It is hoped he may enlighten this poor ignorant state, and bring them back at least to the place from whence they started. As for Nashville it is past all cure.

The Doctor invited me to see the University, and observed he would come for me with a carriage in the afternoon. As his duties were oppressive I would not impose upon him, and took a carriage, and my beau, *Hume*, (who happened to step in at the moment) escorted me; the time he stuck his face behind the curtain.

The College buildings are just in the very place where nature and taste seems to have been consulted. They stand on one of those eminences which forms the rich scenery of Nashville, and consists of two large handsome buildings, one occupied by the Laboratory and Philosophical apparatus, and the other by the students. The College owns one of the best Philosophical apparatus I have ever seen in the United States, and the Chemical and Astronomical apparatus the most complete and splendid of any I have seen. It has

a cabinet of minerals rare and extensive, valued at 20,000; a library of 1200 volumes; and Dr. Troost, the professor of chimistry, owns 30,000 more, which is at the service of the University. The cost per session (6 months) for tuition, including library and servants hire, is $25 only; board $1 75 cents per week. There were at this time 122 students.

I was much astonished to hear that no ladies attended the lectures on chemistry, or indeed, scarcely any of the citizens of Nashville.—The ladies can not spare time from the tract lectures, and their husbands dare not go without their leave. I have generally witnessed more ladies than gentlemen at these lectures, but Mrs. Sausage and her friends take no interest in polite education—they go to church in the day and are free thinkers at night. I should esteem it one of the greatest treats to attend the lectures of Dr. Troost, one of the most learned men in the world. He is a Hollander and quite an aged man, and delived lectures for many years in the Universities of Amsterdam, Lauvain, and Leyden, and has written many of the books I saw in his library. He is said to be one of the most splendid men of the age. But I am sorry to find that men of learning and talents are wholly overlooked in our country, while the impudent, the ignorant and the hypocrite is openly patronized. Dr. Troost is one of the most agreeable and pleasant men I ever conversed with.

Go on my sweet country and see what thou wilt come to.

President Lyndsley lives near the college on a most charming site. His house sits on a smooth green flat of ground shaded with beautiful trees, the common growth of the forrest. This seat is one of the most inchanting retreats on the western waters, and commands an extensive view of the grove-fringed Cumberland, its air borne bridges, the town and a circuit of many miles of the unmatched scenery of Nashville. It is a Paradise! nor did ever man deserve one more; may he ever continue what he is, the favorite of heaven. The Trustees tried to lay their fangs on P. L., but he has more independence than to be led by any men.

The scenery of Nashville has been mentioned by several, but none has ever been able to do it justice, for the best of reasons; it is beyond their reach. It is unlike any scenery in our country, and turns principally on the beautiful. The town stands on a high bluff—in the first place this bluff is broken, and sinks and rises in various shapes. From this the land rises again to a considerable height, but not uniform; in one place the town is met by a ravine, half moon in another. A vale leads off from it at a right angle; the whole of the land, however, rises, and from 6 to 8 miles in circumference, or as far as one can see is one mingled display of hills, vales, flats

ridges, craggy rocks, and fields, orchards, meadows, clumps of trees, houses and gardens, all heaped together in wild confusion. In one place you see a mansion peeping through a rich grove of trees, in another you see a sea-like meadow environed by frightful rocks and precipices, and again a rounding hill clothed in the richest verdure, running into the bosom of an amphitheatre of the same dark green. Near to this a conic hill looking prim upon the green girth which surrounds its middle, and again an orchard, a house or a garden empaled by lofty trees. The whole face of the environs of Nashville is variegated and no two spots resemble. But the beauty consists in the strong and sudden lines which mark the variety. The growth is cedar, birch, walnut and a mixture of all the trees of the forest. The appearance has a strong resemblance to the waves of the sea, with green masts which the pointed cedars resemble. It is impossible to describe the pleasure we feel on viewing those clustering beauties, while the ravished eye sweeps over the whole at once.—The blue Cumberland lost too in the depth of the dark green forest. Such is a faint picture of the scenery of Nashville; which, like all scenery, to understand must be seen. That such a delightful spot should become the horror and detestation of every feeling and honest heart, is truly distressing. So it is over the whole of our once happy country.

I had the extreme *felicity* to see another acquaintance of the stage adventure, one *Eastland*, a merchant. I looked in upon the gentleman. It appears this Princeton madam, as well as the Eddyville madams were well gallanted from New Orleans, and all reckoned the first people in Nashville. Several young ladies were in Eastland's, and when I made strange of it, was told they liked him the better. Now these infamous people are the first to exclaim against the society of New Orleans. See what a drove of infamous men and women visited New Orleans from this town, and the whole of Nashville, like all our towns, laid off into societies to spread the Gospel! This is the Gospel they are spreading throughout the valley of the Mississippi. May such a course be averted. *

I overlooked a Mr. Fenner, a relative of my friend Governor Fenner of R. I. He was a fine young man. Also, Alexander McIntosh Esq. a Scotch gentleman of the clan of Chattan Mr. Thomas W. Cash, and H. G. Wilkinson, Esq., the latter of Petersburg, Va., all fine young looking men.

It appears too that I must have seen a Gen. Davis of the War Department here; he was represented to be a genteel man. About

* Those thieves are always telling what good tracts does in New-York. So it appears from the report of Magdelen Society. 10,000 Harlots are reported in New-York. The tracts are making converts fast.

to take leave of N. it only remains to say that my landlord treated me with the greatest kindness and attention to the last. Dr. Joseph H. Lanning is a thin delicate man, and seems quite a genius; he had invented an improvement on steam power, for which he will be entitled to a patent right. There is no library in Nashville—tracts are substituted instead.

After resting a week I prepared to leave by land to Louisville, and lest another attempt might be made on my life by the godly people, a seat was taken in the stage in the name of a friend, so that they were completely outwitted.

The amiable Curry attended to this and came down in the stage for me at one o'clock in the night, and returning with me to the stage house. The whole town locked in sleep—not a soul was apprised of my departure excepting a few friends. When the passengers came in, Mr. Curry introduced me to a stout Frenchman, the only one he knew. But to guard Mr. C. against this man hereafter I need only say he lived in Louisville, and behaved infamously.—Another one, also a Frenchman, I knew formerly in New York, his name is Cherovine and was once an amiable man, which he is far from now. Another tolerable man from New York and one Spaulding, a great ruffian from Memphis or somewhere. Nothing could exceed Cherovine's chagrin upon finding me in the stage, though once the greatest friend I had—he turned away and whispered to the other passengers, and after much whispering they got in and Mr. Curry pressed my hand and we drove off.

About daylight we reached the house of the blind man mentioned in my "Letters from Alabama." His name is Maj. Walker. But though still living, he no longer keeps the tavern—it is kept by a Mr. Wainburn, a very fine fellow, who is postmaster there. He came in to see me at Nashville, and Christian like invited me to his house. I was sorry it was not in my power to visit him and see Maj. Walker.

We stoped only till the mail was opened, and went on pretty well till about breakfast, when the drams began to operate and the two Frenchmen began to jest very broad, which drew from me a reprimand. From jesting they grew in earnest and so did I, and said I should quit the stage or they should quit such insolence. They were all ruffians together and expected to have had high times of it in the stage, which I had broke up. Cherovine seemed to feel my reproof, but the big Frenchman was seriously dangerous. I told the ruffian I would have him arrested when I reached Louisville. They all

behaved better after this, and without meeting with any thing particular, we reached

ELIZABETHTOWN

about sunrise the second day, through a delightful and thickly settled country.

We stopped at the Post-office to open the mail, and while this was doing the passengers steped out to dram it I suspect, and gave the news that I was in the coach, and a few plain looking men came to look at me, whom the passengers had not the politeness to introduce; but several rude looking boys also approaching I drew up the blinds, and we soon departed. Subsequent to this I saw the ablest written paragraph in a paper published at this place, relative to myself, I ever remember to have seen. It was so accurately graphic, particularly my eye, that I might be readily known by it. Let the writer be whom he may he is certainly a man of no ordinary genius. Elizabethtown is in the district represented in congress by Mr. Chilton, and is quite a handsome and flourishing town. I saw several large brick houses, and I think they told me there were some manufacturies established there. The environs of the town were charmingly diversified with swelling hills, fields and foliage rich. The distance from Nashville to Louisville is about 180 miles, where we arrived the third day!

When we draw near Louisville we have an extensive view of the Ohio river, Indiana and Kentucky from a lofty hill which we desended and had a most charming drive on the Ohio river to

LOUISVILLE

We took in two ill looking men where we dined. One of them intruded upon me very rudely. I ordered the ruffian "to begone; I did not want my pockets picked." I had luckily put all the change I had in my trunk and had only a few notes taken on the road and a likeness of General Jackson (the best I had seen) presented to me by a gentleman at Nashville, who drew it. I saw the fellow kept his eye on the roll, and to show that I had judged him rightly, he stole it while I was deeply attracted by the appearance of the town. He must have been sadly disappointed. He was a sandy-haired, blue-eyed man, young looking, from the immortal Tennessee.

Such is the grandeur of the entrance into Louisville from the point we approached that I might have been robbed of every thing I owned. Louisville stretches along the Ohio upon a plain of three miles, with handsome streets paved on the McAdams plan. The houses are elegant fresh brick buildings—the air of wealth and business, the Ohio

river, the fertile state of Indiana on the opposite shore with Corn Islands, the roaring falls and the splendid canal is quite imposing. It is the handsomest town by far I have seen on my tour, and does an immense business.

When we stopped at the tavern the clerk came out, said he was full, and he told truth, for I never saw a greater number of ruffians, thieves and black-legs in one tavern. I had a letter to the owner, but the big Frenchman, as I suspect, stopped him from coming out, as I saw him whispering to one whom I supposed to be him. These great travelling routs in the Western countries have become very dangerous from the number of robbers and pick-pockets who hang upon the traveller. These are out-laws from our great atlantic towns. I saw not less than 20 of these gentry at this house, and the cargo from the stage added to the number, and I would suppose this a very dangerous house though I do not know the keeper's name—all travelless ought to avoid these stage houses. The clerk told the driver to take me to another house, to which he drove.

The landlord came out and very joyfully helped me out and led me into a poor looking house; but I liked the looks of the woman. I still remained standing till my trunks were brought in, when I asked the lady to have me some tea made, telling her my name at the same time. The man, who was a methodist, jerked up my trunks the moment he heard this, and running to the door, called the driver, who was still standing there, "here, here, take these trunks and put them in the stage, you cant stop here." I followed him to stop the driver, but the man threw them in as quick as lightning. "You must be a religious man," said I, and seeing some people standing at the next door I asked them "if he was not;" they laughed and said he was. The ruffian had actually shoved my trunks into the boot, and was buckling it up. "Get in and go about your business" said the man. I told the driver if he moved an inch with the trunks I would prosecute him and the ruffian too, and to take them out instantly, or I would call for an officer. He took them out, and seeing a cabinet-maker's shop over the way I gave him a trifle to take them there. The owner of the shop, a very clever man, gave me leave to put the trunks in, and being covered with dust, he shewed me a small back room where I changed my dress—he had water brought and gave me pen and ink and I wrote to a friend.

I walked out and called at the post office, but found no one in but the clerks, who were very genteel indeed, which gave me a high opinion of the principal. I had never been in Louisville, though I was not at all uneasy, as I understood there were some fine people there; and leaving a message for Judge Oldham, the post master, to

meet me at Mr. Penn's office, after resting a little I pursued my walk.

When I stepped into Mr. Penn's office I found a very gentleman-like man writing at a desk, and asked for the editor, when another gentleman, older than the first, went up stairs to ask him down.—Mr. Penn, the editor and publisher of the Daily Advertiser, soon attended, but seemed rather shy, though a Jackson man—doubtless the effect of religious falsehoods. He soon, however, grew familiar, and I told him my situation, and that he must either provide me quarters or send out for my friends. The same gentleman who went up stairs for him and who belonged to the office, (the first one did not, he was a citizen who was writing an avertisement for the paper) seemed to listen to me with much interest, and without speaking a word went out, and in a few minutes I had the flower of Louisville round me, I might say of the Western States. The greatest belle in the United States might have envied me—the printing office soon filled; and who would you suppose was amongst them—the methodist tavernkeeper, staring with his mouth instead of his eyes at the attention paid me. But no thief going to be hung looked more condemned.

The first friendly face that approached me was Mr. William P. Thompson's!* No impression takes such deep root as the voice and look of kindness in the hour of need, and my heart always danced with pleasure every time Mr. T. appeared afterwards. The dear T. when he found what was wanting, went out and brought in Mr. Louis Tyler and introduced him. These gentlemen went off and after engaging rooms at Mr. Stillwells, returned with a carriage, and walking by my side, placed me in the care of the landlord, where no Princess was ever better attended—I should say they were christians. I was soon waited upon by the Mayor, Judge Oldham, the postmaster, and Judge Pirtee—my room was crowded whilst I remained at Louisville. I noticed a few, but have not room in my book (though I have in my heart) for one half of them; and first the methodist tavernkeeper was a middle aged, black (negro blood there) looking vulgar man, with a face like a stone fence, and a flinty countenance. No man of decency ought to enter his rag-carpeted house. The poor fellow had a hard time of it, being mobbed by boys, and his brother negroes every time he put his head out of doors. He is just such another as brother Hawkins, of Vixburg, and a mason. It is hoped the fraternity will expel them both. The masons ought never to take religious people into their lodges, and the moment a mason joins these sects he ought to be expelled, as it is a sure mark of a bad

* Is it not remarked that none but the professors of religion, thieves, robbers and gamblers fear me.

man. A good man never joins any thing but the friendless stranger, the widow and the orphan in their distress. When the christians do this they are good men and not before.

S. Penn, Jr. Esq. editor and proprietor of the Daily, is a young, stout, handsome featured man—very bashful, and rather distant. He is a descendant of the renowned Penn who settled Pennsylvania. He is a Jackson man—but he never called. I rather suspect he too leaned a little toward tracts. But I shall never forget the kindness and gentlemanly conduct of his clerk. Mr. Penn is coining money—I counted 357 advertisements in one paper, principally mercantile! This may give some idea of the business of the place, which is astonishingly great. Three pages of an imperial daily sheet filled with mercantile advertisements, besides two or three other papers, is an evidence of business.

His honor the Mayor, Mr. Bucklin, is a stout built, noble looking yankee, with a stout heart, independent friendly manners, full manly face, gay open countenance, and soft benevolent eye. He is in the prime of life, a plain, thoroughgoing, active, business man, and does honor to the office he holds. He knows, too, how to pay respect to strangers.

Hon. Henry Pirtee, Judge of the district court, is a middle aged man, a spare figure, rather low, round fair face, with a cool, steady, intelligent countenance, and soft rather dull eye. His manners are plain and very dignified.

Hon. J. P. Oldham, the post master, seems to be one of the first men in the state. He is a tall, slender, middle aged, keen, sensible man, and I am rather surprised the government did not avail themselves of his fine talents where he would be more useful to his country. His countenance, his manners, and his conversation, bespeak him a man of no ordinary talents, and if I were to judge of the first information—he is grey for his age, and has a thin face and studious countenance.

William P. Thompson, Esq. my friend, is an attorney, and a tall fine figure, quite young, with oval dark face, and black, full, mild eye, and a countenance that displays the most finished expression of benevolence of which the human face is capable. He is a plain sensible man, of few words, and formerly of Indiana.

Levi Tyler is another whole soul man. Mr. T. is a stout athletic man, uncommonly handsome, with fair handsome features, and a most penetrating black eye, it rives the beholder to the heart. His countenance is thoughtful, mild, and steady, and his manner prompt but friendly. I think he is a mechanic.

Charles M. Thruston, Esq. is an attorney, and a nephew to Judge T. of Washington city. He is handsome, rather small figure, with

a thin Cassius face, and keen black eye—whoever has seen Red Jacket has seen the eye of Thruston, his countenance and features bespeaks him a man of genius. He is quite young and a very accomplished Jackson man.

Dr. Johnston seems to be a man of science and study. His countenance would indicate depth of thought, and his fine black eye has much expression. He is affable and friendly.

Francis Turner is a young looking man, of fine appearance, and very interesting manners; he is a genuine whole soul man.

W. W. Worsley, Esq. my book-seller, is a middle aged, easy, good natured man, with a round fair face and large fine eye; his countenance bright as the sunshine, bespeaks him a man of liberal sentiments. He is easy and affable, and is doing a good business.

James Marshall, Esq. a merchant, is one of the most amiable and pleasant men in Louisville.

Anderson Miller, Esq. City Attorney, is also a pleasant, young looking man, with a handsome figure and prepossessing countenance. He is free, open hearted and pleasing.

Counsellor S. M. Brown is a steady, middle aged man, of fine appearance—firm, manly countenance, keen blue eye, shrewd and sensible. All these Kentuckians have an artless, lofty independence in their manners, similar to the southern people.

Major Philips, of the U. S. army, called with the other gentlemen. He is a large, genteel, good-looking, black-eyed man, rather more polished than his brethren of St. Louis.

Willis Stewart, Esq. is steamboat agent general, and a noble fine fellow too. He is genteel, generous, and trusty, and merits the confidence of the public.

L. D. Addison, Esq. is an attorney—a noble stout figure, and fair handsome features. He is young, and elegant in his manners. But they really did crowd in upon me so fast—dozens at a time!—I must have been superhuman to have noticed them all—and a great part of my time was taken up in negotiating a pardon for the Messrs. *Dwyers* of the stage adventure in 2d Pennsylvania—Pittsburg.

To return: W. S. Thomas, Esq. was my right hand man, and used to make pens, make poetry, and make fun for me. All life and spirits—it was impossible to have the blues where he was. It always raised my spirits when I heard him on the steps. He is a stout, well-looking (and not an old) bachelor. It appears the young ladies are pulling caps for him, so there is no chance for me. But jesting aside, Mr. Thomas is a warm-hearted, whole-soul man,—and no less so is J. Anderson, Jr. Esq. a mild, genteel man, with a tall handsome person, Grecian oval face, and soft benign countenance.

Messrs. W. S. Graham and Joshua Grant I must have seen here. I find nothing of these gentlemen further than they were, as their names bespeak, descendants of the noble families of those names in Scotland, and high-minded generous men.

There are 22 lawyers in Louisville, of whom, besides those mentioned, I only saw Messrs. James D. Breckenridge, Wm. F. Bullock, Patrick, and Pope, all intelligent genteel men. I met with a Mr. Joseph Danforth at this place, a cousin of the blueskin Danforth at Washington, D. C. a very interesting young man.

Besides these, Messrs. E. Morris, Wm. Coffin, of Maiden lane, N. Y. Thomas Kelly, Wm. Maxy, S. Stewart, Wm. Rogers, H. Farrish, McClintic, John T. Grey, Blackburn, James Preather, Capt. Russel, Dr's Overstreet, Dashiel, and Pendergrass, all fine, liberal, good looking men, but it was impossible to notice the one half of them.

I was much pleased with the Irish gentlemen who form no inconsiderable portion of the citizens of Louisville, and are quite respectable. The largest mercantile house in L. is owned by Mr. S. and A. Bell, the former was the only mean Irishman I found in the place; he is a haughty purse-proud man, and steps as consequential as an eastern nabob. But a better man never breathed than the amiable Alexander Bell, he lives in New Orleans where pride and haughtiness is unknown. He is a stout man, with the heart and manners of a prince. I saw the big insolent Frenchman near Mr. S. Bell's, who turned out to be a trifling character whom no one knew.

I had the pleasure to board at the same house with a wealthy West Indian, a native of Ireland; his name was Murphy. He was the most accomplished gentleman I saw in the place, but he hardly spoke at all.

But Mr. Price, just from Ireland, quite enchanted me with his Irish wit and humor, and was always with me when I sat, and gallanted me when I walked. This gentleman undertook to bring about a reconciliation between me and the Teagues, viz: Broadface and Sharpface of the mountain adventures between Bedford and Pittsburg. In 2d vol. Pennsylvanian I mentioned that one lived in Louisville and the other in Nashville; both now lived in L. and they had been so exactly described that every one knew them; their names were Joseph and William Dwyer. The poor fellows between the reproaches of their own conscience and that of their friends, repented from the heart, and the Irish gentleman of Louisville determined they should wipe out the disgrace or quit the place. Accordingly Mr. Price came to know if I would pardon them. To "err is human, to pardon is divine," and I agreed to forgive them. The eldest was

very penitent and was soon forgiven; but the Sharpface whom I blamed the most, stood a hard trial. My condition of pardon was that he, in the first place, should tell where the trunks were secreted; this he refused some time as it would convict himself; but I held him to it, when he acknowledged that the old ruffian at Laughlintown had them. It will be recollected the old thief denied them to me, and I hope the contractors will prosecute him—in short we made friends, and I have no doubt but the young men will never behave amiss again. Their excuse was "they did not know me." They knew I was a woman whom every man is bound to respect.

Mr. Grey I have mentioned. He is president of the Louisville and Portland turnpike road company, &c.

S. S. Goodwin is secretary and principal director of the Louisville and Portland canal company. He is a middle aged, spare, and scientific man, rather of stern manners, but indefatigable in business, and spends his whole time in the performance of his duties.

The canal was nearly finished and is one of the most stupendous works of the kind perhaps in the world. It is about two miles in length, the whole of it cut through solid rock of the hardest kind. It is so wide and deep to see it now, that one would think it impossible to have been the work of man. It is 300 feet wide at the top, and 24 feet fall, 12 deep, with two bridges of solid stone containing 5741 perches of masonry, and has 4 locks, the masonry of these locks is superior to those of the grand canal, and doubtless the best in the world. There were 500 hands at work, and every one seemed to work for his life. This canal met with much opposition which I was surprized to hear; but it is done now, and will doubtless last to the end of time. It is intended for the passage of the largest vessels. When this is completed it will facilitate the transportation of commerce greatly for a trifling toll, whereas they now have to unlade all their boats above and below the falls, (excepting in very high flood) and carry the freight round in carts, which takes up a great deal of time and costs a great deal.

They found a great many curiosities in digging the canal, the most singular were several substances the size and shape of a pear; they were smoothly polished and harder than steel or any metal known.

Louisville is three miles in length by 6 streets 90 feet wide: these are crossed by 18 streets 60 feet wide, the handsomest streets in the U. S. and the best paved ,though not quite built out. The names of the 6 great streets are Maine, Market, Jefferson, Green, Walnut, and Chesnut. It contains 12 churches, a poor-house, a hospital, a theatre, a masonic hall, a market house, a court house, a prison, a large free school, 6 saw-mills, 4 grist-mills, (all propelled by steam)

a manufactory of queens ware, and from 10 to 12,000 inhabitants. Most of the buildings are very large and splendid, of brick. The police of the city is very fine, but the streets are not lighted, which is shameful. The tracts and bible societies have crept in here, and take away ten times as much as would light the streets. But it is the interest of these abominable tract men and madams to go to prayer meeting in the dark.* Louisville is governed pretty much like Nashville—by the U. S. Bank, a mayor, and ten common councilmen. I should be grieved to hear this beautiful and flourishing town should be desolated like Nashville.

I visited the theatre, the hospital, and the public school. The poor-house was too far out of town.

There was no company at Louisville: I merely went to the theatre to aid a poor foreigner who was exhibiting the Conflagration of Moscow—a Mr. Maelzel, the proprietor. It was truly sublime.—Soldiers marching—the whole city, with its hundred steeples—the moon—the people setting fire to the city with torches—people flying in all directions—drums beating—alarm bells—and the roar of cannon. In the height of the fire a mine explodes and fills the spectators with terror. But the best of it was two little speaking figures, one a boy and the other a girl. The latter was handed to my friend Price who beau'd me to the theatre, and was sitting by me. As soon as he took it in his hand it looked him in the face and said "Papa, papa;" and, handing it to me, the little witch said "Mama, mama," as plain as I could, and set the house in a roar. The figure speaks by moving the arm.

The hospital is one of the finest buildings in the United States. It is built of brick, and stands at the edge of the town. But the principal was not in, nor had he the politeness to call on me. It was said he was a mean man, and they were going to displace him.—The public school is kept in another large beautiful building, very handsomely situated. At the head of this I found Messrs. Mann Butler, principal, and Baker,—both liberal men. It is called a free school, but it is more like a high school, and promises well. There were a great many children in the school, the handsomest in the United States, and many of them far advanced. A few of them exhibited in grammar and reading. It had not been long in operation. The queensware factory belongs to a Mr. Lewis, a very clever and intelligent man. I saw several pieces of the ware, but they have not gone fully into the business, for want of glazing and workmen acquainted with that part of the business—for which I under-

*Seventeen days and nights meetings were held in this city this spring.—A few days since two newly born infants were found murdered—and not an editor in the place had either the virtue or independence to notice it.

stood he had sent to Europe. The pieces I saw were of a dull white, and very smooth.

I overlooked a Mr. Crawford, from New Albany, just opposite to Louisville, over the river in Indiana. Mr. C. is a lawyer, and a very intelligent, friendly man. He insisted very hard upon my visiting his town, as they were overrun with blueskins, and doubtless had great need of me. But I was anxious to see my mother and brother; so I told Mr. C. I could give them a few shot from this side. He said, however, there were some fine people there; but a newspaper published at the place fell into my hands which sickened me —the most abominable thing I ever saw. The editor ought to be tarred and feathered.

I had the extreme pleasure, too, of seeing one of the Bakewells of the glass manufactory of Pittsburg—the meanest white man in Louisville, as the big Frenchman could not be called white. Bakewell has settled himself in Louisville, and said he "would rather be rich than to be a gentleman." I hope the ladies of Louisville may set their tom-cats at him. He had the worst countenance of the human species.

I overlooked a Mr. Alsup, engaged in a large flour manufactory in Louisville—a stout, fine looking man. Also a Mr. Henry Swain, a generous Yankee, who keeps a shoe-store; and my friend Mr. Moreton, formerly of the firm of Worsley & Moreton. Mr. M. is one of the most interesting young men in Louisville. And, while I am holding up merit to patronage, it gives me great pleasure to present Mr. Whitford, a worthy tinner, to the notice of the public. Mr. W. I knew in Pittsburg, where he then lived, and a more amiable man never left that now abandoned town! I also met with several genteel strangers: one from St. Louis, James Hamilton, Esq. a very interesting man, and Major C. P. Lucket, from Loudon County, Virginia. a very gentlemanly man.

There is a family in Louisville reckoned a natural curiosity.—Their name is Semple. I saw two brothers, who are said to be six feet eight inches in height, which I suspect is true. They are very slender. The

LADIES

of Louisville are fair, handsome, plain, modest, women; but my time was so short (two days) I had little opportunity of mixing with them. A few called on me, which, with those I saw at the theatre, were very beautiful and interesting women. Several called whom I did not see, as I was constantly engaged. Those I saw were Mrs. Holbert, Mrs. Leech, Mrs. Armstrong, and several sin-

gle ladies, all fine looking women. Mrs. Leech is a most beautiful woman—a tall, fine figure, and handsomely featured.

It appears I must have met with a Dr. Triplet here of Va. and a Dr. John P. De Clary from some where, both decent young men. Dr. Declary is represented to be a fine figure with a black sparkling eye, very intelligent and accomplished. I likewise met with a co sin of Maj. M. M. Noah's, a Mr. Hyman.

Louisville was first settled by Gen. George R. Clark, in 1779.—He settled on Corn Island.

About to take leave of L. I have but one more remark to make, which is a great curiosity, and attracts the attention, and very deservedly, of all strangers. It is a house built in the top of a large spreading tree called a pavillion. It is actually floored and roofed, and is circular in shape; the plank of the floor is fitted round the limbs of the tree, leaving just room enough for the tree to grow. A large portico and railing runs round the main building provided with seats, while a bar full of all kinds of refreshments is kept in the centre, which is furnished with the finest cut glass, and adorned with paintings and stationary. The pavillion is on the bank of the Ohio river, nearly two miles from the centre of the city. The Ohio river has two bottoms, that is, double banks. The tree, which I think is an elm, grows on the flat bottom, and so near the second bank that by the aid of a platform reaching from the bank to the pavilion it is easily entered, being upon a level with the second bank, though fifty-five feet from the ground—that is from the bottom upon which the enormous tree grows. The pavilion is three hundred feet in circumference, and has a flag-staff on the top. Large parties of pleasure often assemble here in the heat of summer—it being delightfully shaded by the branches of the tree. But the view from the pavillion is the most inviting pleasure attached to it. The city, the Ohio river, the canal, and the country to a great distance, may be seen. The property is owned by Senator Rowan, who lives now in Bardstown. The Pavilion is kept by a Mr. Deterstle of French descent, who was projector of the plan, which does him much honor. He is an obliging, decent man; but I fear the blueskins who are now squeezing themselves into Louisville, and gospelizing men's wives (shame to their husbands!) will break up this beautiful retreat, as their avarice would lead them to the foot of the gallows for money. Nor will they allow any one to live but themselves. The gentleman told me he had very few visitors that summer.

My friends having engaged a passage for me in the steamboat Telegraph, Captain Vance, I took leave of my friends and departed

from Lawrenceburg, Indiana, the nearest point to Connersville, where my mother and brother lived, whom I had not seen for many years.

It is due to my land lord, Mr. Stilwell, to say that I never was in a more pleasant house, or one that deserves the travelling patronage more, particularly of the better part of society, and of the ladies. A penitentiary or brothel, or any other infamous house, is superior to the stage house. Nor is there another good tavern in the place. The gentleman was absent, but the lady, her son, and the bar-keeper, were polite and attentive.

Just as I was stepping into the carriage to go to the steamboat, I met with the son of an old friend, of Kenawha, Virginia, by the name of Shrewsbury. He was, when I first saw him, a child, but he knew me, and jumped into the carriage and attended me on board.

I was on board but a few minutes before I was waited on by the Mayor, the amiable Bucklin, and several of the citizens, to introduce me to Captain Vance, and take leave. Thus Kentucky fulfilled her character for protecting the ladies. From the time I landed at Smithland till I was seated in the cabin of the Telegraph, this noble state treated me with gallantry and kindness. Success to them.

Captain Vance would receive nothing for my passage. This was christian-like; and yet he never read a tract in his life! He is a stout, young looking man, of fine appearance and cordial manners. The Telegraph, though not so large as the Mississippi boats, was superbly furnished, and well manned.

The scenery upon leaving Louisville is very rich and picturesque, and the city shows well as it recedes. Corn Island and Jeffersonville are on a high point on the Indiana shore, with green, romantic hills, studding the fertile bottoms of the Ohio, mingled with rich farms and splendid mansions. The view from this point is very fine. The banks of the Ohio are every where beautiful; but the river itself was very low.

We had three women and several male passengers on board; and, to my infinite pleasure, four gentlemen from New-Orleans. I was as happy as a princess. These were Messrs. Alexander Phillips, Fields, Peters, and Ogden. The pleasure on both sides was mutual, and we were seldom apart till I parted with them at Lawrenceburg. They had a missionary in company with them, and it was laughable enough to see him scouting over the boat to keep out of my way. It seems they know me from Dan to Beersheba. He was always sick at mealtime; and when he ventured to the table, the poor wretch hid his head behind some of the others. The gentlemen

made me laugh about drawing him in to drink wine. He made a few scruples at first, but after a few tastes he swilled it regularly.—He was an ugly, black, thick-lipped fellow, and wore a white hat. If these men are engaged in an honest business, why need they fear any thing? They prove themselves guilty, by hiding from me. Why do they not trust in their God?

We had no less than two of the frail sisters on board, and a missionary madam, one Mrs. Rogers, from Louisville. They were well matched—the frail girls much the cleverest, however.—Whether this woman had a husband or not I am ignorant. He could be no great things, to suffer his rib to dress up as gay as this woman was, (did she learn this in the bible?) and keep such infamous company. Nothing but feathers and ribbons! Whether her object was to convert those unfortunate girls, or be converted by them, is uncertain. I should think the latter most probable, from her familiarity with them and their gallants, who had the impudence to come into our cabin, to make assignations with them.—One Captain Swilpot, a cast off captain of some steamboat, a beastly drunkard, popped right in, and made himself quite at home with the madams. I ordered him out; but the missionary madam bristled up and said he was a clever man!—doubtless, for her purpose, to judge from things unfit to name.

When I left the western country some years back, I left them a brave, virtuous, industrious, and independent people. What are they now since they began to spread the gospel? This infamous fellow kept his seat, and was soon joined by several others, and I left the cabin. Meeting with the clerk of the boat as I went out, I asked him if it was the custom to allow such liberties; he grinned, and said it was, and not wishing to disturb the captain's arrangements, I gave up the cabin and staid with my friends on the guard. They asked me if I knew those were infamous women—I do not know who would not. They would have had high times if I had not broke them up. When the married woman found who I was, she put up a great prayer for me—I suspect she fools her husband, if she has any, this way. She had some tracts by way of excuse, but her tracts were to stand before the glass, adjust her lace and curls, and ogle the men. I could not commend her taste. I found only her name on the steam boat register, it being the practice not to register infamous women; they might as well have left out all three. She was a great swaggering, bold, impudent woman, as all those pious women are, and such was the lewdness of her manners and actions, (the poor girls had some modesty) that she disgusted the men. And one Hill a yankee, ought to be out-lawed for the

part he acted. He is general agent for the U. S. western division of infamous women, and goes the rounds regularly, like all other contractors, to see they are not imposed upon; this is the beauty of tract religion. We reached

LAWRENCEBURG

about ten o'clock next day, and being put ashore with my baggage, I was no little amused by a number of little boys, who seized my trunks amongst them and ran away; and walking up a pretty steep bluff to the town, I stepped into the first store I came to, and looking about for the trunks found one out of three. I desired the little fellow who had it to put it down, and go and look for the others. "Not I indeed!" said the boy, hugging up the trunk, "I never gives it up till I get 12½ cents.

I knew no one here but Judge Test, whom I had sent for as quick as I landed, and my messenger returning, said the Judge was not at home. Some person, I think Maj. Hunter, as he was the first to call, walked with me to Mr. Johns' tavern, though the store keeper was very polite and friendly. I was hardly seated in the parlor, when to my infinite joy my friend Mr. Thomas Dowling, whom I had left in Washington city, stepped up and took me by the hand!!! My joy was unbounded; of all the friends I have in the world I esteemed him the most, and to meet with him in a strange land was a cordial. I forgot the trunks, my brother and mother, and all my cares. He soon had the trunks forthcoming, and in a few words informed me he lived in the place, and was the joint editor of a paper published at Lawrenceburg.* The virtues and talents of this young man are well known; he used to work with Messrs. Gales and Seaton, and from a friendless, houseless, orphan, has become one of the first members of society. His brother Mr. John Dowling, the eldest, equally respectable for talents, is now studying law at Lexington; the latter is a Jackson man, and Thomas goes for Henry Clay. I was much gratified to find he commanded (which he always will) the respect and esteem of all parties.

He is a stout handsome young man, who embodies more of the human virtues than any man of the age; but chiefly the benevolence of his heart leaves all comparison behind; his placid brow, and above all his enlivening smile wins every beholder. He is the very soul of honor, a good writer, and mild and gentlemanly in his editorial ramarks.

*Mr. Dowling has since removed to Greensburg, and publishes a paper of his own.

I was now within 32 miles of Connersville where my brother lived. It lay inland, and no stage running in that direction, my friends agreed to send me as far as Brookville, half-way, where I intended to press another conveyance to Connersville.

Meantime I enjoyed myself with my friends two days, when a gentleman was going to Brookville, and a carriage was hired jointly by him and my friends. All this being settled I received and paid visits.

Maj. Hunter the post master, is one of the most princely men in the place, and though a small man has a big soul. He was a great friend to me.

Col. Amos Lane, a respectable attorney, resides in Lawrenceburg. (It was his lady who replied to Mrs. Barney's letter.) The Col. is eminent and seems to be a gentleman of wealth and respectability. He lives in a most charming situation on the bank of the Ohio, where they can sit in the door and see every boat that passes down or up the river. Mr. L. is a stout middle aged man, of very pleasing manners, friendly and facetious. Mrs. Lane is one of the most jolly pleasant women in the western country; she is a yankee, a cousin of Senator Foot, Member of Congress, and a sister of Messrs. A. Foot of New York, and E. Foot, of Albany, N. Y. She is an affable and very sensible woman, and a fine writer. She wrote the beautiful poetry which appeared in the papers on the death of Mrs. Jackson. She has several lovely and accomplished children, some of whom are married.

At this house I met with a Miss McDugan from Indianapolis, who could not be more than 12 or 13 years old, and had, from her extraordinary talents, acquired a classical education. She was very handsome and very diffident. There were two literary females at once in this young state.

Hon. Judge Test I have mentioned elsewhere. He is known to be a member of Congress, and a Clay man; and parties run so high in this place that they are hardly on speaking terms. It was long before Judge Test made his appearance, but he was very friendly.

Gen. Dill, an aged and noted man, called with the other gentlemen. He was very polite, and invited me to his house, which for want of time I was forced to decline.

Messrs. James Devaugh, Ezekel Walker, Dr. Jabez S. Ferris, Mr. Vance a farmer near town, R. Moor, Jacks, and Grey, were all I recollect who called; these were the cream of the place.

Dr. Ferris is a stout young man, with a round visage, fair and handsomely featured, with a soft blue eye; he is a friendly genteel man.

Mr. Walker is an attorney; he is a tall figure, with an oval manly face and quite genteel.

Mr. Devaugh (I think is the name) is a most amiable man. So also is Mr. Elliott; the latter has a keen sensible look.

Mr. D Wallace, from Brookville, an attorney, was at L. and called likewise. Mr. W. is an affable pleasant man, of great personal beauty.

Dr. Percival, a cousin of the poet, lives in Lawrenceburg, he is also a writer. So Lawrenceburg was quite classical.

I saw a Mr. Dunn, a merchant, and a very clever fellow.

But I was much amused with Jesse Hunt, Esq. of the other tavern. He had charged me twenty-five cents for half a dozen lemons, and when he came up with the carriage which had been hired for me and belonged to him, I laughed and said, "I would take it out of him in the book." He apologized, and ran off and returned me the amount in lemons. I had seen no oranges since I left New Orleans.

I saw the Jackson editor, (for there are two papers published here) a very fine humorous man, but cannot find his name unless it be Delully or some such name.

Mr. Gregg is the partner of Mr. Dowling—and this same Jackson editor teazes poor G. to death. The saucy rogue, he put a heap o' things in his paper about me, and I would black book him if he were not so witty.

Lawrenceburg is a very handsome town at the mouth of the Big Miami. On the bank of the Ohio, which is very high at this place, the land in rear of the town is the richest in the U. S. The cornfields extend without intermission for seven miles; this is level as a die and seen from the town. A high ridge runs up in an angle with the bottom land, which adds much to the beauty of the place.

It is a growing town and contains a court-house, jail, market-house, 1200 inhabitants, and but one church; so there are no missionaries here, for which they deserve much credit. Sickness is unknown at Lawrenceburg, which they owe to the purity of the water, the best in the western country.

Mr. Johns keeps a fine house, and is married to the sister of Hon. Stewart, late member of Congress from Pa. Mrs. J. and her sister who lives with her, are very amiable women.

At length I took leave with friend Gregg for Brookville, pursuing first the big Miami, (quite a small stream to what I supposed) and a handsome river called Whitewater, the balance of the way through a rich valley. The land rising into gentle swells on each side the river flowing in a brisk current, our road sometimes rising on a hill sometimes sinking in a vale, the scenery was beautiful. Whilst we

have brick houses, lusty fine children, hogs rolling fat, droves of cattle and horses, but the young pigs swarmed, they covered the land.

Every ten or twelve rods we would start a squad of these little wild rogues as round as a roller; I counted 17 with one sow! while friend Gregg cared not a pin for all the pigs in the world—he must have been thinking of his wife or Henry Clay.

We stopped to rest at a little town called Harrison, and friend Gregg going out spread the news, and two very amiable men came in, and a good natured toper from Albany, N. Y. There were Messrs. Moor, Bartlett, and Dr. Crookshanks. Mr. Moor particularly was one of the most interesting men I had seen in my tour. The main street divided the states of Ohio and Indiana.

I had a cup of tea at the house, and found the lady very kind indeed; the husband was absent. Thus sometimes in Ohio and sometimes in Indiana we reached

BROOKVILLE

early in the day.

Whether it was owing to my long voyages on the rivers, or residence near the sea shore, or to real want of air in this thickly timbered state, I cannot say, but I came very near suffocating this day for want of air, and found it rather worse at Brookville, where there had been no rain for nearly three months, and vegetation was actually killed by the dearth, though we had a heavy shower on the road. But what astonished me was that the citizens bore it so much better than I did. I kept walking up and down, in and out, and fanning continnally, enduring the most horrid sensations in breathing the mind can conceive.

Brookville is a very pretty town, surrounded by Whitewater, and has some fine scenery in view. The town is level, and sits on the brink of a steep declivity. Then we have a broad meadow, then Whitewater, and then a steep hill beyond the river clothed in rich foliage. Then in rear we have Whitewater again, dashing almost through the streets.

Brookville is the residence of the Hon. Senator Noble, he was absent, but Mrs. Noble and her daughter, Mrs. Gen. Russel, called. Mrs. Noble is an Irish lady, and a most splendid woman. She has two daughters married, and is yet a young woman. If ever woman was formed for the trials of this world, it is Mrs. Noble. She has passed through every vicissitude of fortune, and has borne its frowns and favors with the same even tenor, neither elated by the one or depressed by the other. Her husband, once a man of fortune, has been honored with every distinction in the gift of the state since i

was organized; every honor and every trust was heaped upon him. But from being one of the most wealthy and best hearted men in the world he is now reduced; and Mrs. N. one of the greatest philosophers I ever saw, is as smooth and placid as if nothing had happened.

She is one of handsomest as well as the most accomplished women in the U. S. She has much comfort left her however; her daughters have just married very respectable men, and the sons can do as their father did, rise or fall by their merit.

Mrs. Gen. Russel was very young, and a sweet pretty thing, the very image of her father.

Hon. Judge Egleston, Col. Noble, a brother of the Senator's, Dr. Lemond, Messrs. McClayry, J. S. Powers, Davis, N. D. Gallion, and Dr. Oliver, called during my short visit. They were all kind, good looking men. Mr. Egleston, the circuit judge, is a Virginian, and a relative of Hon. Wm. S. Archer, the member of Congress.—He is a man of retiring modesty and prepossessing manners. He has been sixteen years in the state. I was much gratified to see the judge, to whom I have the honor of being connected. He is a young, good-looking, middle-aged man. Mr. Powers is a Yankee of great personal beauty. Dr. Oliver is a man of information, very handsome and witty. He said the missionaries, when they came there, "made tracts at night."—Very true remark. Col. Noble is one of the handsomest men in the United States. The Indianians, though not wealthy, are very kind and hospitable, and the handsomest men and women I have seen, not excepting the Kentuckians. They all united very manly to send me on to Connersville, and hired a man and little waggon for the purpose. May heaven reward them!—no tract people of course.

Brookville has a court-house, jail, an academy, a market-house, (blown down,) a rope factory, and about one thousand inhabitants, the most friendly and hospitable people in the world—and not a church in the place!

At this place I heard of my mother. She had formerly lived in the place with her grand-son, Mr. Cowan, and was known to every one in the place; and, being a favorite, of course I was. She was intimate with the family with whom I put up—Mr. Foster's, a most pleasant house. Mr. F. is a man of wealth, and a worthy, estimable man. He was very active in procuring a carriage, and sent a special messenger two miles into the country for one. His family were kindness itself; and his daughters, like all the females of Indiana, were very beautiful. The people in the Atlantic towns know nothing of beauty. But Mrs. F. and myself talked ourselves to weariness of my mother.

Sunday morning, bright and early, July 25, six months since I left the seat of government with a light and an anxious heart, I set out for Connersville, where I intended to solace myself for a while with rest and the society of my mother and brother. The nearer I approached them the more anxious I was to see them.

My driver was a plain, honest, and satirical Yankee farmer, who had raked a handsome property together, having been some years in the country. The only objection he had to convey me was that he "had considerable of small grain out, and was afraid rain would come before he got back, but he had hired a man to take care of it." "Then you are no missionary, or you would not put grain away on Sunday?" "Not I; did'nt care was'nt one on um in the world—only comes for money."

In this part of Indiana, and in many parts of Ohio, the milk and the beef of cattle that run out are a deadly poison. The people who use either die very suddenly, which is supposed to proceed from a poisonous weed. But the weed has never been discovered.

The road was covered with people going to a camp meeting, and we were no little amused with a very handsome young lady whose horse in passing over a stream laid himself down in it, and the lady had no alternative but to jump off in the creek, and was standing by the horse all dripping wet.

When we reached Connersville we discovered my brother lived three miles further, and I coaxed up the man, who, for another dollar, conveyed me to

MY BROTHER'S,

just after dinner, through the most fertile and beautiful land under the sun. Great sugar-trees from one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet high. I had been praying all the way that I might find my brother on a farm, that I might once more drink in the pleasure of a sylvian shade, and was in raptures as we threaded our way through the dark shades and tangled roads. I left it all to my driver to inquire the way, and was no little amused at the story of "right and left, and straight forward."

I understood at Connersville my mother had left her son and gone to live with a grand-son. But there was still pleasure and novelty too in store for me. I had seen my brother, (Col. James Butler,) but twice in thirty years, and we were a very short time together then. Fifteen years since, and had never seen wife or child belonging to him. I therefore hoped he might not know me, that I might amuse myself in passing for a stranger. I had no knowledge of his situation, nor comforts. All I knew of him was

that he was an intelligent, honest man, which I had heard from the members of Congress from his state. Though my letters had preceded me to Connersville, and had been noticed so often in the papers, such is his retirement he never heard I was on the tour, as it appeared! I resolved, if I did not like appearances, however, to return to Connersville in the same wagon; and when we reached my brother's fence, (the house setting back in a field,) we left the baggage in the waggon, tied the horse, and, finding neither gate nor style, the driver helped me over, and we soon reached the house, which stood exposed to the blazing sun.

As I drew near the door, so as to see into the house, I saw my brother, and discovered at once by his smiling that he knew me; so it was all over. My sister Sally, (as we will call Mrs. Butler,) was a great bouncing woman, with rosy cheeks and a rolling black eye, and cryed for joy. She looked young enough to be my brother's daughter, and nearly double his size. My brother was care-worn and shrunk up to nothing.

I soon saw I was welcome on all sides. But the children!—the house swarmed with them. "Are all these yours?"—asked I. "Here is not half," said my brother. "Here 's a sweet little babe you have not seen yet," said my sister, taking an infant from the cradle. "We have two married," said my brother,—"and two have gone abroad," said my sister. There were six in the house then; they had ten, I believe, or perhaps twelve; and from that day to this I never was able to learn or retain their names. Meantime I remained, standing no chance to write. But one room to the house, below stairs,—or rather below ladder. All this I liked,—it was novel, it was rural, it was wild,—was what I had been used to, and what I had long mourned for. But how, where was I to write? For you might stop my breath if you stop my pen! The north front of the house looked cool; and a grove of shady trees stood near; and a small cabin too, though it looked rather rusty. I could have that fitted up, and shaded with boughs, and, by the help of imagination, it might be changed into a new cabin—the very thing I wished for. All this was conceived in half a minute, or less, and, having settled the most important affair, I sat down, and desired the man to bring in the baggage.

By this time one of the absent sons appeared, who, though only a boy in age, was a man in size. His name was John. He was very handsome and very raw. He stood and stared at me a while, and then walked off to help in with the baggage. After the man had taken a hasty snack, I paid him the extra dollar, and he departed. We spent a pleasant evening in talking over old times. My mother,

it appeared, lived with Cowan, at Edenburg, between fourty and fifty miles distant, and they were about removing (if not actually gone) up the Wabash to Logansport, nearly three hundred miles. This was a disappointment indeed; but I resolved to rest a few weeks.

Accordingly, next morning I slipped John a dollar, and set him forthwith to work upon my little cabin, and he soon formed it into a pleasant bower, by covering it over with green boughs to keep out the sun, which otherwise would have assailed me through the logs. A table and chair was placed in the hut, and I was soon engaged with my pen as happy as heart could wish.

When tired of sitting I strolled about under the lofty trees, or called on a near neighbor. Sometimes, indeed, my premises were visited by a saucy hog that I think was a pet; but, pet or no pet, it was very impudent, and made no bones of rooting down my shade, and often came to the door and grunted in my face. A rude flock of geese, and still ruder flock of sheep, often trespassed on my domain; but the children were very good, and kept clean on the other side of the lot, and my time went off very pleasant for eleven days, when my bower was broken up by a complete invasion.

The same unmannerly sheep of my brother's who had been outlawed for some time, resolving upon revenge, returned one dark night, scaled the enclosure, and dismantled my fairy house, forced the door open, entered in a body, and scattered my papers to the winds, trampled them under foot, and eat some of my notes. They must have been missionaries—that is, wolves in sheeps' clothing.—So there was an end of my visit. I had designed to visit Connersville in a day or two, and previous to this had sent to have rooms engaged.

Col. J. Butler is twelve or thirteen years younger than myself, by a second marriage—same mother. He received from my husband a pretty good English education, and my mother, being a poor widow, bound him to the saddling trade, and they both removed to Kentucky many years ago, and thence to Ohio. My brother, I think, however, married a Miss Rankin in Kentucky. He was in the whole of the late war, a volunteer; but whether it was before or during the war he engaged in the mercantile business I do not recollect, for I was a total stranger to him after he left West Virginia where I lived. But the fact was that he was in partnership with some person in a large stock of goods when peace was made. Goods fell, his partner ran away, and a great part of the goods being unpaid for, my brother gave up every thing he possessed in the world,—houses and lots—and stripped himself to the last cent. He lived

at that time in some town in Ohio. He has never been able to recover from this shock; and, his trade disagreeing with him, he has followed the business of a teacher, for which he is very capable.

These particulars I had from his friends, as I felt a delicacy in prying into his affairs, particularly as he is a man of nice feelings. I blame him, however, for not having more enterprize; talents he certainly has, and he is young enough to make a fortune yet. But his spirit seems depressed, and, being a very diffident man, he has no ambition. His wife, a very handsome, thoroughgoing woman, is likely to bless him with half a dozen more children.

He lives on rented land which his lusty sons cultivate. He had a most luxuriant crop growing. They live plentiful, and his wife clothes him and the family with the labor of her own hand, and that of a daughter nearly grown. All their children are stout and healthy, and very handsome. Their size and beauty they take from the mother's side of the house, as the father can boast little of either. They all seemed very happy, the riches and honors of the world seeming to give them no concern.

The two married ones, Sidney and Polly, live in the neighborhood, and called to see me. They married well, and seem to be prosperous.

Mr. Claypool, of

CONNERSVILLE,

very politely sent his carriage, upon notice of a messenger, and I was received at his house with great kindness and attention. Mrs. Claypool is an exception to her sex: plain, kind, charitable, and good natured, she is the delight and admiration of the whole country round, and withall acquainted with my mother. She treated me more like a daughter than a stranger. Mrs. C. was the first white child born on Sciota river, Ohio; Mr. C. is a prince in generosity. He is a young, active, business man, who lays his hand to every thing, and though a man of considerable wealth he is never idle. He is a Clay man, and an honor to the corps. He is very popular in Indiana, and is now a member of the State Senate. He is a keen, sensible man, of no uncommon information, and keeps a first rate tavern. Connersville is quite respectable in society. Hon. Oliver Smith, late member of Congress, Gen. McCarty, and several respectable merchants, have their residence in Connersville. But of all their citizens I was most struck with a very young man who edits a paper, and I think had recently settled there; he could not be more than twenty years of age, and has all the independence, knowledge,

and dignity of riper years. It appears he was reared and educated in Kentucky. To find so young a man discussing the most knotty points of politics, with all the ease and elegance of an experienced belles-lettres schollar, apparently without friend or adviser, (few could do so,) asking no favors, yielding none, wielding a fearless but chaste pen, stooping to nothing low—is words, his manners and remarks alike lofty and dignified—excited astonishment in Connersville.

He is a Clay editor, and his paper is called the "Political Clarion." As soon as he began, some of the Jackson editors attacked him; but they soon found they had hold of a Tartar, and he remained master of the field. His name is S. W. Parker. So much for his abilities. He is a tall, neat figure, with a handsome, fair, Grecian face, and mild blue eye; his countenance luminous and manly; his manners a mixture of grace and chasteness. His cherub voice, his nice sense of honor, and, above all, the warm philanthropy of which his heart seems made, renders him equal, if not superior, to any man of his years.

Gen. McCarty is a stout, young looking, handsome man, of easy address; but I should take him to be a cold-hearted man. Friend Smith and he had a sharp personal combat about this time, and I think from appearances Mr. S. had the worst of it, though he would not acknowledge it. The missionaries ought to send them a few tracts!

Moses Fay, Esq. a warm-hearted, genteel Yankee, from Bennington, Vermont, boarded at the same house with me. He has been some years in the country, and is an acting Justice of the Peace. He is a stout, portly man, quite handsome, and an old bachelor. Fie on him! when so many pretty girls are wanting husbands. He is a very useful man, and much respected in the town. He is a cousin of the renowned Ethan Allen.

But I was no less gratified with Messrs. Lewis and Clark, two of your whole soul Yankees, too. They are enterprising merchants, and generally beloved. Mr. Lewis is rather a small young man, though married, of very pleasing manners. His features are round and handsome, with a fine, full black eye. He has a Yankee wife, equally accomplished and friendly, and lives quite in style.—Mr. Clark, his partner, is no less amiable. He is a keen, tall figure, with a manly oval face, and staid, steady countenance. He has something very noble and winning in his look and manner which baffles my pen. Success to them. Dr. Moffit, also a resident, is a tall, good looking, and very gentleman-like man. The postmaster is a plain, honest, farmer looking man; but I do not find his name

in my notes. The elder Mr. Janings, is a stout, noble, fine looking figure, of plain farmer manners, finely featured, and very friendly.

I find a Mr. Lacky, from Washington, called on me here, a good looking man. Also, a Mr. Cheen, from Charles County, Md. whose family I knew.

A Mr. Brown, from Rushville, happened to hear of me and called. He was a Jackson editor, and something like a Patrick in words, but poor in purse—but he had a good heart. My friend Parker had just given him a few cuts, which he laughed at very good naturedly. He is a very young man, and I suspect not properly encouraged.

I overlooked a Mr. Joseph Nelson, a most amiable and worthy man, and of the most winning manners. James O'Neale is likewise a highly respectable and pleasant man. But I was much interested by two brothers from New York, by the name of Van Dager. I am under many obligations to these amiable men, who seemed to have, like myself, met with untoward fortune. My sympathy and best wishes was all I had in my power to bestow them. I trust they may meet with friends in this flourishing new State.

Mr. Sample, (if I am not mistaken, the other tavern-keeper,) is, beyond doubt, one of the best men in the State. If the same, he is rather an aged man, and was ill when I was there. He is a prince in his heart and a christian in his actions. By the way, the Presbyterians took the advantage of the people here, and sent a literal sickle to reap the harvest before it was ripe, but he is cutting away. He boasts of having "converted more women than any other man in the same time;"—no doubt of that, as he is a handsome man. The citizens of Connersville, I trust, will keep their money to improve their town, and the means of their comfort. Connersville is the seat of Justice for Fayette county, on White Water. It is a new and flourishing town, most of the buildings elegantly built of brick—the court-house and academy are very handsome. The former cost six thousand dollars, which is very well for this country. The whole place looks fresh as though it had sprung up in one night. The town is very handsomely situated; the streets wide, and crossing at right angles.

They have more here than they have in Nashville, which has a handsome little library; though there are but seven hundred inhabitants—also two academies! Mrs. Haynes, an accomplished, sweet little woman, and her husband, are at the head of the young ladies' academy. She had thirty pupils, who learn every branch of education; but the most essential is politeness, which is the end of education.

Mr. Justice keeps the boys' academy, and had twenty-five pupils. But what struck me the most was, the beauty of the children, and their great modesty.

I saw but two ruffians in the place—one Reed and Osbourn.—The country around Connersville is beautiful in the extreme, and the land rich. Hon. O. Smith has one of the handsomest farms near the town I saw in the State.

After spending a day or two with those dear people, Mr. Claypool very gentlemanlike furnished me with a carriage to Rushville, (seventeen miles,) from whence I intended to pursue my way through the state to find my mother.

RUSHVILLE

is the county seat of Rush County, a poor place of about two hundred inhabitants;—they have a fine court house and two churches!! They are mostly Methodists in Indiana, and have recently set their faces against the Presbyterians.

Money being very scarce in Indiana, these church-and-state people gave one of their corps a high salary to come here and set up his trade, and hundreds are now dispersed over this fertile state, at sixty dollars per month, standing wages, besides what they can plunder from the inhabitants. So goes the money these fellows said was to convert the heathen. A Presbyterian church was going up here, sorely against the will of the Methodists.

I saw a son of Judge Test's here, also a Judge; he is a small and very young man. Also my friend Brown. But the whole of them were two poor to raise $2 to pay for a little waggon to take me to the next town.

The deputy post master, one Ally, a Methodist too, is a great s———l, the post office was filled with Presbyterian tracts. These Methodists are a poor ignorant set of numsculls, to suffer those wolves to come in amongst them after they have borne the brunt of the day. One blueskin would swallow Rushville at a breakfast. I hope they may yoke them like oxen and make them plough the ground. One of those blueskins, a Judge Laughlin, before whom the poor cowardly citizens crouched to the ground, hearing I was carrying every thing before me, came in with all the brass and effrontery of his sect and opened his battery upon me. I gave the ruffian as complete a trimming as I ever gave any poor soul. There were a house full present who had been brow beat and oppressed by the insolence of this savage beast, and I never saw people more gratified. I sent the ruffian off in disgrace, a good sound Presbyterian. As great a

v——n as ever dishonored the state undertook to argue with the fool.

I saw Messrs. Peacock, Grey, Irwin, Goudy, Webster, and Corey, good looking men enough. But my landlord was by far the cleverest man in the place; I do not find his name—he was the former post master, and was too honest it seems, so they put him out and put a great rogue in.

Mrs. M. C. Pike, and Mrs. Lindsy, sisters of Mrs. Noble, live here, two splendid women.

The land about Rushville is the most fertile I ever saw, yet the weeds on Flat rock creek near the town, are as tall as the trees in the Atlantic country, and the whole way to

SHELBYVILLE,

twenty-five miles, it was the same thing. It is not in the power of human fancy to conceive any thing like the beauty and richness of the land, the size and height of the growth.

I had a shocking carriage without a cover or seat. I sat on my trunk, and the kind landlord of Rushville loaned me an umbrella, and so I reached Shelbyville in safety.

I am under ten thousand obligations to friend Brown of Rushville, for sending me to Capt. *Walker* of Shelbyville, one of the most amiable men living. He is a man of princely fortune, and as generous as he is wealthy. He owns thousands of acres of as fine land as ever lay to the sun, and is doubtless the most wealthy man in the state.

He lives in a fine house on the bank of Blue river, and owns a large merchant mill within a few steps of his door. He builds large boats, and ships his flour from his door. His house, farms, and gardens, display both wealth and taste—his wife the most amiable of her sex, and his children the most promising. I was in Paradise while I remained there.

Capt. Walker's father was the first settler of Indiana. He and the celebrated Daniel Boon came in company to hunt in the (now) state of Indiana, and Capt. Walker, then a boy, used to keep camp for them. They had terrible battles with the Indians, and many of the Captain's relations fell by their hands.

Capt. Walker is of middle size and middle age, with one of the finest faces in the world. He is a man of mild and friendly manners and very plain in his dress.

Shelbyville is the seat of justice for Shelby county, and is quite a new town.

I heard of my mother at this place, and was told she might probably be yet at Eddenburg, about 16 miles from this place; every one here knew her.

After being entertained like a princess by Capt. Walker and his lady, he sent me in his own carriage, attended by his son and daughter, and loaded with favors, to

EDDENBURG,

a small town on White river. In the whole distance I was ravished by the beauty of the country, it was one level plain of fat loam.

When we arrived at Eddenburg we found the town nearly abandoned from its unhealthiness; and the few that were there were all down with fever but one family, and they had just recovered. We stopped at Judge Watts's where we saw a sign, and got out of the carriage, when a young man came out and said they could not take us in. I said I must go in I wanted my dinner, and came to see my mother. "They were all sick in the house," he said, "and no one was able to cook." A young woman looking out of an upper window confirmed it. "Then," said I, "let us come in the house we can cook ourselves; you are christians I suspect; you would not let us starve. These are your neighbor's children, Capt. Walker's, they wish to return; let us have house room and we will cook ourselves. I am the daughter of Mrs. Butler—does she live here?" "No, she had just moved to the Wabash!" This was worse than all.

About this time another door opened (it was a large fine house) and a stout man appeared at the door and invited us in. He was then with a high fever, and had to hold himself up by the door. We went in, and found the judge (who was the man who invited us in) and three children down sick enough; three others had just got able to creep about; but Mrs. Watts, the boy, and the girl, were well enough, though it took all their time to wait on the rest; one was an infant nearly dead, and I suspect did die. Most of the houses were entirely abandoned, though lately a smart place of business—its late sickness was unaccountable. The judge had interfered with his family when he heard who we were, and the lady left her sick infant, and with the aid of the girl made dinner ready in quick time.

After dinner Miss Walker and myself walked over to Dr. Smith's, where we saw another poor fellow stretched. The doctor was a fine lively man, and his wife was kindness itself. They insisted upon my returning in the evening to tea, and after gratifying Miss Walker by showing her the town, I returned to Judge Watts's, and my friends departed.

Here I had to remain two days for the stage, which runs between Madison and

INDIANAPOLIS,

the capitol of the State, thirty-three miles.

I had learned from Judge Watts that Mrs. Cowans, with whom my mother lived, had removed to Springfield, and not to Logansport. Indianapolis is finely situated on White River, and has a number of good buildings, but is the meanest town in the State as to society. It is settled by a low rabble, principly out-laws, scarcely human, who preach all day, and pilfer, rob, play cards, get drunk, and make missionaries all night. It is much such a place as Vixburg, Mississippi, excepting courage.

The Presbyterians a year or two back, went through the whole State and established Sunday schools in every town and county.—Every one—all sects were delighted.

The first day of the school, (all began on one day,) a collection was taken up to purchase Sunday school books. Though the people are not poor, yet money is scarce in the state; but they went to the utmost, and made up in the whole about from eight to nine hundred dollars—so delighted that their children were now to become lawyers, doctors, and members of Congress, with so little expense, and all the trouble taken off their hands, by those mighty clever people, who felt so much kindness for them. What else but kindness could bring people so far? Houses were built all over the state by the people, and all went on smoothly, till the third Sunday, when several of the parents went to the schools to see how their children came on, and how long it would be before they might be fitted for the affairs of the nation. When lo! they found the children reading rank Calvanistic principles, intermixed with silly trash, and some mysterious hints about the violation of the holy Sabbath. I have said the great mass of the people in Indiana were Methodists. This sect cannot abide Calvanism, and are staunch republicans. In a moment's time they discovered the object was to stop the mail on Sunday, and turn their children against themselves. The report flew like wild-fire through the state, and every man stopped his children, and there was an end of Sunday schools in Indiana. But the thieves kept the money; for God, I suppose. But the people were glad to be rid of them on any terms. For this noble act Indiana deserves eternal credit. But they had established themselves too firmly in Indianapolis, and are determined to conquer. They have tract depositories, and a press, and several societies in the place,

and people hired at sixty dollars per month to carry the tracts through the state! I was so unfortunate as to be taken to one of these fellows, one Henderson, no less than postmaster: (of course the tracts go cheap!)—He is a Clay man, and keeps an infamous house.

I soon discovered this, and sent for Gen. Noah Noble, a mighty tanner; but he had been highly spoken of—was a brother of Hon. James Noble, and then a candidate for governor. I sent for him, and claimed his protection while I staid. He came, made several excuses about being sick, and finally acted mean and left the place. Gen. Russel, however, the son-in-law of Senator Noble, behaved very gentlemanly. He is a tall, elegant figure, with a noble, fine countenance, and is a keen, sensible man. But they are all as poor as Lazarus; their wives give all their money to the priests, and can not work themselves for running to meeting. I was scarcely an hour in the house before my table was loaded with tracts, and one of the tract girls stole my travelling map and tore it up—all for God. Mr. Hammond, of Cincinnati, pasted it up for me subsequent to this.

Had I known it, there was a very decent house across the street. But all for the better—the public would never have known, and of course could not be guarded against Henderson and his pilferers. He belongs to the temperance society, too, which is readily seen by his red face.

Hon. Judge Isaac Blackford boarded with me: a genteel, spare made, sensible man, formerly of New Jersey. He is a very pleasant man. Gen. Millroy, who also boarded in the house, made out to keep the robbers out of my room. They actually forced the out door twice in one night, and I, being the only one on the lower floor, had to call up Gen. Millroy. Some said it was Henderson himself —very likely.

Gen. John Millroy, though one of the *old* Presbyterians himself, behaved very gentlemanly, and aided me in pursuing my journey. He is a middle aged man, and is employed by the Government to conduct the United States' Road. He is doubtless an honest man, and worthy of trust. These two, Dr. S. G. Mitchill, a relative of the celebrated Dr. Mitchill, of N. York—Messrs. Humphrey Griffith, A. W. Morris, and Calvin Fletcher, are all I saw in the place worthy of notice. One Gregg was quite courageous in words, but he, like the Noble Tanner, slunk off some where and left me to be insulted by the rabble, of which there seems from all accounts to be about twelve hundred—lacking little of being equal to Nashville. Mr. Morrison edits the "Democrat," a Jackson paper, and seemed quite a sensible man. There are three tract papers published in the

town, who also go for Clay! Bravo! take care Methodists—never mind names—keep a sharp eye on the tract fellows.

I saw the Governor's house, but no Governor—and supposed he could be but a poor apology, or he would not live in a place given up on all sides to be the most blackguard town in the western country.

My friends having hired a carriage for me, and furnished me with directions to Springfield, I set out by way of

DANVILLE.

One of those sixty-dollars-per-month-men boarded at Henderson's and always said grace. I never heeded his grace, but ate away, laying it on to the tract men all the while, to the great amusement of the company. I do not know his name, but he is a Jackson man, and was trying to get the post-office—the better to convey the tracts, as he has to pack them himself, and always carrys some in his hat by way of change. He has set up a shop which I passed on the road, and calls it Tract Town. This fellow hired a set of his tract society to come to my window and sing obscene songs, and the window being up, they threw in dirty water, and rioted till late in the night; but he took care to take himself off by day-light next morning the very road I was going, and I chased him up the Wabash and have never heard of him since. He is a fine Jackson man, indeed, and ought to have an office!

Danville is the county seat of justice for Hendrics county, and one of the healthiest and handsomest spots in the state. It sits on an eminence, the land descending at all points—the water fine, and the air fresh and wholesome. Though the land in Indiana is as fertile as in Illinois, it is not so healthy. From the great heavy timber with which it is covered, the air cannot circulate. Danville is twenty miles from Indianapolis, and is quite a new and flourishing town, and is always resorted to for health.

I was directed to a tavern kept by Gen. Wick; but Wick had moved away and a Mr. Miller had taken possession—a very fortunate thing for me, as he is well known to be one of the most amiable men in this or any other state. Mr. George Miller is a Virginian, and was a master workman at the University of Virginia. He is a gentleman of taste and science, and has accumulated a handsome property. He married a cousin of the Messrs. Fry's, now living in Kenawha, Va. Mrs. Miller is young, beautiful, and accomplished; nor did I ever see man and wife so equally matched, and, though Mr. M. is as mild as the evening dew, and never speaks to his wife and children but in the language of affection, he is the only man I ever saw completely master of his family. I was struck with wonder to

see even their youngest child silenced by raising his finger. This man will become wealthy. What is more singular, his second son, between two and three years old, who could not speak plain, and in fact, hardly even speak at all, was actually a poet, and would make rhymes on any thing that pleased him. He was the image of Joseph Fry, of Kenawha; excepting he had a finer eye, which was a clear blue, and very large. He had the steadiest countenance in mortal face, and never laughed nor cryed.

Mr. Miller is a small man, with delicate, handsome features, and mild eye; but his manners would captivate a Shylock, while the mild charities swim in his countenance—and his voice, one of the most touching sweetness. I never remember to have been more captivated with two human beings. I was at home now, and could not help thinking if all the world were like these it would be a Paradise. He was just finishing a very large house, which I trust will be liberally patronised. Here I had to send back the boy and the carriage, Mr. Miller having procured a man and dearborn to take me to Springfield, about eighty miles.

I had the pleasure of seeing Hon. Boon at Danville, for the first time. He is six feet high, swarthy, broad faced, wrinkled about the mouth, cat-eyed, clownish, a Jackson man, and a tract man. I begin to think we have a great many tractors amongst the Jackson men. Now Mr. Miller, a Clay man, is bitterly opposed to tracts and Presbyterian robbery; and so are all intelligent friends to liberty.—One of the sixty-dollars-men brought a cart load of bibles here, and left them with one Jessup, the Clerk of the county, till he could get some one to distribute them—and till the thief could collect ten times the worth of them. They will, however, not do much where Miller is; and Jessup is a bad man to aid such miscreants.

I only saw a Dr. Garret, and subsequently a Mr. Givens, at Danville, besides my friend Williams who was engaged to drive. He found his own horse, and we sat out and reached

SPRINGFIELD,

in Vermillion County, early on the third day—crossing, from the time I left the Ohio, River, White Water, Flat Rock, Blue River, White River, Eel Creek, Mill Creek, White Lick, Rackoon Creek, Mill Creek, Sugar Creek, and the Wabash, all considerable streams: besides a number of smaller ones, passing over the greatest body of good land in the Union.

As to soil and water, Illinois and Indiana are worth the whole United States. Not an inch of ground that I have seen in either state but is rich and can be cultivated. Indiana is thinly settled throughout, but we found good accommodations all the way.

I was now within a few miles of Illinois, so that after taking a circuit of about one thousand miles I came nearly to the point I set out from, to see my mother, which had I known, I could have saved some hundreds of miles. But I had the pleasure, and no small one, of seeing the country, and to cross the whole state of Indiana twice. It was about breakfast time when we reached Springfield, which is the only town I ever saw without a tavern. I inquired at the first house I came to if the Messrs. Cowans lived there, and was answered in the affirmative. It being Sunday I supposed their store was shut, they being merchants; and, wishing to apprise my mother of my arrival indirectly, I concluded to stop at the store myself and send for one of the Cowans to break the matter to her by degrees.

Accordingly, I stopped at their store, and finding a genteel man in the yard, I asked which was Mr. Cowan's dwelling, and if Mrs. Butler was at home? He pointed to the house, which was about two hundred yards distant, and replied that he thought she was. I desired Williams to go and tell one of the Cowans to come to me, but on his peril not to tell my name; but just say a woman had particular business with him, and to come as quick as possible. When Williams reached the house he met William, the single man, and delivered the message. Patrick was not out of bed, and William turned back into the house and desired him to get up and go to the store as somebody wished to see him there. I had seen Patrick once fifteen years since, but William never. He soon arrived; but I think Mr. Williams told him on the way. Patrick, I thought, saluted rather coldly. I paid little attention to this, but settled the interview with my mother, who I had not seen in sixteen years.—She was now in her seventy-eighth year, and though stout and active, as I understood, I did not wish to meet her unapprised. She was at a neighbor's house in town to see a sick child; and Patrick, after apprizing his wife, as it appeared, to prepare breakfast, went for my mother, and said he wanted her to go home—it was breakfast time. She paid little attention to him, but continued to give directions about the child. "Come, come, Grandmother, I've got good news to tell you." "What is it?" "Oh, come along and I'll tell you. I've heard of Aunt R.—she's coming to see us!" She dropped the child and set off with him. "How did you hear? Where is she? Who told you?" "I heard it from a travelling man; she will soon be here." After she got over the first surprise, he said he expected me there that day, and "would'nt be surprised if she was in town by that time." When he reached home, finding she bore it pretty well, he told her I was in town and that he had seen me, and that she must rig up a little, while he went for me. All this he related afterwards.

While he was preparing my mother, William called on me, but was much embarrassed. He was a handsome, small man, but very diffident.

Patrick soon called again, and I was not many minutes in reaching the house. The first object I saw, as I stept in at the door, was my mother, sitting composedly on a chair. The minute I was fairly in the house the dear old woman sprung with the rapidity of lightning and caught me in her arms. The first words I could distinguish were—"Well, never, never, did I expect to see you again." These were the only words I could clearly distinguish while I was with her; her voice being so low and inarticulate that I could not understand her. Those accustomed to her understood her very well; and the family had to interpret most of what she said. She was quite serene: all her joy seemed to be mental. I now saluted Mrs. Cowan, a sweet, pretty, delicate woman, whom I had never seen before; and the children were the handsomest creatures I ever laid eyes on. I think they had seven: for to this day I do not know the number or the names of one half of my nephews and neices.

I had met with a sad reverse of fortune since I saw my mother, which subject she introduced; but it is one upon which I have never been able to converse, and she dropt it.

My mother is a low, light woman, and once the handsomest of her day, though like myself under size. She is now considerably bent, her features have grown longer, and she is much burned with the climate. But her eye (and such an eye!) was as brilliant as ever, and she could see to read the smallest print without glasses.

She had been subject to what is called the shaking palsy for many years, which I shall always attribute to the immoderate use of strong coffee; and though it had greatly increased, and perhaps affected her voice, her mental powers, contrary to the common effects of old age, had become stronger to an astonishing degree, and far beyond what she was at any time when I knew her. Her remarks had so much force and point that I shook from head to foot with amazement! She appeared to be super-natural. This is the only instance I ever heard of the same nature.

She is never sick, but has devoted so much of her time to the afflicted, that her knowledge of medicine is said to be consulted before any physician where she is known. I had heard this, and treated it as a farce. But after seeing her, I would believe any thing. She was always reckoned sensible, but she is far beyond that now.

She shakes so violently that she is compelled to drink through a

tube. Yet she is active, eats hearty, and can outride most females on horseback.

Poor old woman! after expe iencing every vicisitude of fortune, she has the pleasure of seeing her family respectable, wealthy, and flourishing, and finds a most comfortable asylum in its bosom. I was charmed with the affectionate manner of Mr. and Mrs. Cowan toward her; and Patrick is indeed the most affectionate and tender hearted man in the world. It was with the most heartfelt pleasure I saw him taking wine to a poor sick stranger, and devoting his whole time to those in distress; sitting up at night with them, and nursing total strangers with the care and tenderness of a parent. I soon found that what I took for coldness was only embarrassment.

Springfield is only a few months old, and is already a considerable town. It is on Vermillion River, two miles above where it empties into the Wabash, in sight of *Eugene*, a very flourishing town strongly opposed to the former, and one mile above. It is laughable enough to see how each is striving to outdo the other in putting up houses, by which means they will accomplish what they seem most to abhor—a union.

Steamboats go up to Eugene. Springfield is owned by a Mr. Price, if I recollect, who is making a fortune. My nephews also own considerable property here, and were opening another store with their partner, Mr. Housley, a few miles off.

Springfield takes its name from a remarkable spring which gushes out of a bluff of solid rock fourty feet high, large enough to turn a mill. The steamboats come so near this bluff in high water that the goods can be laid directly on it. This is the handsomest part of Indiana, and the most healthy from the adjacent praries, and is settled by wealthy people.

I walked up to Eugene with my neice, and stepping into the first tavern we came to, to rest, I found one of the most angelic females I ever beheld. I forget her name. She was the landlady. Eugene is a most beautiful town.

Two days were all I could spend with my mother, as Williams was compelled to return, from urgent business.

A gentleman from Terre Haute, a flourishing town on the Wabash, who owned the stage line, gave me a pressing invitation to visit that place, and he would take me free of cost. But this would have detained me ten days longer; and, compelled to be in Cincinnati by a certain time, I had to decline his polite invitation. I returned by the same way I went up; and, meeting with the amiable Mr. Johnson at Indianapolis who owns the stage line, he sent me gratis to Lawrenceburg. Mr. J. is a nephew of Hon. R. M. Johnson, and alike noble and independent. He is the very image of his uncle.

I spent a night at the house of senator Hendricks' brother in Greensburg, Indiana. Mr. H. is post master, and keeps a reading room of tracts and pamphlets which are franked to him, and the puppy of a deputy said "the stage had to come any how, and might as well bring the tracts as not"—this is their gospel.

I met with a noble fine fellow at the last town by the name of Hustis, he was formerly of New York.

I found my friends well at Lawrenceburg, and took the stage to

CINCINNATI,

only a few hours drive.

I had had a most lamentable account of the oppression of the U. S. bank in Cincinnati, and from what I saw in Nashville I was prepared for the worst. But Nashville is no comparison to Cincinnati, which exists only in name; so much for the "Queen of the West," and self praise. The poor victims of oppression were renovated into life upon my arrival, though they were afraid to show me the least countenance except by stealth.

I had two or three friends in the place, Judge Burke, the Messrs. Flints, and Col. Piat, whom I ardently longed to see. Judge B. and the elder Mr. F. I had known some years; they were then, and still are, the first, yes, the very first, men in our nation.

My friends had engaged rooms for me, and driving to the tavern door, attended by Mr. E. Flint, I discovered about 50 (though they said there were usually 200) ruffians, thieves, robbers, &c. &c. standing at the front door. The house is on the bank of the Ohio, where they debark and embark with the quickness which governs their calling.

I was scarcely seated before several of those robbers, and some bold swaggering women stalked into my room, and the landlord (as he said) with the rest, just such a one as the general at Vixburg. Another robbery thought I, when the ruffian said "you can't stay here, I am too full." I was just putting on my bonnet as he spoke to quit the house, and going to the post office I told my friend Burke to "provide me another place, that that house was full of robbers." This was about 3 o'clock, and between sun set and dark a gentleman was robbed in the same house of $5000. He lived at the Springs, and brought his money down to put in the bank, and tea being ready, he put his saddle-bags which contained the money in the bar till he took tea, and mentioned to the bar-keeper that they contained money. When he returned from tea the money was gone! and my friends observed "you can see sharp, Mrs. R. they were robbers sure enough." But I should just as soon suppose the

landlord, from his looks, as any of the gang, as they could not go into the bar without his knowledge. The week before that a robbery to a large amount was committed, and shortly before that another. Not a week passes, I understand, but some robbery is committed, and vice of every species that ever disgraced man. It is a perfect rogues' harbor, ten times worse than Nashville, as it lies on the great travelling line—Nashville does not. It is absolutely dangerous for travellers to put ashore here; and no man ought to travel without arms. All the hotels are full of those characters, but especially on the water—scarcely a day but trunks or something is stolen. But these thieves are good customers, and an honest man would be turned away to make room for one. Drunkeness! Gambling! Lewdness! It is a fair Sodom; I never saw so many red-faced sots. Now there are 23 churches and 50 societies for spreading the gospel in Cincinnati!!!! All these societies are so many iron-hearted despots, or rather banditti, of which the people may judge by the following: I was taken to Mr. Henry's tavern in Broadway, and went into the kitchen one day to order something in particular. The kitchen had a large iron or copper plate hearth, which, being just after dinner, was burning hot; the cook, a very decent white woman, in removing something from the fire, being barefooted, burnt one of her feet sadly on the plate. It pierced me to the heart to see a woman of her appearance (the mother of several children) without shoes, and I gave her fifty cents, and told her to ask the boarders to add more to it, and get herself a pair of shoes. The poor thing burst into tears, called me an angel, and said if I had not given her that the constable would have taken her that night. "This is just what I owe the tract society, and I look for the man every minute; and so sure as I hav'nt the money to give right down, he sends the constable after me, and I had not a cent in the world." "But what right has he to force money from you?" "Oh, I subscribe by the year, $5, and the constable took me once before; and I am a widow, and besides my children I have an aged mother to maintain." But why do you subscribe?" "Nobody would employ me; you are obliged to subscribe if you work for your living, or nobody would hire you; all the servants and waiters about the tavern have to subscribe $5 a year!!" Several of them were standing by and said it was true; and all the poor or working class in the place must do so or get no work. The profession of a high-way robber is honorable to this robbery—for he robs from the rich, and many of them are known to relieve the poor. This is a sweet gospel, a fine picture of liberty. The barbarous wretches—when we reflect upon the splendor of our achievement, and the blood that was spilt

to effect it—when we look back to the noble spirit of our fathers, who fell sword in hand, rather than submit to tyrants—it is astonishing how their children could, without even the smallest resistance, surrender their liberty and their fortunes to such base, such infamous, such contemptible, tyrants. It does really seem that mankind is divided into slaves and tyrants; the man of money can and does force the man who is poor into slavery.

The Presbyterians here, as at Nashville, are at the head of the U. S. bank, and have left the citizens nothing but their lives and bare walls, and very few of them own walls, as the bank owns more than half in value.

I said the city owed one hundred thousand dollars; I have since understood it is nearer one million, and not a manufactury in the place. The streets and houses display a most melancholy picture of poverty, vice, tyranny, slavery, and distress—not a cheerful voice is heard.

Some alterations being made in the tavern where I boarded, which belongs to the bank, the agent, one Copeland, came striding in to give some directions. Guess my astonishment to see the undertaker, a very gentlemanly man, the moment the haughty nabob came in, jerk off his hat and fawn like a poor whipped dog—held hat in hand the whole interview. The western branches and missionary men have left their teachers in the east a long way behind.

But to return to Judge Burke, the noblest of nature's works—he is a stout portly figure, advanced in years, with a large, majestic, oval, face, and a full black eye which glows with the heavenly charities. His countenance, the index of his spotless soul, is stamped with a manly grace of measured eloquence. His manners are modest, but promt and generous. He is one of those few who have escaped the generel wreck which has desolated this once flourishing town.

Mr. Langdon, his chief clerk, is another monument of firmness and virtue; he is in the prime of life, a tall fine figure, with a manly countenance and elevated manners. He is one of the most interesting warm hearted men in Ohio. He went with the judge to see (what every christian always does) that I was comfortably lodged. The amiable Burke whom I found at his post (he has been post master of the city since it was founded) in a flowing black silk gown, the moment he heard my request, departed, and returning with a carriage took me to the amiable Henry's, where I found Mr. Langdon and Mr. T. Flint waiting to receive me.

I never longed to see, not even my mother, more than I did Mr. Flint, whose fame has placed him far beyond my feeble pen. He is well known to rank amongst the first men of the age, as a gentle-

man and fine writer—as a man of strong mind, deep conception, classical elegance, and inventive powers, he is second to no American writer. His teeming mind dresses his lively ideas with a magic sweetness which never fails to charm; nor are we less pleased with his sprightly wit, and descriptive powers. He is as far superior to Walsh, the hireling of the "deep-mouthed" bank, as the notes of the nightengale are to the croaking of the raven. Cincinnati is unworthy of him; the American people are unworthy of such a genius. As I anticipated, this amiable man, the proud leader of our literary band, had to drop his Review for want of support. Oh shame to the "Queen of the West!" Had he written infamous tracts, which his high soul disdains, he would have been supported. I had the pleasure to travel with Mr. Flint some years since, as mentioned in my Sketches, one of the most interesting incidents in my publications. Mr. Timothy Flint is a tall, elastic figure, with the finest turned limbs, which he moves with unspeakable ease and grace.—His face is round and thin, with handsome, delicate features, much sun-burnt. His eye is black, rather small, but of such riveting keenness it startles the beholder. His manners are what we might suppose of the most accomplished gentleman.

Mr. Flint has a daughter grown, every way worthy of such a father, of whom she is the mirror. She is a female wonder, elegantly formed, with a face of singular beauty, tinged with the rose, her soft black eye, her glossy black ringlets, her snow white teeth and cherry lip, with a countenance adorned with the roving graces, with a heart as open as day and the most captivating manners—she is the most lovely of her sex, and I would suppose little inferior to her father in talents.

Mr. E. Flint, my bookseller, the son and brother of the former, though grown is quite a young man. Being somewhat embarrassed at first sight the saucy rogue said "he did not know who would not be embarrassed." This compliment, though I by no means deserved it, proved his knowledge of the avenues to the human heart. He is fair and beautiful, quite too much so for a man; his mild azure eye and his countenance are sweetness and innocence personified—whilst his manners and disposition breathe the very spirit and soul of philanthropy. He is a friendly, warm hearted man.

They have an elder son in Alexandria, La. said to be the flower of the flock, also a fine writer, whom I deeply regret to have missed. He had just left Cincinnati as I reached it. But of all the family, I was most struck with a boy of ten or twelve years old, who devotes his whole time to reading, from which no amusement can allure him. He is already a considerable classic scholar. Different from most

children, he shuns alike company and play. He is another Timothy there is no doubt; he has the same riving eye. Mrs. Flint, I should only do injustice, (as I have the rest,) as any thing said of her can only give a feeble idea of her virtues. She is a very fair, round featured, blue eyed woman—all sweetness of manners and expression, and at once every thing that is amiable in woman. I have now travelled through every state in the Union, and have not met with a family more pleasant or more interesting.

Mr. Charles Hammond is a Bostonian, a very friendly man, rather small, of mild, unaffected manners, and wields a fearless and powerful pen. But the mischief of it is, these Clay men all go for the Bank—of course Clay is no friend to his country. Hammond endeared himself, however, to every freeman, by the lashing he gave the blueskins about this time. He edits the Gazette. The Messrs. Dawsons are the most bold and independent editors in the United States, and deserve much credit for opposing this money monster, the Bank. They edit the Advertiser. There are several papers published here, some of which are not worth reading.

One Conovee, a pitiful wretch in the pay of the Bank, publishes a paper, and has a sweet-heart,—so it is said,—and has the impudence to say "few women can resist his elegant person." I hope every husband and father in town may cane him. It seems the Bank judged well of him.

There is an able paper published here by the Universalists, called the "Sentinel and Star of the West." It is edited by Messrs. Kidwell, Waldo, & Tizzard, all men of independence and talents. Mr. J. C. Waldo is from New Hampshire; a most splendid man, quite young, and the rarest specimen of manly beauty I ever saw.

Besides these, Messrs. Sol. Smith and Frederick Franks, a noble Sweed, are all I saw worth naming. The mayor, Mr. Burnett, and Col. Piat excepted. The mayor is a lame man, but worth a hundred of his brother.

I had the pleasure of meeting with the celebrated Count Posey, of Sweeden, at my boarding house, a most gentlemanly man, and a noble, fine figure. Also, a Mons. Bigot, Mrs. and Miss Wilkison, the widow and daughter of Gen. Wilkison—all of New Orleans. These formed a most delightful little circle of their own, enlivened by the sprightly wit of the Count, and the merry anecdotes of M. Bigot, who is a great wag, and always teazed me to say his name in English,—while the beautiful Miss Elizabeth charmed us with her skill on the harp. These amiable females, I understood, were left in low circumstances by the General; but I trust they may find friends: their sex, their merit, their helpless situation, ought to

excite the generosity of every feeling heart. Mrs. W. is a French lady.

There is a great curiosity in this place, the invention of a Mr. Dorfield. This is a literal hell, called "The Infernal Regions"—which name is painted on a sign at the door. The man owns a museum, which, from the opposition of the Presbyterians, went to nothing, and he invented this thing to revive it. It is actually ingenious: great devils, with frightful eyes, and hornes, belching fire & brimstone,—the groans of the damned,—the clanking of chains,—are really awful. But the godly people said it was too *sacred* a thing to be exposed in that manner, and spoke to the civil authority to have the sign taken down—when Dorfield, a very spirited man, said "if they did he would put up hell and damnation!" and they let him alone.

I cannot overlook the amiable Henry, who kept the tavern. He is another man too good for Cincinnati. He is the most accomplished gentleman I met with on my tour, and at once the most worthy and pleasing tavern-keeper. He surveyed the State of Indiana, was once wealthy, and is a man of great personal attractions. So ends the chapter on Cincinnati—the handsomest, the poorest, and the wickedest town in the western country. It is literally slave and master; and all the difference between the citizens of Cincinnati and a negro quarter in the south, is this: the former are white, but pay their own taxes, find themselves, and work for nothing; while the colored slaves are found in every thing.

From false accounts of this town, thousands of poor people flock to it, and instead of the milk and honey they heard of, receive cold looks and no work; and, after hanging about the town till their last cent is spent, depart. These are succeeded by others; and of this description mostly, the twenty-four thousand is made up. It is a most beautiful place; one would be content to live on half allowance to sit and look at the handsome scenery, were it not that those hideous monsters poison the very air.

I received a letter from a blueskin in this place, supposed to be one Gallagu, though he signed his name Wilson,—which, for want of room, must serve for an appendix. The letter and my reply have gone through several additions, and are still called for. Both letters were published in Cincinnati, but he neither replied nor showed his face. Holy Willey—the engine house—the old maids—and Meehan, (Lybrarian,) in my next. The old maids have broken down all the young men of the engine house in my absence. A description of their success will amuse;—and Meehan, like Waterston, has gone over to the Sunday union. I hope Congress will put him out.

"*Cincinnati. 3d. Sept.* 1830.

MADAM—The cloth I weare is sufficient apology for addressing you. Your arrival in this city has caused a considerable sensation, even among *my own* little flock. The various congregations here, were much engaged and indeed labouring hard in the work of our Saviour, Jesus Christ—at a recent meeting, held *near* this city, we had a *glorious harvest*—a FEAST of love was enjoyed by more than three thousand of our fellow mortals.—(after the manner of the apostles) the *doctrines* of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ were *freely delivered* to thousands, by those who were chosen for that purpose.

"That your writings and conversation have operated injuriously to the cause of *good morals*, not to say of religion, is a fact well known to all who have bestowed a thought on the subject—Yet, that the motive influencing you is also bad, I am not prepared to say, but so far from it, the Christian's charity, would ascribe it to a mistaken view—to a want of that intimate knowledge of *our faith* and *our practice*, without which it is at *least unsafe* to war with an *established* creed.

"Without further preface then, I will ingeniously confess to you, madam, that my object in addressing you is to elicit your views, *succiuctly*, in relation to 'Bible,'—to 'Tract,' and to 'Missionary Societies.' That you have been in opposition to these great and vital interests, I am well apprised. But to the exact, the specific objections urged to each, I am in some degree ignorant.

"If to subserve the cause of religion and morals be *indeed your* motive I pledge myself to use my feeble abilities, with divine assistance, to expose the fallacious character to the world—even that those who run *may read*.

"Your views through either of the public prints of the day, to which you have access, will be responded to in the like public manner.

"Very respectfully yours,

"———

"MRS. ANNE ROYALL."

"P. S. If you would prefer a public discussion of these questions I will readily under proper restrictions, object to it. ———."

Cincinnati Sept. 4, 1830.

MR.———:

SIR—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of yesterday, and admit your apology as to your cloth, which I presume is that of a clergyman, though you happened not to name it. You say sir that my "arrival in this city has caused a considerable sensation, *even* among your own little flock." Then they do not trust in their god, it is plain, or they would not be afraid of an *old woman*. Permit me to assure them through you, that I shall *leave* them in full possession of all the piety and goodness they ever possessed—to which I may add life and limb.

You speak of various congregations "recently engaged in the good work of your Lord Jesus Christ in this city, and *glorious harvest*."—"feasts of love was enjoyed by more than three thousand of fellow mortals;" and that the doctrines "of our Lord and Saviour," &c "were freely delivered to thousands, by those who were chosen for that purpose. To these declarations, permit me in the first place, to say that I am entirely governed by actions, and pay no more respect to people who boast of their "labors," "glorious harvest, "&c. &c. &c. than I would to a female who would boast of her virtue, or a man who would boast of his honesty. I would rather see *one* good action, (and I pre-

sume God would too,) than to hear ten thousand good words. In the second place, I would merely remark, that as I have seen none of your good works, I am unable to judge of them, and that self praise is very much like hypocrisy. Now the essence of the foregoing is this, that 3000 righteous people, with *their* god on their side, & yourself at their head, should be intimidated by a *single* old woman, and one too, who was raised in the woods amongst the Indians, without the benefit of education, or any religion save that of the savages, demonstrates either that your god is not able to protect you, or that you are unworthy his protection. I do not, I assure you, sir, say this from any motive other than a strict regard for our mutual benefit. I am one of those heathens you are so anxious to convert.—I never read the Bible—nor do I know the tenets of any sect. Now is your time to prove your profession. I am a heathen, and have come to your door. I have saved you the trouble and the expense of travelling. I am not an infidel—that is, I do not say the Bible or the christian religion is untrue; all I say, is, that I do not read the Bible—and I will tell you why:—I was raised, as I said, amongst the heathens, where I learned nothing but virtue. When introduced among civilized people, the Bible was put into my hands: but before I looked into it, I watched the conduct of those who read it, and I found they committed murder; they robbed; they stole; got drunk, betrayed their friends, and were guilty of all kinds of abominations, and I was afraid to read the Bible, least I might do so too.

You say in the next place, that my "writings and conversation have operated injuriously to the cause of good morals, not to say religion." this proves that you have never read my writings or you will find that the main object of them is to inculcate virtue, and expose vice—to patronize merit, of whatsoever sect, country, or politics; to put down pride and arrogance, and strip the mask off hypocrisy. You speak of christian charity, and suppose I am ignorant of your "faith and practice, without which it is at least *unsafe* to war with an established creed." To this I reply that the threat in the last sentence proves the kind of christian charity you possess. But you are a little mistaken sir; I am not ignorant of your practice, (or at least the practice of your sect,) whatever I may be of your faith—the attempt upon my life in Vermont, by one of your elders' a Mr. Hickock, of Burlington, who left me for dead!—the attempt on my liberty at Washington, last summer, proves enough. Both of these parties practised long prayers, attended Bible, Sunday School and other societies which includes your practice too—what the faith of such people is, is a matter of no consequence.

But your object you say is to "elicit my views on the subject of Bibles, tracts and missionary Societies"—I view all those schemes as vile speculations to amass money and power (for money is power) which and the Sunday Mail plainly proves your object is to Unite church and State—I am opposed to those Schemes because the money is taken from the poor and ignorant as no man of sense would pay for the gospel which, I understand, is to be had without money and without price. I know you will say, this money is to spread the gospel? What I understand of it is, that it comes from God, some of his laws perhaps. Now I would not give a fig for a god that could not spread his own gospel, or any gospel, without money, I would rather have a god of wood or stone, than a god who robs the poor and ignorant, under a cloak.—But to come to the point at once: God made the heaven, and the earth, sun, moon and stars. &c. Now I am a poor ignorant heathen, as I told you before, & would merely ask if the God who made all these things could not make gov. if he wanted it.—But the fact is, *that* God has nothing to do with t'

swindling; the money is laid up in bank to overturn our government. Every Bible given away last year, cost the poor(see the report, the modest sum of $17,57, this proves your practice, and tracts the same. Now these tracts, you say, are to save souls. What became of the souls of all who died before tracts were invented? You say, sir, that, " if I would prefer a public discussion, you will not, under proper restrictions, object to it." As I did not seek the discussion, so neither will I shrink from it, in any place, and assure you, sir, I would be happy to see you at my rooms, or in public, as Messers. Campbell and Owen did heretofore. I do not know what you mean by proper restrictions.—But I would suppose that, armed with the gospel as you are, and with mountains of tracts, and Bibles, to say nothing of your sex, you can be in no danger from an old woman. If you are afraid of *one* heathen, how are you to convert thousands, nay millions? and who knows but (as I hear you are very holy and pious)you *may* convert me; this blessed event would be of infinite benefit to your cause. I am, very respectfully, yours.

ANNE ROYALL.

P. S. I am disposed to meet and part with you on friendly terms, but if you choose to "*war*," as you say, you recollect the fate of Dr. Ely—I have a few more sky rockets left.

Note.—This whole volume is an appendix.

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ERRATA.

Page 56, 11th line from top—for "may" read *man.*

Page 108, last line—for "Merrick" read *Mellon;* and same in page 101.

Page 109, 13th line from bottom—for "sap now" read *sparrow.*

Page 141, last line—for "St. Louis," read *St. G.*

END OF VOLUME THREE.

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